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BURLESQUE TRANSLATION

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.



Frontispiece :

Homer casting pearls before swine.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

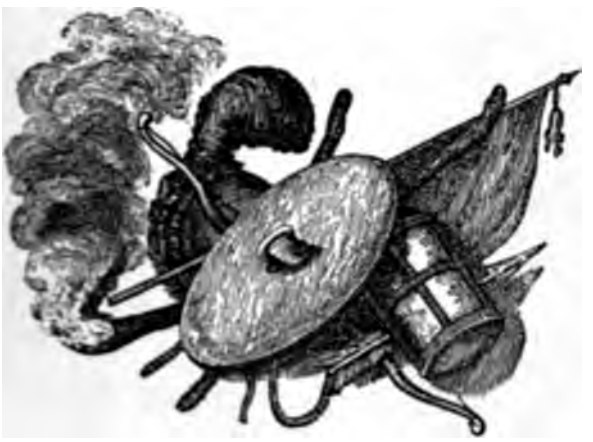
A BURLESQUE TRANSLATION BY THOMAS BRIDGES.

REVISED AND MODIFIED

BY

GEORGE A. SMITH, B. A.

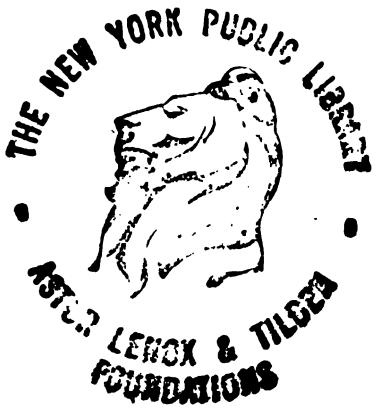
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PHILADELPHIA:

GEBBIE & CO., PUBLISHERS.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

WHEN the proposal was first made to us by Mr. Smith that we might reprint the burlesque translation of Homer, by Bridges, we said, emphatically, No! But when Mr. Smith showed us a sample of his *modification* of the shocking faults of Bridges we were encouraged to entertain the project.

Many readers know the work in its various original editions in 1762, 1764, 1767, 1770, and finally, after its author's death, with illustrations by some one of the Rowlandson school, London, 1797, called the fourth, but really the fifth edition, 2 vols., 8vo., as Lowndes' Manual says: "A work full of humor, but which often transgresses the bounds of decency."

The plan of restoring this valuable, humorous and excellent translation of the first twelve books of the *Iliad*, keeping within "the bounds of decency," is so clearly set forth in Mr. Smith's letter to our Mr. Gebbie, that we quote it below in full. We accepted our editor's proposal and the public have now the result in the published work *purified*.

The burlesque translations of Homer have been numerous: it is even asserted by some scholars that Homer burlesqued his own *Iliad* in "The Battle between the Frogs and the Mice," which Pope translated and included in Homer's works, but "by long odds" the best burlesqued translation ever accomplished is that by Bridges, referred to above, and which had a great popularity at the end of the

eighteenth century; but, because of its wanton vulgarity in many places, it has been allowed to drop out of print, copies of any of the original editions being now quite rare and bringing very high prices.

We need hardly point out to any one acquainted with the old editions how much the work is improved by the change from Bridges' studied obscenity to decent diction, and we do not think that any scholar will say that an atom of the flavor and strength of the humorous burlesque has been sacrificed in the endeavor at cleanliness. We feel that we have acceptably restored a favorite book to the library shelves of Englishmen and Americans, and lifted it from the *tap-room* to the *club-room*.

At one time we thought of having notes written for the text, but it occurred to us that this would be superfluous, because the book will probably be read mostly by scholars, who know the original; although one shrewd and "prosperous gentleman" recently informed us that his first considerable knowledge of Homer's *Iliad* was from the burlesque edition. If this may happen to others they will not now be deterred from carrying the book to their homes in case it should fall into the hands of their female friends.

Copy of the letter referred to above, received from Mr. G. A. Smith (editor of "The Illustrated History of Rome"), and which induced the publishers to print the present revised and modified edition:

PHILADELPHIA, January 3, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. GEBBIE:

I will have no difficulty in modifying the vulgarities in Bridges' translation of Homer sufficiently to make it available for your publication. The mistake that Bridges made in writing this work was, that he, mentally, edited it from the [redacted] Homer's heroes are made prize-fighters; and [redacted]

the days of Jack Broughton and Slack, all England was interested in the prize-ring, patronized as it was by the princes and nobility of the realm, and as the manners and conversation of that period were coarse, it partly accounts for the Billingsgate language he uses, to the dismay and distaste of the reader of the present time! I am aware that, where Shakespeare or Gibbon have been Bowdlerized, the original has suffered; but such is not the case in Bridges' Burlesque Homer. I am really astonished to see that the work is actually improved by the substitution of decent phrases in place of words for which he seems to have gone out of his way to astonish his readers in sheer wantonness.

I must admit that there are in all about a dozen lines that I will be forced to * * *, but all the rest of the work can be preserved and positively improved by decent modifying, and, even as I purpose leaving it, it is full-flavored and worthy the days of Pope or Burns, and Sterne's "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this."

I have the pleasure to submit for your inspection the First Book, revised as I would purpose to treat the whole twelve books, and I will be much surprised if you do not tell me to go ahead with the completion of the work.

I am yours truly,

MESSRS. GEBBIE & Co. GEO. A. SMITH.

It only remains for us to add to the above that, where Mr. Smith has found it impossible to preserve any lines by modification, we have marked the place with * * * and, generally, where alterations have been made in the text, we have indicated the substitution by *italics*.

GEBBIE & CO.

STORY OF THE SIEGE OF TROY.

It hardly belongs to a work like this to give any history of Homer, further than to indicate the date of his period, which was from 800 to 900 years B. C.

The story of the Siege of Troy, in its completeness, is not to be found in the pages of Homer, but it had for generations before his time been the theme of Greek legend and song.

The *Iliad* commences in the tenth year of the Siege of Troy; in reality, nineteen years after the actual beginning of the story, which may be told thus:

Paris, the son of Priam, King of Troy, had, whilst a guest at the Court of Menelaus, King of Sparta, eloped with Helen, the wife of Menelaus. Prophetic oracles had forewarned the parents of Paris that he would be a source of disturbance, and possibly ruin, to his family and state; his mother, Hecuba, dreamed that she had given birth to a flaming fire-brand, and therefore, on his birth, Paris was exposed for death on Mount Ida, but, as in similar legends, this did not insure his death, because he was found by a shepherd and reared as his own son, growing, among the mountains, to be a youth of wonderful beauty, the nursling and favorite of Venus, who informed him of his princely origin.

The legend goes on to describe that at this time he was called on to decide a contest which had

been caused by Discord having thrown a golden apple into the feast of the Immortals, with the legend thereon, "The Prize of Beauty." Three claimants immediately demanded it, to wit, Juno, Minerva and Venus, and they agreed to appear before the young shepherd, Paris, in all the simplicity of nature's costume, for judgment. Each tried to bribe the judge: Juno offered him power; Minerva, wisdom; Venus promised him the loveliest woman upon earth; and to Venus Paris made the award.

Neither Venus nor Paris seem to have taken into account that Paris was already betrothed to Œnone, the wood nymph, nor that Helen was then the wife of Menelaus. Paris was transferred to the Court of the Spartan King, and charmed both Menelaus and Helen with his grace and accomplishments, and so won the confidence of the King that he undertook a voyage to Crete, leaving Paris and the Queen at Sparta. The legend then somewhat particularly relates that, in the husband's absence, Paris, *not without some violence*, carried off the wife, and also several ships laden with gold and treasures and other spoils. So Venus made her promise good, and Paris sailed for Troy with his spoils, where he was well received by his kindred.

Greece was aroused to indignation and to arms; Menelaus appeals to his countrymen, and the response is immediate and universal. From every quarter in Greece and the neighboring islands, Crete, Rhodes and Cephallenia, came assurance of assistance and co-operation; but ten years were occupied in completing preparations for the war on Troy. The harbor of Aulis, on the coast of Bœotia, was the place of rendezvous. One hundred ships, containing in all about ten thousand men, came from Mycenæ, and Agamemnon further supplied sixty ships to carry the army of the Arca-

dians, because they, being inland, had no ships; Menelaus brought sixty ships; Nestor of Pylos, ninety; Idomeneus of Crete, and Diomed of Argos, eighty each; Ulysses and Ajax, twelve each; in all there were twelve hundred vessels, carrying about 100,000 men. After ten years' preparation, the Grecian fleet set sail, and the legend says they mistook their bearings and were driven back by a storm to the coast of Greece. A second time they made Aulis their rendezvous, and lay wind-bound there for many weeks. Then a deed of tragedy was done: the oracle was consulted and the Greeks were informed that the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, was demanded to appease the wrath of heaven. The father, after a terrible struggle, consented, and the sacrifice was made. The sacrifice is powerfully described by Tennyson:

> "The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat,
> The temples and the people and the shore;
> One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat,
> Slowly—and nothing more."

Then, the legend records, favoring gales came immediately, and the fleet was landed on the coast of Troy.

The Trojans likewise had made preparations for defence, and had secured friends and allies: Sarpedon led the Lycian troops, Æneas the Dardanians, and contingents from the neighboring tribes of Phrygia, Caria, Mysia, etc., swelled the ranks of Troy, which were led by Hector and Paris.

We have no record of what occurred in the first nine years of the siege, but from the *Iliad* of Homer we learn that for nine years the siege had progressed, and at this time, in the tenth year of the siege, the Trojans were cooped up in Troy, and the Greeks were certain of conquest, whilst the

name and valiant deeds of Achilles were on every tongue. It is at this period that Homer plunges at one leap into the description of the war. His exordium is of the very briefest:

"Sing, heavenly muse, the wrath of Peleus' son."

The two great heroes of the Greek chivalry, Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief, and Achilles (Peleus' son), the champion, always jealous of each other, came to an open quarrel in full council of the princes of the League. Their quarrel, like the cause of many other quarrels before and since, was about a woman—a beautiful captive; and the *Iliad* is a record of what resulted from that quarrel.

In order to make the story as plain as possible to the reader, we deem it best to give a list of the *principal personages* named in the *Iliad*, divided into their separate camps.

In the Grecian Camp the chief characters were:

Agamemnon (son of Atreus), King of Mycenæ, Chief of the Greeks; Menelaus (brother of Agamemnon), King of Sparta, husband of Helen; Ulysses, King of Ithaca; Ajax the Greater, son of the King of Salamis; Ajax the Less, son of the King of the Locrians; Nestor, King of Pylos; Diomed, son of Tydeus, King of Argos; Idomeneus, King of Crete; Patroclus, son of the King of Opus; Achilles, leader of the Myrmidons, son of King Peleus and Thetis, a sea-goddess, the champion of the Greeks and the hero of the Poem.

And of the *Immortals* on the side of the Greeks:

Juno; Minerva; Neptune; Thetis.

In the Trojan Camp the principal personages were:

Priam, King of Troy; Paris, son of Priam;

Hector, son of Priam; Helenus, son of Priam; Antenor, the Nestor of Troy; Æneas, son of Venus by Anchises, Trojan leader of the Dardanians; Sarpedon, Prince of Lycia, son of Jupiter by Laodameia; Glaucus, son of Sysyphis and Merope; Helen; Andromache, wife of Hector.

And of the *Immortals* on the side of Troy:

Apollo; Mars; Venus.

Jove alternates, or is neutral.

ARGUMENTS OF THE FIRST TWELVE BOOKS OF THE ORIGINAL ILIAD.

For a brief summary of the genuine *First Twelve Books*, which are the books burlesqued by Bridges, we quote "The Argument" of each book from Pope's translation, which will show how closely and correctly Mr. Bridges has followed the original in his burlesque.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taking from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs, the priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of

Chryseïs. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the chief command of the army, he seizes on Briseïs in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit, incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the Princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Ethiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES.

JUPITER, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal [illegible] embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, [illegible] moving for a return to Greece, they

unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

THE armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three-and-twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the field before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BATTLE.

THE Gods deliberated in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book; as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book. The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ACTS OF DIOMED.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and, at length, carries off Æneas to Troy,

where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the meantime Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest, Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that god; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

THE gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle, and having taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simoïs and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three-and-twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax; the next day the truce is agreed. Another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships; so that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SECOND BATTLE, AND THE DISTRESS OF THE GREEKS.

JUPITER assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus, if they assist either side; Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle; Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavors to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships), and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from re-embarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven-and-twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES.

AGAMEMNON, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their

country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the seashore, the station of the Grecian ships.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE NIGHT ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES.

UPON the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their position, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and takes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector

had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians, who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE THIRD BATTLE, AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle; Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them: while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king should be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomede put a stop to him for a time; but the latter, being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes and rallies the Greeks. In the meantime Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sends Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner. Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some

former wars which he had remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists in that distress.

This book opens with the eight-and-twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavors to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also, casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

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SOMETHING

BY WAY OF

PREFACE.

GOOD people, would you know the reason
I write at this unlucky season,
When all the nation is so poor
That few can keep *wolves from the door*,
Except the Lawyers—(whose large fees
Fit them to do just as they please)—
And Pope, with taste and judgment great,
Has deign'd this author to translate—
The reason's this: He may not please
The jocund tribe so well as these;
For all capacities can't climb
To comprehend the true sublime.
Another reason I can tell,
Tho' silence might do full as well;
But being charg'd—discharge I must,
For *if I don't I'll surely* burst.
The writers of the merry class,
E'er since the time of Hudibras,
In this strange blunder all agree,
To murder short-legg'd poetry.
Words, tho' design'd to make ye smile,
Why may'nt they run as smooth as oil?

No poet-taster can convince
A man of any kind of sense
That verse can be the greater treasure,
Because it wants both weight and measure;
Or can persuade, that false, rough metre,
Than true and smooth, by far is sweeter.
This is the wherefore; and the why,
Have patience, you'll see by-and-by.

THE FIRST BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

ATRIDES, as the story goes,
Took parson Chrysis by the nose.
Apollo, as the gods all do,
Of Christian, Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
On that occasion did not fail
To back his parson tooth and nail.
This caus'd a dev'lish quarrel 'tween
Pelides and the king of men;
Which ended to Achilles cost,
Because a buxom wench he lost.
On which great Jove and's wife fell out,
And made a *most* confounded rout:
And, had not honest Vulcan seen 'em
Ready for blows, and stepp'd between 'em,
'Tis two to one but their dispute
Had ended in a scratching-bout.
Juno at last was over-aw'd,
Or Jove had been well clapper-claw'd.



Book I. Page 3.

A red-nosed priest came hobbling after
With presents to redeem his daughter.
Like a poor supplicant did stand,
With an old garland in his hand,
Filch'd from a maypole.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK I.

COME, Mrs. Muse, but, if a maid,
Then come Miss Muse, and lend me aid!
Ten thousand jingling verses bring,
That I Achilles' wrath may sing,
That I may chant in curious fashion
This doughty hero's boiling passion,
Which plagu'd the Greeks; and gave 'em double
A Christian's share of toil and trouble,
And, in a manner quite uncivil,
Sent many a * Broughton to the devil.
Leaving their carcasses on rows,
Food for great dogs and carrion crows.
To this sad pass the bully's freaks
Had brought his countryfolks the Greeks!
But who the devil durst say no,
Since surely Jove would have it so?
Come tell us then, dear Miss, from whence
The quarrel rose: who gave th' offence?
Latona's son, with fiery locks,
Amongst them sent both plague and *knocks*,
And prov'd most *terribly* obdurate,
Because the king had vex'd his curate;
For which offence the god annoy'd 'em,
And by whole waggon-loads destroy'd 'em.
  The case was this: These sons of thunder
Took a plump wench amongst their plunder.
A red-nos'd priest came hobbling after,

* Jack Broughton was in 1765 a noted prize-fighter in England.

With presents to redeem his daughter,
Like a poor supplicant did stand,
With an old garland in his hand
Filch'd from a maypole, and to boot
A constable's short staff lugg'd out.
These things, he told the chief that kept her,
Were his old master's crown and sceptre;
Then to the captains made a speech,
And to the brothers joint, and each:
  Ye Grecian constables so stout,
May you all live to see Troy out;
And when you've pull'd it to the ground,
May you get home both safe and sound!
Was Jove but half the friend that I am,
You quickly should demolish Priam;
But, since the town his godship spares,
I'll help you all I can with pray'rs.
For my part, if you'll but restore
My daughter, I'll desire no more.
You'll hardly guess the many shifts
I made to raise you all these gifts.
If presents can't for favour plead,
Then let your pity take the lead.
Should you refuse, Apollo swears
He'll come himself, and *pull* your ears.
  The Greeks with shouts their joint assent declare
The priest to reverence and release the fair;
They swore respect to him was due,
And he should have his daughter too:
For he had brought, to piece the quarrel,
Of Yarmouth herrings half a barrel.
No wonder then their mouths should water
More for his herrings than his daughter.
But Agamemnon, who with care
Had well examin'd all her ware,
And guess'd that neither Troy nor Greece
Could furnish such another piece,

Roars out: You make a cursed jargon!
But take me with ye ere you bargain:
My turn's to speak; and as for you, Sir,
This journey you may chance to rue, Sir:
Nor shall your cap and gilded stick
Preserve your *postern* from a kick,
Unless you shew your heels, and so
Escape the rage of my great toe.
What priest besides thyself e'er grumbled
To have his daughter *slightly* tumbled?
Then don't provoke me by your stay,
But get you gone, Sir, whilst you may.
I love the girl, and sha'n't part with her
Till age has made her hide whit-leather.
I'll keep her till I can no more,
And then I will not turn her o'er,
But with my goods at Argos land her,
And to my own old mansion hand her,
Where she shall card, and spin, and make
The bed which she has help'd to shake.
From all such blubb'ring rogues, depend on't,
I'll hold her safe, so mark the end on't.
Then cease thy canting sobs and groans,
And scamper ere I break thy bones.
  Away then sneak'd the harmless wizard,
Grumbling confoundedly i' th' gizzard,
And, as in doleful dumps he past,
Look'd sharp for fear of being thrast.
But out of harm's way when he got,
To Phœbus he set up his throat:
Smintheus, Latona's son and heir,
Cilla's chief justice, hear my pray'r!
Thou link-boy of the world, that dost
In Chrysa's village rule the roast,
And know'st the measure, *inter nos*,
Of ev'ry wench in Tenedos,
Rat-catcher general of heaven,

Remember how much flesh I've given
To stay your stomach ; beef and mutton
I never fail'd your shrine to put on ;
And, as I knew you lik'd them dearly,
I hung a dozen garlands yearly
About your church, nor charg'd the warden
Or overseers a single farthing ;
But paid the charge and swept the gallery
Out of my own poor *paltry* salary.
This I have done, I'll make 't appear,
For more than five-and-fifty year.
In recompense I now insist
The Grecians feel thy toe and fist ;
For sure thou canst not grudge the least
To vindicate so good a priest.
  Thus Chrysis pray'd : in dreadful ire
The carrot-pated god took fire ;
But ere he stirr'd he bent his bow,
That he might have the less to do,
Resolv'd before he did begin
To souse 'em whilst his hand was in.
Fierce as he mov'd the Greeks to find,
He made a rumbling noise behind ;
He knew not what about him ever
Could roar so loud—it was his quiver,
Which, as he trotted, with a thwack
Rattled against his raw-bone back.
In darkness he his body shrouds,
By making up a cloak of clouds.
But, when he came within their view,
Twang went his trusty bow of yew ;
He first began with dogs and mules,
And next demolish'd knaves and fools.
Nine nights he never went to sleep,
And knock'd 'em down like rotten sheep ;
And would have sous'd 'em all, but Juno,
A scolding *goddess* as you know,

Came and explain'd the matter fully
To Thetis' son, the Grecian bully,
Who ran full speed to summon all
The common council to the hall.
When seated, with a solemn look
Achilles rose, and thus he spoke:
  Neighbours, can any Grecian say
We ought not all to run away
From this curst place without delay?
Else soon our best and bravest cocks
Will be destroy'd by plague or *knocks*.
We cannot long, tho' Jove doth back us,
Resist, whilst two such foes attack us.
I think 'tis time to spare the few
Our broils have left; but what think you?
A cunning man perhaps may tell us
The reason why this plague befel us:
Or an old woman, that can dream,
May help us out in this extreme;
For dreams, if rightly you attend 'em,
Are true, when Jove thinks fit to send 'em.
Thus may we form some judgment what
This same Apollo would be at,
Whether he mauls each wicked sinner,
Because a mighty *scanty* dinner
He often had—but then he knew
That we had damn'd short commons too.
If 'tis for that he makes such stir,
He's not the man I took him for:
But, as I've reason for my fears,
I vote to pay him all arrears.
Therefore let such a man be found,
Either above or under ground,
To tell us quickly how we may
In proper terms begin to pray,
That he may ease us of these curses,
And stay at home and mind his horses—

Much better bus'ness for the spark
Than shooting Grecians in the dark.
  He said, and squatting on his *chair*,
Calchas rose up, and look'd *in the air:*
With caution he began to speak
A speech compos'd of purest Greek.
He was a wizard, and could cast
A figure to find out things past;
And things to come he could foretel,
Almost as well as Sydrophel.
The diff'rent languages he knew
Of every kind of bird that flew,
Each word could construe that they spoke,
Or screech-owl's scream, or raven's croak,
And, by a science most profound,
Distinguished rotten eggs from sound.
When first the Grecians mann'd their boats
To sail and cut the Trojans' throats,
Safely to steer 'em through the tide,
They chose this wizard for their guide.
As slow as clock-work he arose,
Then with his *kerchief* wip'd his nose:
Dubious to speak or hold his tongue,
His words betwixt his teeth were hung:
But, having shook 'em from his jaws,
As dogs shake weasels from their nose,
Away they came both loud and clear,
And told his mind as you shall hear:
  Thou that art Jove's respected friend,
To what I speak be sure attend,
And in a twinkling shalt thou know
Why Phœbus smokes the Grecians so,
But promise, should the chief attack me,
That thou my bully rock will back me;
Because I know things must come out
Will gripe him *like* the very *gout.*
These monarchs are so proud and haughty,

Subjects can't tell them when they're faulty,
Because, though now their fury drops,
Somehow or other out it pops.
And this remember whilst you live,
When kings can't punish, they'll forgive.
  Achilles thus: Old *boy*, speak out,
Speak freely without fear or doubt.
Smite my old potlid! but, so long
As I draw breath amidst this throng,
The bloodiest cur in all the crew
Sha'n't dare so much as bark at you:
Not e'en the chief, so grum and tall,
Who sits two steps above us all.
  These words the doubtful conj'ror cheer,
Who then proceeded without fear:
To th' gods you never play'd the thief,
But paid them well with tripe or beef;
But 'tis our chief provok'd Apollo
With this curst plague our camp to follow
Because his priest was vilely us'd,
His daughter kiss'd, himself abus'd.
The curate's pray'rs caus'd these disorders;
Gods fight for men in holy orders.
Nor will he from his purpose flinch,
Nor will his godship budge one inch,
But without mercy, great and small,
Will never cease to sweat us all,
If Agamemnon doth not send her,
With cooks and statesmen to attend her.
Then let's in haste the girl restore
Without a ransom; and, what's more,
Let's rams, and goats, and oxen give,
That priests and gods may let us live.
  Ready to burst with vengeful ire,
That made his bloodshot eyes strike fire,
Atrides, with an angry scowl,
Replies, The devil fetch your soul!

I've a great mind, you *paltry* wizard,
To lay my fist across your mazzard.
Son of an ugly squinting bitch,
Pray who the *deuce* made you a witch?
I don't believe, you mongrel dog,
You ken a handsaw from a hog;
Nor know, altho' you thus dare flounce,
How many *fleas* will make an ounce;
And yet, an imp, can always see
Some mischief cooking up for me,
And think, because you are a priest,
You safely may with captains jest.
But I forewarn thee, shun the stroke,
Nor dare my mighty rage provoke.
A pretty fellow thou! to teach
Our men to murmur at thy speech,
Tell lies as thick as you can pack 'em,
And bring your wooden gods to back 'em!
And all because a girl I keep
For *company*, to make me sleep.
Besides, the *girl* does all things neatly,
And *tends to* my *affairs* completely.
She hems, marks linen, and she *stitches*,
And mends my doublet, hose, and breeches.
My Clytemnestra well I love,
But not so well as her, by Jove!
Yet, since you say we suffer slaughter
Because I kiss this parson's daughter,
Then go she must; I'll let her go,
Since the cross gods will have it so;
Rather than Phœbus thus shall drive
And slay the people all alive,
From this dear loving wench I'll part,
The only comfort of my heart.
But, since I must resign for Greece,
I shall expect as good a *piece:*
'Tis a great loss, and by my soul

All Greece shall join to make me whole!
Don't think that I, of all that fought,
Will take a broken pate for nought.
  Achilles, starting from *the beach*,
Replies, By Jove, a pretty speech!
Think'st thou the troops will in her stead
Send what they got with broken head;
Or that we shall esteem you right in
Purloining what we earn'd by fighting?
You may with bullying face demand,
But who *my man* will understand?
If thou for plunder look'st, my boy,
Enough of that there is in Troy:
Her apple-stalls we down may pull,
And then we'll stuff thy *pockets* full.
  The chief replies: For you, Achilles,
I care not two-pence; but my will is
Not to submit to be so serv'd,
And thou lie warm whilst I am starv'd.
Tho' thou in battle mak'st brave work,
Can beat the devil, pope, and Turk,
With Spaniards, Hollanders, and French,
I won't for that give up my wench:
Nor shall I, Mr. Bluff, d'ye see,
Resign my girl to pleasure thee.
Let something be produc'd to view,
Which I may have of her in lieu,
Something that's noble, great and good,
Worthy a prince of royal blood;
Just such another I should wish her,
As sev'n years since was Kitty Fisher;
Or else I will, since you provoke,
At all your prizes have a stroke;
Ulysses' booty will I seize,
Or thine or Ajax', if I please.
The man that's hurt may bawl and roar,
And swear, but he can do no more.

But this some other time may do,
I must go launch a sand-barge now :
Victuals and cooks I must take care,
With oars and pilots, to prepare ;
See the ropes tarr'd, the bottom mended,
And the old sails well piec'd and bended :
Then put the wench on board the boat,
Attended by some man of note,
By Creta's chief, or, if he misses,
By Ajax, or by sly Ulysses ;
Or, if I please, I'll make you skip
Aboard, as captain of the ship.
We make no doubt but you with ease
His angry godship may appease ;
Or else your goggle eyes, that fright us,
May scare him so he'll cease to smite us.
  You would have sworn this mortal twitch
Had given old Peleus' son the itch,
So hard he scratch'd ; at last found vent,
And back to him this answer sent :
  Thou wretch, to all true hearts a stain,
Thou *rascal double dyed* in grain !
Thou greater hypocrite than G-ml-y,
Thou dirtier dog than Jemmy L——y !
Whose deeds, like thine, will ever be
A scandal to nobility ;
From this good day I hope no chief
Will fight thy broils, or eat thy beef.
How canst thou hope thy men will stand,
When under such a rogue's command ?
What bus'ness I to fight thy battle ?
The Trojans never stole my cattle.
My farm, secur'd by rocks and sands,
Was safe from all their thieving bands.
My steeds fed safe, both grey and dapple ;
Nor could they steal a single apple
From any orchard did belong

To me, my fences were so strong.
I kept off all such sons of bitches
With quick-set hedges fac'd with ditches.
Our farm can all good things supply,
Our men can box, and so can I.
Hither we came, 'tis shame I *swear*,
To fight *for such a woman here;*
A pretty story this to tell.
Instead of being treated well,
As a reward for all our blows,
We're kicked about by your *dog's nose.*
And dar'st thou think to seize my plunder,
For which I made the battle thunder,
And men and horses truckle under?
No! since it was the Grecians' gift,
To keep it I shall make a shift.
What wouldst thou have? thou hadst the *best*
Of every thing; nay, 'tis no jest:
But you take care to leave, I see,
The fighting trade to fools like me.
In this you shew the statesman's skill,
To let fools fight whilst you sit still.
First I'm humbugg'd with some poor toy,
Then clapp'd o'th' back, and call'd brave boy.
This shall no more hold water, friend:
My 'prenticeship this day shall end.
When I go, and my men to boots,
I leave thee then a king of clouts.
  The general gave him tit for tat,
And answer'd, cocking first his hat:
Go, and be hang'd, you blust'ring whelp,
Pray who the murrain wants your help?
When you are gone, I know there are
Col'nels sufficient for the war,
Militia bucks that know no fears,
Brave fishmongers and auctioneers.
Besides, great Jove will fight for us,

What need we then this mighty fuss?
Thou lov'st to quarrel, fratch, and jangle,
To scold and swear, and fight and wrangle.
Great strength thou hast, and pray what then?
Art thou so stupid, canst not ken,
The gods, that ev'ry thing can see,
Give strength to bears as well as thee?
Of all Jove's sons, a bastard host,
For reasons good, I hate thee most.
Prithee be packing; thou'rt not fit,
Or here to stand, or there to sit:
In your own parish kick your scrubs,
They're taught to bear such kind of rubs;
But, for my part, I scorn the help
Of such a noisy, bullying whelp:
Go therefore, friend, and learn at school,
First to obey, and then to rule.
The gods they say for Chryseis send,
And to restore her I intend:
But look what follows, Mr. Bully!
See if I don't convince thee fully,
That thy bluff wench with sandy hair
The loss I suffer shall repair:
I'll let thee feel what 'tis to be
A rival to a chief like me:
That thou and all these folks may know
Great men are only subject to
The gods, or right or wrong they do.
  Had you but seen Achilles fret it,
I think you never could forget it;
A sight so dreadful ne'er was seen,
He sweat for very rage and spleen:
Long was he balanc'd at both ends;
When reason mounted, rage descends;
The last commanded sword lug out;
The first advis'd him not to do't.
With half-drawn weapon fierce he stood,

Eager to let the general blood;
When Pallas, swift descending down,
Lent him a knock upon the crown;
Then roar'd as loud as she could yelp
Lugging his ears, 'Tis I, you whelp!
Now Mrs. Juno, 'cause they both
Were fav'rites, was exceeding loth
To have 'em quarrel; so she sent
This wench all mischief to prevent,
And, to obstruct her being seen,
Lent her a cloud to make a screen.
  Pelides wonder'd who could be
So bold, and turn'd about to see:
He knew the twinkling of her eyes,
And loud as he could bawl, he cries,
Goddess of Wisdom! pray what weather
Has blown your goatskin doublet hither?
Howe'er, thou com'st quite opportune
To see how basely I'm run down;
Thou com'st most *à-propos incog.*
To see how I will trim this dog:
For, by this trusty blade, his life
Or mine shall end this furious strife!
  To whom reply'd the blue-ey'd Pallas,
I come to save thee from the gallows:
Thou'rt surely mad or drunk, *my pearl,*
To threaten murder for *such a girl:*
Prithee, now let this passion cool;
For once be guided by a fool.
From heav'n I sous'd me down like thunder,
To keep your boiling passion under;
For white-arm'd Juno bid me say,
Let reason now thy passion sway,
And give it vent some other day;
Sheathe thy cheese-toaster in its case,
But call him scoundrel to his face.
To Juno both alike are dear,

And both alike to me, I'll swear.
In a short time the silly whelp
Will give *his doublet* for thy help;
Only just now revenge forbear,
And be content to scold and swear.
  Achilles thus: With ears and eyes
I mind thee, goddess bold and wise!
'Tis hard; but since 'tis your command,
Depend upon't I'll hold my hand—
Knowing, if your advice I take,
Some day a recompense you'll make:
Besides, of all the heavenly crew,
I pay the most regard to you.
This said, he rams into the sheath
His rusty instrument of death.
  (Pallas then instantly took flight,
Astride her broom-stick, out of sight;
And ere you could repeat twice seven,
Had reach'd the outward gate of heaven.)
His gizzard still was mighty hot,
And boil'd like porridge in a pot;
Atrides he did so randan,
He call'd him all but gentleman;
By Jove, says he, thou'rt always *tight*,
And always "*spoiling* for a *fight*."
Thou dog in face! thou deer in heart!
Thou call'd a fighter! *with an art!*
When didst thou e'er in ambush lie,
Unless to seize some mutton pye?
And there you're safe, because you can
Run faster than the baker's man.
When fighting comes you bid us fight,
And claim the greatest profit by't.
Great Agamemnon safer goes,
To rob his friends than plunder foes:
And he who dares to contradict
Is sure to have his pockets pick'd:

Hear then, you pilfering dirty cur,
Whose thieving makes so great a stir;
And let the crowd about us hear
What I by this same truncheon swear,
Which to the tree whereon it grew
Will never join, nor I with you,
The devil fetch me if I do!
Therefore, I say, by this same stick,
Expect no more I'll come i'th' nick
Your luggs to save: let Hector souse ye,
And with his trusty broomshaft douse ye.
"God help us all," I know thou'lt say,
Then stare and gape, and run away:
All this will happen, I conjecture,
The very next time you see Hector;
And then thyself thou'lt hang, I trow,
For using great Achilles so.
This said, his truncheon, gilded all
Like ginger-bread upon a stall,
Around the top and bottom too,
Slap bang upon the floor he threw.
His wrath Atrides could not hold,
But cock'd his mouth again to scold,
And talk'd away at such a rate,
He distanc'd hard-mouth'd scolding Kate,
The orator of Billingsgate.
Whilst thus they rant and scold and swear,
Old Square-toes rises from his chair;
With honey words your ears he'd sooth,
Pomatum was not half so smooth.
Nestor had fill'd the highest stations
For almost three whole generations;
At ev'ry meeting took the chair,
Had been a dozen times lord-mayor,
And, what you hardly credit will,
Remain'd a fine old Grecian still.
On him with gaping jaws they look,

Whilst the old coney-catcher spoke :
To Greece 'twill be a burning shame,
But to the Trojans special game,
That our best leaders, men so stout,
For *girls* and rogues should thus fall out :
Young men the old may treat as mules,
We know full well young men are fools ;
Therefore, to lay the case before ye
Plain as I can, I'll tell a story :
I once a set of fellows knew,
All hearts of oak, and backs of yew :
To look for such would be in vain,
I ne'er shall see the like again.
Tho' bruis'd from head to foot they fought on,
Pirithous was himself a Broughton.*
Bold Dryas was as hard as steel,
His knuckles would make Buckhurst* feel ;
And strong-back'd Theseus, tho' a sailor,
Would single-handed beat the Nailor.*
Great Polyphemus too I brag on,
He fought and kick'd like Wantley's dragon ;
And Cineus often would for fun
Make constables and watchmen run.
Such were my cronies, rogues in buff,
Who taught me how to kick and cuff.
With these the boar stood little chance ;
They made the four-legg'd Centaurs prance.
Now these brave boys, these hearts of oak,
Were all attention when I spoke ;
And listen'd to my fine oration
Like Whitfield's gaping congregation :
Tho' I was young, they thought me wise ;
You sure may now with me advise.
Atrides, don't Briseis seek ;
For, if you do, depend, each Greek,
The dastard rogue as well as brave,

* Broughton, Buckhurst and the Nailor were prize-fighters.

Will say our king's both fool and knave.
The want of brains is no great shame,
'Cause nature there is most to blame;
But this plain fact by all is known,
If you're a rogue, the fault's your own.
Achilles, don't you play the fool,
And snub the king; for he must rule.
Thou art in fight the first, I grant;
As brave as Mars, or John-a-Gaunt:
But then you must allow one thing,
No man should scold and huff a king.
Matters you know are just this length,
He has got pow'r, and you have strength:
Of each let's take a proper sup
To make a useful mixture up.
Do you, Atrides, strive to ease
Your heart; this bully I'll appease.
I'd rather give five hundred pound
Than have Pelides quit the ground.
  Bravo! old boy! the king replies,
I swear my vet'ran's wondrous wise:
But that snap-dragon won't submit
To laws, unless he thinks 'em fit;
Because he can the Trojans swinge,
He fancies I to him should cringe:
But I, in spite of all his frumps,
Shall make him know I'm king of trumps.
  Achilles quickly broke the thread
Of this fine speech; and thus he said:
  Now, smite me, but I well deserv'd
To be so us'd, when first I serv'd
So great a rogue as you; but *hang* me
If you another day shall flam me:
Seize my Briseis, if you list,
I've passed my word I won't resist;
Safely then do it, for no more,
For any *mistress*, wife, or *more*,

Achilles boxes; but take care
Your scoundrels steal no other ware:
No more Achilles dare t' affront,
Lest he should call thee to account,
And the next scurvy squabble close
By wringing off thy *snubby* nose.
This Billingsgate affair being o'er,
Sullen they turn'd 'em to the door.
Achilles in a hurry went,
And sat down sulky in his tent:
Patroclus, as a friend should do,
Both grumbled and look'd sulky too.
Mean time Atrides fitted out
From Puddle Dock a smuggling-boat.
On deck Miss Chryseis took her stand;
Ulysses had the chief command.
The off'rings in the hold they stuff'd,
Then, all sails set, away they luff'd.
The chol'ric chief doth next essay
The *army's dirt to* wash away;
A cart and horse to every tent,
He with a noisy bellman sent:
The bell did signify, You must
Without delay bring out your dust:
Then made 'em stand upon the shore,
And wash their dirty limbs all o'er:
Next, by advice of Doctor Grimstone,
He rubb'd their mangey joints with brimstone,
Because, when first they sally'd forth,
Some mercenaries from the north
Had brought a queer distemper, which
The learned doctors call'd the itch,
He next begins to cut the throats
Of bulls, and sheep, and lambs, and goats;
The legs and loins in order laid,
To Phœbus all his share is paid:
Apollo, as the smoke arose,



Book I. Page 21.

The hero in his tent they found,
His day-lights fixt upon the ground.

Snuff'd ev'ry atom up his nose;
And, rather than they would provoke him,
They sent him smoke enough to choke him.
Still in the midst of all this coil,
Atrides felt his *liver* boil:
Talthybius and Euribates,
Two ticket porters, did await his
Dread will, to carry goods and chattels,
Or run with messages in battles:
To these he speaks:—Ye scoundrels two,
What I command observe ye do;
Run to Achilles' tent, take heed,
And bring away his wench with speed;
Tell him you're order'd to attend her,
And I expect he'll quickly send her;
Else with a file of musqueteers
I'll beat his tent about his ears.
They hung *their head*, what could they do?
They'd rather not, but yet must go:
Pensive they trod the barren sand,
On this side sea, on that side land,
And look'd extreme disconsolate,
Fearing at least a broken pate.
The hero in his tent they found,
His day-lights fix'd upon the ground:
They relish'd not his surly look,
So out of fear their distance took:
Quickly he guess'd they were in trouble,
And scorn'd to make their burden double;
But with his finger, or his thumb,
Beckon'd the tardy knaves to come.
Ye trusty messengers, draw near,
And don't *be trembling there* for fear,

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Your master, if my thoughts prove true,
Will soon *be trembling more* than you.

I partly guess for what you came ;
Poor rogues, like you, should bear no blame.
Compell'd, you hither bent your way ;
And servants always should obey.
Patroclus, fetch this square-stern'd jade,
Let her be to his tent convey'd :
But hark, ye messengers——declare,
What I by Gog and Magog swear,
That tho' in blood all Greece shall wallow,
With fretting I'll consume no tallow,
But coolly let, and so I tell ye,
The Trojans beat your bones to jelly ;
And if to me they are but civil,
May drive you scoundrels to the devil.
Your muddy-pated, hot-brain'd chief,
(Whose folly far exceeds belief)
When he has got a broken pate,
Will find himself an ass too late.
Mean time the bold Patroclus bears
The red-hair'd wench all drown'd in tears ;
Who, with a woful heavy heart,
(As loth from his strong *arms* to part)
Whilst with the porters twain she went,
Kept squinting backward to his tent.
  Now, when the buxom wench was gone,
What think you doth this lubber-loon,
But, when he found no mortal near him,
Roar so, 'twould do you good to hear him ;
And hanging his great jolter head
O'er the salt sea, he sobb'd, and said :
  Oh, mother ! since I'm to be shot,
Or some way else must go to pot,
I think great Jove, if he did right,
Should scour my fame exceeding bright.
'Tis quite reverse : yon brazen knave
Has stole the plumpest wench I have ;
And in the face of all the throng

Of constables has done me wrong.
  The goddess heard him under water,
And ran as fast as she could patter:
She saw he'd almost broke his heart,
And, like good mother, took his part:
  My son, I'm vext to hear thee cry;
Come, tell mamma the reason why.
From th' bottom of his wame he sigh'd,
And to his mammy thus reply'd:
  For what that rogue has made me cry,
You know, I'm sure, as well as I:
Yet since you bid me tell my story,
I'll whip it over in a hurry.
What think you that vile scoundrel's done,
That Agamemnon, to your son?
Because his pretty girl was gone,
He must have mine, forsooth, or none.
The Grecians gave to me this prize:
He huffs the Greeks, and damns their eyes.
We went to Thebes, and sack'd a village,
And brought away a world of pillage:
Amongst the plunder that was taken,
Besides fat geese, and eggs, and bacon,
We got some wenches plump and fair,
Of which one fell to that rogue's share:
But in the middle of our feast,
There came a hobbling red-nos'd priest;
In a great wallet that old dreamer
Had brought some presents to redeem her,
And made such humble supplication,
Attended with a fine oration,
That ev'ry Greek, except Atrides,
On the old hobbling parson's side is.
But he, of no one soul afraid,
Swore blood-and-oons he'd keep the maid;
And, with an answer most uncivil,
Sent the old fellow to the devil.

The priest walk'd home in doleful dumps
(Like Witherington upon his stumps):
But, it is plain, he made a holla
That reach'd his loving friend Apollo;
For he in wrath, most furiously,
Began to smite us hip and thigh;
And had not I found out a prophet,
That told us all the reason of it,
Burn my old shoes, if e'er a sinner
Had now been left to eat a dinner;
But that as sure as cits of London
Oft leave their spouse's business undone,
And trudge away to Russel-street
Some little *naughty girl* to meet,
Whilst the poor wife, to cure her dumps,
Works her apprentice to the stumps;
So sure this God, for rage or fun,
Had pepper'd ev'ry mother's son.
'Twas I, indeed, did first advise
To cook him up a sacrifice,
And then his pardon strive to gain
By sending home the wench again;
For which the *old* confounded churl
Swore he would have my bouncing girl:
And I this minute, you must know,
Like a great fool, have let her go:
For which, no doubt, it will be said
Your son has got a chuckle head.
To Jove then go, and catch him by
The hand, or foot, or knee or thigh;
Hold him but fast, and coax him well,
And mind you that old story tell,
How you of all the gods held out
When they once rais'd a rebel rout,
And brought a giant from Guildhall
With face so grim he scar'd 'em all:
When once you'd got him rais'd above,

And plac'd him by the side of Jove,
So fast with both his hands he thunder'd,
The rebels swore he'd got a hundred,
Threw down the ropes they'd brought to bind 'em,
And, scamp'ring, never look'd behind 'em:
Tell him, for this, to drive pell mell
The Grecian *soldiers all* to hell,
That Atreus' son, that stupid fool,
May have no scoundrels left to rule;
And then he'll hang himself for spite,
He durst the boldest Grecian slight.
  His mother's heart was almost broke,
To hear how dolefully he spoke:
But having *wept*, she thus replies,
The salt brine running from her eyes:
  O Killey, since the Fates do stint
Thy precious life, the devil's in't
That thou must likewise bear to boots
This scurvy, mangey rascal's flouts:
But take thy mammy's good advice,
And hie thee homeward in a trice;
Or, if thou'd rather choose to stay,
Don't help the dogs in any fray.
Depend upon't, to Jove I'll go,
And let him all the matter know:
He junkets now with swarthy faces
(For he, like men, has all his paces),
And will continue at the feast
Ten or eleven days at least.

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Soon as his *heart has* got *its* fill,
I'll tell him all, by Jove I will!
'Till he has granted my petition,
Don't stir to keep 'em from perdition;
Not e'en to save their souls, plague rot 'em!
So souse she plung'd, and reach'd the bottom.
Mean time Ulysses, full of cares,
Had moor'd his boat at Chrysa's stairs:
When sails were furl'd, and all made snug,
They tipp'd the can, and pass'd the jug;
Then fell to work, and brought their store
Of cows and *pigs and* sheep ashore:
This done, the last of all came out
The girl that caus'd this woful rout.
Ulysses, ever on the lurch,
Hurries the girl away to church,
Knowing full well that there he had
Best chance of finding her old dad;
And as he gave her to th' old man,
To lie* and cant he thus began:
I come upon my bended knees
Thine and Apollo's wrath t' appease;
And that I'm in good earnest, see
Thy girl come back, and ransom free;
And, what I own is boldly said,
I've brought her with her maidenhead;
For which, I hope, our friend you'll stand,
That Sol may hold his heavy hand.
The parson hugg'd and kiss'd his daughter,
And shak'd the hands of them that brought her;
So pleas'd to see the girl again,
He fell to prayers with might and main;
And, whilst the Greeks the cattle slay,
The parson thus was heard to pray:
Apollo, pr'ythee hear me now,

* Every body knows Ulysses could lie with a very grave face.

As eke thou didst nine days ago :
As thou at my request didst murder
The Grecians, pr'ythee go no further ;
Hear, once again, thy priest's petition,
And mend their most *disturbed* condition.
  Apollo, as the sound drew near,
To ev'ry syllab lent an ear :
And now they fell to cutting throats
Of bulls and oxen, sheep and goats.
After the day-light god was serv'd,
The priest for all the people carv'd.
But how the hungry *rascals* scaff'd ;
How eagerly the beer they quaff'd,
Till they had left no single chink,
Either to hold more meat or drink,
None can describe : they grew so mellow,
Nothing was heard but whoop and halloo ;
Rare songs they sung, and catches too—
(The composition good and true)
Apollo made 'em, but took care
They should not last above a year,
Well knowing that the future race
Of men all knowledge would disgrace,
And that his lines must have great luck,
Not to give place to Stephen Duck.
  At sun-set all hands went from shore
On board their oyster-boat to snore.
I' th' morning, when they hoist their sail,
Apollo lent a mack'rel gale,
With which they nimbly cross'd the main,
And haul'd their boat ashore again.
  But now 'tis time we look about
And find the bold Achilles out :
Pensive he sat, and bit his thumbs ;
No comfort yet, no mammy comes :
The days had number'd just eleven,
When Jupiter return'd to heaven ;

He'd got his *memory* full of smacks
From thick-lip'd Ethiopian blacks.
  The mother on her word must think;
So up she mounted in a twink,
Approach'd his godship, whom she took
Fast by the hand, and thus she spoke:
  If ever I had luck to be
Useful in time of need to thee,
(Which, I am sure, you can't deny,
Unless you tell a cursed lie)
Quickly revenge th' affront that's done
By Agamemnon to my son.
Let Hector thrash 'em, if he list,
Till every Grecian rogue's *dismissed*,
And make them run like frighten'd rats
From mother Dobson's tabby cats.
  Whilst Jove considers what to say,
Onward she goes; she'll have no nay:
  You must with my request comply,
My dearest dad, so don't deny;
But let the heavenly rabble see
Some kindness is reserv'd for me.
  Then answers he who rolls the thunder:
I'm much amaz'd, and greatly wonder,
That you should thus attempt, with tears,
To set my rib and me by th' ears;
This, by my soul! will make rare work:
Juno will rate me like a Turk:
You surely know, and have known long,
The devil cannot match her tongue:
To Troy, I'm sure, I wish full well,
She ne'er forgets that tale to tell:
But hie away from hence, lest she
Should spy you holding chat with
If I but say I'll grant your suit,
You may depend upon't I'll do't:
With head (observe) I'll make a nod,

That cannot be revers'd, by God:
The Thund'rer then his noddle shakes,
And Greece, like city custard, quakes.
Thetis, well pleas'd the Greeks to souse,
Dives under water like a goose;
Whilst Jove to th' upper house repairs,
And calls about him all his peers;
Who ran t' attend his call much faster
Than schoolboys run to meet their master.
All silent stood the gaping bevy,
Like sneaking courtiers at a levee,
Juno excepted: fear she scorns,
She hates all manners, damns all forms;
And because Jove had just been talking
With Thetis (nothing more provoking),
Her passion rose, and she ding dong
Would quarrel with him, right or wrong.
'Tis mighty civil, on my life,
To keep all secrets from your wife:
Is this the method, Mr. Jove,
You take to shew your wife your love?
Pray who's that brimstone-looking quean,
With whom you whispering was seen?
Perhaps you're set some secret task,
And I'm impertinent to ask.
Is there a wife 'tween here and Styx,
Like me, would bear your *sporting* tricks?
But, goodman Roister! I'd have you know,
Tho' you are Jove, I still am Juno!
Madam, says Jove, by all this prate,
I partly guess what you'd be at;
You want the secrets to disclose,
Which I conceal from friends and foes:
You only seek your own disquiet;
Secrets to women are bad diet.
A secret makes a desp'rate rumble,
Nor ceases in the *throat* to grumble

Till vent it finds; then out it flies,
Attended with ten thousand lies;
All characters to pieces tears,
And sets the neighbourhood by th' ears.
What's proper I'll to you relate,
The rest remains with me and Fate:
But from this day I'll order, no man
That's wise shall trust a tattling woman.
  The goddess with the goggle eyes
Roll'd 'em about, and thus replies:
  I find 'twill be in vain to plead,
When once you get it in your head
To contradict your loving wife;
You value neither noise nor strife,
But, spite of all that we can say,
You mules will always have your way.
But yet for Greece I'm sore afraid,
E'er since that cunning white-legg'd jade,
That Thetis, a long conf'rence had;
I'm sure she's hatching something bad,
And hath some mighty favour won
For her dear ranting, roaring son—
Else, by my soul, you'd not have given
A nod that shook both earth and heaven;
Perhaps you'll take the *Trojans'* side,
And thrash my Grecians back and hide.
  Flux me! quoth Jove, thy jealous pate,
Instead of love, will move my hate.
I tell thee, cunning thou must be
To worm this secret out of me:
'Tis better far, good wife, to cease
To plague me thus, and study peace;
Or if you want to make resistance,
Call all the gods to your assistance;
So all your jackets will I baste,
You'll not rebel again in haste.
  Juno, with face as broad as platter,

Soon found she had mista'en the matter;
She relish'd not this surly dish,
So sat her down as mute as fish:
At which the guests were so confounded,
That all their mirth was well nigh drowned;
Their knives and forks they every one
Before their greasy plates laid down;
Each mouth was ready cock'd, to beg
Leave to depart, and make a leg;
When Juno's son, ycleped Vulcan,
A special fellow at a full can,
Who was of handicrafts the top,
And kept a noted blacksmith's shop,
Where he made nets, steel caps, and thunder,
And finish'd pot-lids to a wonder;
He, finding things were going wrong,
And that they'd fall by th' ears ere long,
Starts up, and in a merry strain
Hammer'd a speech from his own brain.
  Quoth he, What pity 'tis that we,
Who should know nought but jollity,
Should scold and squabble, brawl and wrangle,
And about mortal scoundrels jangle!
In peace put we the can about,
Let Englishmen in drink fall out,
And, at the meetings of the trade,
Fight when the reck'ning should be paid.
Mother, you know not what you're doing;
To CALLOT thus will be your ruin;
He'll some time, in a dev'lish fury,
Do you some mischief, I'll assure you:
Yet, I'll lay sixpence to a farthing,
He'll kiss you, if you ask his pardon.
This said, a swingeing bowl he takes,
And drank it off for both their sakes;
Then with a caper fill'd another,
Which he presented to his mother:

THE SECOND BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

THE SECOND BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

JOVE, or by fame he much bely'd is,
Sends off a Dream to hum Atrides:
His conscience telling him it meet is
To make his promise good to Thetis;
Gave it commission as it went,
To tell the cull by whom 'twas sent;
And bid it fill his head top full,
Of taking Troy, and cock and bull.
The Vision goes as it was bid,
And fairly turns the poor man's head,
Who eagerly began to stare
At castle building in the air,
And fancy'd, as the work went on,
He heard Troy's walls come tumbling down.
But ere he starts he has an eye
The metal of his rogues to try:
He tells the chiefs, when he proposes
That homeward all shall point their noses,
They must take care, when he had sped,
To come and knock it all o'th' head.
The plot succeeds; they're glad to go;
But sly Ulysses answer'd, No;
Then drove his broomstick with a thwack
Upon Thersites' huckle back;
Check'd other scoundrels with a frown,
And knock'd the sauciest rascals down;
Proving, that at improper times
To speak the truth's the worst of crimes.

Th' assembly met; old Nestor preaches,
And all the chiefs, like schoolboys, teaches;
Orders each diff'rent shire to fix
A rendezvous, nor longer mix,
But with their own bluff captains stay,
Whether they fight or run away:
And whilst thus gather'd in a cluster,
They nick the time, and make a muster.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK II.

THE watch, "past twelve o'clock" were roaring,
And citizens in bed were snoring,
And all the gods of each degree
Were snoring hard for company,
Whilst Jove, whose mind could get no ease,
Perplext with cares as well as fleas
(For cares he in his bosom carried,
As every creature must that's married),
Was plotting, since he had begun,
How he might honour Thetis's on;
And scratch'd, and scratch'd, but yet he could
Not find a method for his blood.
To keep his word, at last he caught,
By scratching hard, a lucky thought;
(And 'faith, I think, 'twas no bad scheme)
To send the Grecian chief a Dream,
Made of a Cloud, on which he put
A coat and waistcoat, ready cut
Out of the self-same kind of stuff,
But yet it suited well enough
To give it shape: Now, Mr. Dream,
Take care you keep the shape you seen,
Says Jove; then do directly go
To Agamemnon's tent below:
Tell him to arm his ragged knaves
With cudgels, spits, and quarter-staves,
Then instantly their time employ
To rattle down the walls of Troy.
Tell him, in this, Miss Destiny

And all the heav'nly crew agree :
For Juno has made such a riot,
The gods do ought to keep her quiet.
  Away goes Dream upon the wing,
And stands before the snoring king :
Grave Nestor's coat and figure took,
As old as he, as wise his look,
Rubs the cull's noddle with his wings,
And, full of guile, thus small he sings :
  Monarch, how canst thou sleeping lie,
When thou hast other fish to fry ?
O Atreus' son, thou mighty warrior,
Whose father was a skilful farrier,
Hast thou no thought about decorum,
Who art the very head o' th' quorum ?
I shame myself to think I'm catching
Thee fast asleep, instead of watching.
Is not all Greece pinn'd on thy lap ?
Rise, and for once postpone thy nap,
Lest by some rogue it should be said,
The chief of chiefs went drunk to bed :
For Jove, by whom you are respected,
Says your affairs sha'n't be neglected :
So sends you word he now is poring
On your concerns, whilst you are snoring :
He bids thee arm thy ragged knaves
With cudgels, spits, and quarter-staves,
Then instantly thy time employ
To rattle down the walls of Troy :
To this, he adds, Miss Destiny
And all the heav'nly crew agree :
For Juno has made such a riot,
The gods do ought to keep her quiet.
Then nothing more this Nothing says,
But turn'd about, and went his ways.
Up starts the king, and with his *paw*
Gave both his head, and back, *a claw;*

And all the while his fancy's tickl'd,
To think how Troy would soon be pickl'd.
A silly goose, he little knew
What surely Jove resolv'd to do;
What shoals of sturdy knaves must tumble
Before they could the Trojans humble.
Down on an ancient chopping-block
This mighty warrior clapp'd his dock
(The block, worn out with chopping meat,
Now made the chief a rare strong seat);
Then don'd his shirt with Holland cuff,
For, Frenchman-like, he lay in buff;
Next o'er his greasy doublet threw
A thread-bare coat that once was blue,
* * * * * *
Slipp'd on his shoes, but lately cobbled,
And to the board of council hobbled;
But took his sword with brazen hilt,
And wooden sceptre finely gilt.
Now, Madam Morn popp'd up her face,
And told 'em day came on apace;
When Agamemnon's beadles rouse
The Greeks, to hear this joyful news.
He long'd, like breeding wife, it seems,
To tell his tickling, pleasing dreams.
I' th' int'rim, trotting to the fleet,
Old Nestor there he chanc'd to meet,
Whose tent he borrows for that morn,
To make a council-chamber on;
And reason good he had, I ween,
It kept his own apartment clean.
Now, all hands met, he takes his time,
And told his case in prose or rhyme:
Friends, neighbours, and confed'rates bold,
Attend, whilst I my tale unfold:
As in my bed I lay last night,
I saw an odd-look'd kind of sprite;

It seem'd, grave Nestor, to my view,
Just such a queer old put as you—
'Tis fact, for all your surly look—
And this short speech distinctly spoke:
How canst thou, monarch, sleeping lie,
When thou hast other fish to fry?
O Atreus' son, thou mighty warrior,
Whose father was a special farrier,
(Which, by the bye, altho' 'tis true,
Yet I'd be glad you'd tell me how
This bushy-bearded spirit knew)
Hast thou no thought about decorum,
Who art the very head o' th' quorum?
I shame myself to think I'm catching
Thee fast asleep, instead of watching.
Is not all Greece pinn'd on thy lap?
Rise, and for once postpone thy nap;
Or by some rogue it will be said,
The chief of chiefs went drunk to bed:
For Jove, by whom you are respected,
Says your affairs sha'n't be neglected:
But now on your affair he's poring,
Whilst you lie *fretting* here and snoring:
He bids thee arm thy ragged knaves
With cudgels, spits, and quarter-staves;
For now the time is come, he swears,
To pull Troy's walls about their ears:
Nay more, he adds, the gods agree
With Fate itself it thus shall be.
Jove and his queen have had their quantum
Of jaw, and such-like rantum-scantum:
She now puts on her best behaviours,
And they're as kind as incle-weavers.
Then nothing more the Vision said,
But kick'd me half way out of bed.
This very token did, I vow,
Convince me that the dream was true:

For, waking soon, I found my head
And shoulders on the floor were laid,
Whilst my long legs kept snug in bed:
Therefore, since Jove, with good intent,
So rare a messenger has sent,
We should directly, I've a notion,
Put all our jolly boys in motion:
But first, what think you if we settle
A scheme to try the scarecrows' mettle,
As with nine years they're worn to th' stumps?
I'll feign my kingship in the dumps
With Jove himself, and then propose
That homeward they direct their nose.
But take you care, if I succeed,
To shew yourselves in time of need:
Swear you don't mind the gen'ral's clack,
But in a hurry drive 'em back.
He spoke, and squatting on his breech,
Square-toes got up and made a speech:
I think our chief would not beguile us,
Says the old constable of Pylos.
Had any soul tho' but our leader
For dreams and visions been a pleader,
I should, my boys, to say no worse,
Have call'd him an old guzzling nurse.
I seldom old wives' tales believe,
Nurses invent 'em to deceive.
But now there can be no disguise,
For kings should scorn to tell folks lies;
So let us e'en, with one accord,
Resolve to take his royal word:
For tho' the speech is queerish stuff,
'Tis the king's speech, and that's enough.
I therefore say, My buffs so stout,
Of this same vision make no doubt;
The tokens are so very clear,
There can be little room for fear.

Did not our monarch, as he said,
Feel the Dream kick him out of bed,
And, by his walking posture, knew
His sense of feeling told him true?
Then, since affairs so far are gone,
Let's put our fighting faces on.
He said: nor did they longer stay,
But from the council haste away.
The leaders bring their men along;
They still were many thousands strong;
As thick as gardens swarm with bees,
Or taylors' working-boards with fleas:
And Jove, for fear they should not all
Attend, and mind their general's call,
Bid Fame, a chatt'ring, noisy strumpet,
To sound her longest brazen trumpet:
This brought such numbers on the lawn,
The very earth was heard to groan,
Nine criers went to still their noise,
That they might hear their leader's voice.
He haw'd and hem'd before he spoke,
Then rais'd his truncheon made of oak:
'Twas Vulcan's making, which Jove gave
To Mercury, a thieving knave;
Who going down to Kent to steal hops,
Resign'd his staff to carter Pelops;
From Pelops it to Atreus came.
He to Thyestes left the same,
Who kept it dry, lest rain should rot it,
And when he dy'd Atrides got it:
With this he rules the Greeks with ease,
Or breaks their noddles if he please;
Now leaning on't, he silence broke,
And with so grum an accent spoke,
Those people that the circle stood in,
Fancy'd his mouth was full of pudding.
Thus he began: We've got, my neighbours,



Book II. Page 44.

He haw'd and hemm'd before he spoke,
Then raised his truncheon made of oak.
'Twas Vulcan's making, which Jove gave
To Mercury, a thieving knave.

Finely rewarded for our labours :
On Jove, you know, we have rely'd,
And several conjurers have try'd.
But both, I shame to say't have ly'd.
One says, that we on board our scullers
Should all return with flying colours ;
Another, we should cram our breeches
As full as they can hold with riches,
For presents to our wives and misses,
Which they'll repay us back with kisses.
Instead of this, we're hack'd and worn,
Our money spent, and breeches torn ;
And, to crown all, our empty sculls
Fill'd with strange tales of cocks and bulls.
Now Jove is got on t'other tack,
And says we all must trundle back :
Dry blows we've got, and, what is more,
Our credit's lost upon this shore :
Nor can I find one soul that's willing
To trust us now a single shilling.
No longer since than yesterday,
Our butcher broke, and ran away :
The baker swears too, by Apollo,
If times don't mend he soon must follow :
As for the alehouse-man, 'tis clear
That half-penny a pot on beer
Will send him off before next year ;
And then we all must be content
To guzzle down pure element.
A time there was, when who but we !
Now we're humbugg'd, you plainly see ;
And, what's the worst of all, you'll say,
A handful makes us run away :
For, if our numbers I can ken,
Where Troy has one man, we have ten.
Nine years, and more, the Grecian host
Have been upon this cursed coast ;

And Troy's as far from being sack'd
As when it was at first attack'd;
The more we kill, the more appear;
They grow as fast as mushrooms here!
Like Toulon frigates rent and torn,
Our leaky boats to stumps are worn;
Then let's be packing and away;
For what the vengeance should we stay?
Our wives without it won't remain;
Pray, how the *deuce* should they contain?
For one that fasts, I'll lay there's ten
Are now employing journeymen:
If that's the case, I know you'll say
'Tis time indeed to hyke away;
Let us no more then make this fuss,
Damn me if Troy will fall by us.
  Most of the rabble that were not
Consulted in this famous plot,
Were hugely pleas'd, and straight begin
To cry, God save our noble king!
He that spoke last, spoke like a man:
So whipp'd about, and off they ran.
As they jogg'd on, their long lank hair
Did like the dyers' rags appear;
Which you in every street will find
Waving like streamers in the wind:
To it they went with all their heart,
To get things ready to depart;
And made a sort of humming roar,
Like billows rumbling to the shore.
  Halloo, cry'd some, here lend a hand
To heave the lighters off the strand;
Don't lounging stand to bite your nails,
But bustle, boys, and bend the sails.
Now all the vessels launch'd had been,
If scolding Juno had not seen:
That noisy brimstone seldom slept,

But a sharp eye for ever kept ;
Not out of love to th' Grecian state,
But to poor harmless Paris hate,
Because on Ida's mountain he
Swore Venus better made than she :
And most are of opinion still,
He shew'd himself a man of skill :
For Juno, ever mischief hatching,
Had wrinkled all her *brows* with scratching,
Whilst this enchanting Venus was
As smooth all o'er as polish'd glass.
Since then there was so wide a difference,
Pray who can wonder at the preference?
For wrinkles I'm myself no pleader :
Pray what are you, my gentle reader?
A simple answer to the question
Will put an end to this digression :
Why can't you speak now, when you're bid?
You like smooth skins? I thought you did :
And, since you've freely spoke your mind,
We'll back return, and Juno find.
Upon a cloud she sat astride
(As now-a-days our angels ride),
Where, calling Pallas, thus she spoke :
Would it not any soul provoke,
To see those Grecian hang-dogs run,
And leave their bus'ness all undone?
This will be pretty work, indeed ;
For Greece to fly, and Troy succeed.
Rot me ! but Priam's *vicious* race
(Sad dogs, without one grain of grace)
Sha'n't vamp it thus, whilst lovely Helen
Is kept for that damn'd rogue to dwell in
That *graceless* whelp, who *wins* her so
She never thinks of Menelau :
But I shall stir my stumps, and make
The Greeks once more their broomsticks shake ;

Then fly, my crony, in great haste,
Lest opportunity be past.
The cause, my girl, is partly thine;
He scorn'd thy ware as well as mine:
And, just as if he'd never seen us,
Bestow'd the prize on Madam Venus,
A blacksmith's wife, or kettle-mender
And one whose reputation's slender;
Tho' her concerns I scorn to peep in,
Yet Mars has had her long in keeping.
  Pallas obeys, and down the slope
Slides, like a sailor on a rope.
Upon the barren shore she found
Ulysses lost in thoughts profound:
His head with care so very full,
He look'd as solemn as an owl;
Was sorely grip'd, nor at this pinch
Would launch his boats a single inch.
  And is it thus, she says, my king,
The Greeks their hogs to market bring?
See how they skip on board each hoy,
Ready to break their necks for joy!
Shall Priam's lecherous son, that thrives
By kissing honest tradesmen's wives,
Be left that heaven of bliss to dwell in,
The matchless arms of beauteous Helen?
O, no; the very thought, by Gad,
Makes Wisdom's goddess almost mad!
Tho', by thy help, I think 'tis hard
But yet I singe the rascal's beard.
Then fly, Ulysses, stop 'em all;
The captains must their troops recall.
Thou hast the gift o' th' gab, I know;
Be quick and use it, prithee do:
From Pallas thou shalt have assistance,
Should any scoundrel make resistance.
Ulysses ken'd her voice so shrill,

And mov'd to execute her will;
Then pull'd his breeches up in haste,
Which being far too wide i' th' waist,
Had left his *poor back* almost bare—
He guess'd what made the goddess stare;
Next try'd his coat of buff to doff,
But could not quickly get it off,
So fast upon his arms it stuck,
Till Pallas kindly lent a pluck.
Off then it came, when, like a man,
He took him to his heels and ran.
The first that in his race he met
Was Agamemnon in a pet,
Striving, for breakfast, with his truncheon
To bruise a mouldy brown-bread luncheon.
  Ulysses tells him, with a laugh,
I've better business for that staff,
And must request you'll lend it me
To keep up my authority:
Which having got, he look'd as big
As J—n—n's coronation wig;
Then flew, like wild-fire, thro' the ranks—
'Twas wondrous how he ply'd his shanks.
Each captain by his name he calls;
I'm here, each noble captain bawls.
Then thus, O knights of courage stout,
Pray, what the devil makes this rout?
You that exalted are for samples,
Should set your soldiers good examples:
Instead of that, I pray, why strove ye
To run as if the devil drove ye
You knew full well, or I belie ye,
Our general only spoke to try ye:
All that he meant by't was to know,
Whether we'd rather stay or go?
And is more vext to find us willing
To run, than if he'd lost a shilling;

Because at council-board, this day,
Quite different things you heard him say.
But if he met a common man,
That dar'd to contradict his plan;
Or, if the scoundrel durst but grumble:
Nay, if he did but seem to mumble;
He, with his truncheon of command,
First knock'd him down, then bid him stand:
By this good management they stopp'd;
But not till eight or ten were dropp'd.
From launching boats, with one accord,
They trudg'd away to th' council-board.
The hubbub than began to cease:
The noise was hush'd, and all was peace.
Only one noisy ill-tongu'd whelp,
Thersites call'd, was heard to yelp:
The rogue had neither shame nor manners;
His hide was only fit for tanners;
With downright malice to defame
Good honest cocks was all his aim:
All sorts of folks hard names he'd call,
But aldermen the worst of all.
Grotesque his figure was and vile,
Much in the Hudibrastic style:
One shoulder 'gainst his head did rest,
The other dropp'd below his breast;
His lank lean limbs in growth were stinted,
And nine times worse than *Wilkes he squinted:
His pate was neither round nor flat,
But shap'd like Mother Shipton's hat.
You'd think, when this baboon was speaking,
You heard some *poor* blind fiddler squeaking,
Now this sad dog by dirty joking
Was every day the chief provoking:
The Greeks despis'd the rogue, and yet

*John Wilkes, the noted politician, squinted abominably.

To hear his vile harangues they'd sit
Silent as though he'd been a Pitt.
His screech-owl's voice he rais'd with might,
And vented thus his froth and spite:
"Thersites from the matter wide is,
Or something vexes great Atrides;
But what the murrain it can be,
The Lord above can only see!
No man alive can be censorious,
His reign has been so very glorious:
Then what has lodg'd the heavy bullet
Of discontent within his gullet,
That makes him look as foul as thunder,
To me's a secret and a wonder:
He had the best, the Grecians know,
Of gold, and handsome wenches too.
Best did I say? Bar Helen's *arms*,
He had the best *of chosen charms*,
And yet's not pleas'd: but tell us what
Thy mighty kingship would be at?
Say but, shall Greece and I go speed
To Troy, and bring thee in thy need
The race of royal sons of whores,
By ransom, to increase thy stores?
When we return, prepare to seize
Whate'er thy royal eye shall please:
This thou mayst do sans dread and fear;
'Tis mighty safe to plunder here.
When the fit moves thee for that same,
Take any captain's favourite dame;
Our master wills, and 'tis but fit
Such scrubs as we should all submit.
Ye women Greeks, a sneaking race,
Take my advice to quit this place;
And leave this mighty man of pleasure
To kiss his doxies at his leisure.
When Hector comes, we'll then be *gone;*

When Hector comes, he'll be *alone.*

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

He'll rue the dire unlucky day
He forc'd Achilles' girl away:
That buxom wench we all agreed
To give the bully for his need.
Achilles, though in discontent,
Don't think it proper to resent:
But if the bully's patience ceases,
He'll kick thee into half-crown pieces."
  Sudden Ulysses with a bound
Rais'd *up himself* from off the ground,
Ready to burst his very gall
To hear this scurvy rogue so maul
The constable of Greece—an elf,
Famous for hard-mouth'd words himself;
His eyes look'd fierce, like ferrets red;
Hunchback he scans; and thus he said:
  Moon-calf, give o'er this noisy babbling,
And don't stand prating thus, and squabbling.
If thy foul tongue again dispute
The royal sway, I'll cut it out:
Thou art, and hast been from thy birth,
As great a rogue as lives on earth.
What plea canst thou have names to call,
Who art the vilest dog of all?
Think'st thou a single Greek will stir
An inch for such a snarling cur?
How dar'st thou use Atrides' name,
And of a constable make game?
For safe return great Jove we trust:
'Tis ours to fight, and fight we must.
If to our noble chief a few
Make presents, pray, what's that to you?
What mighty gifts have you bestow'd,
Except your venom? scurvy toad!

If the bold bucks their plunder gave,
Thou canst not think among the brave
We reckon such a *dirty* knave.
May I be doom'd to keep a tin-shop,
Or smite my soul into a gin-shop,
There to be drawn by pint or gill,
For drunken *drabs* to take their fill;
Or may I find my dear son * Telley
With back and bones all beat to jelly;
Or in his stead behold another,
Got by some rascal on his mother;
If I don't punish the next fault,
By stripping off thy scarlet coat,
That shabby, ragged, thread-bare lac'd coat,
Then with a horsewhip dust thy waistcoat;
I'll lay on so that all the navy
Shall hear thy curship roar peccavi.
  This said, his broomstick with a thwack
He drove against his huckle back.
It fell with such a dev'lish thump,
It almost rais'd another hump.
The poor faint-hearted culprit cries,
And tears ran down his blood-shot eyes:
With clout he wip'd his ugly face,
And sneak'd in silence to his place.
Then might you hear the mob declare
Their thoughts on courage, and on fear.
Up to the stars they cry'd Ulysses,
A *soldier brave the army prises;*
Of insolence he stops the tide,
Nor gives it time to spread too wide.
We want but half a score such samples,
To make all prating knaves examples:
'Twould teach the mob much better things,
Than dare to chatter about kings.

* Telamachus.

Whilst thus they sing Ulysses' praises,
The constable his body raises.
The gen'ral's truncheon of command
He flourish'd in his dexter hand.
Pallas in herald's coat stood by,
And with great noise did silence cry,
That all the rabble far and near
This crafty Grecian's speech might hear.
With staring looks and open jaws
They catch each syllab as it flows.
First, with his hand he scratch'd his head,
To try if wit's alive or dead:
But, when he found his wit was strong,
And ready to assist his tongue,
To clear his throat he hem'd aloud,
And thus humbugg'd the list'ning crowd:
  Unlucky chief, to be so us'd,
Deserted first, and then abus'd!
At Argos, when we came to muster,
And were all gather'd in a cluster,
The general voice was heard to say,
The de'il fetch him that runs away!
Then took a Bible oath that night,
They never would return from fight
Till the old Trojan town should tumble;
And yet you see for home they grumble.
I own myself, 'tis very hard
To be from home so long debarr'd:
If but a single fortnight we
Are kept confin'd upon the sea
From our good wives and bantlings dear,
How do we rave, and curse, and swear!
Then, after nine years' absence, sure
These folks may look a little sour.
They're not to blame for being sad;
But thus bamboozled, makes one mad:
Tho' wizard Calchas plainly said,

If we the space of nine years staid,
The tenth we surely should destroy
This paltry mud-wall'd borough Troy.
Have patience then, and let's endure
To box it out a few weeks more.
Remember how a mighty dragon
A plane-tree mounted from a waggon;
He found a bird's nest at the top,
And quickly ate eight young ones up;
To make the ninth there wants another;
On which the serpent snapp'd the mother.
Tho' after he had made this rout,
He ne'er had time to *sift* 'em out;
For twenty minutes were not gone
Before he chang'd to solid stone,
Where, on the summit of a hill,
At Aulis, you may see him still.
When Calchas saw this wondrous thing
Like Endor's witch, he drew a ring;
And, standing, by himself i' th' middle,
Began this wonder to unriddle:
My friends, if you'll but lend an ear,
I'll quickly ease you of your fear:
Give you but credit to my speeches,
And then you'll *see how far this reaches.*
This prodigy from Jove was sent ye,
To shew that something good he meant ye:
As many birds, so many years
Should we be kept in hopes and fears;
But 'ware the tenth, for then shall Ilion
Tumble, tho' guarded by a million.
All this may happen, if you stay,
But cannot, if you run away:
For, be the captains e'er so cunning,
No towns were ever ta'en by running.
Can you remember Helen's rape,
And let those Trojan whelps escape?

Let that eternal rascal go
That made poor Helen cry O! Oh?
  Up started then old chitter chatter,
And lent his hand to clench the matter:
You are fine fellows, smite my eyes,
If blust'ring words could get a prize:
At first you all could say great things,
And swear you'd pull down popes and kings:
In a great splutter take, like Teague,
The solemn covenant and league.
For Ilion's walls resolve to steer,
And store of bread and cheese prepare.
Now all, I find, was but a joke;
Your bouncings vanish'd into smoke.
But precious time by talk is spent;
To pull down Troy is our intent;
And we will do't without delay,
If you, Atrides, lead the way.
Whoever here are not content,
Pray let 'em all be homeward sent,
Their help we value not three farthings:
Cowards make excellent churchwardens:
Then let them to their parish go,
And serve their town in noise and show.
No weapon should they touch but needles,
Or staves for constables and beadles:
Such posts as these will suit men right,
That eat much keener than they fight;
Therefore, whoever dare not stay,
I'd have directly sneak away.
When we the Trojan hides shall curry
Without their help, they'll be so sorry
That they will hang themselves, I hope—
And, by my soul, I'll find 'em rope.
Then how the rogues will wish they'd fought!
But wishes will avail 'em nought.
Did not great Jove, when we set out,

Make a most *loud* confounded rout?
Did he not roll the ball, and roll
Till he half crack'd his mustard bowl;*
And kept the noise upon our right,
To hearten us to go and fight,
Till ev'ry wench that Troy did dwell in
Should cry O! O! as much as Helen?
Shew me the man that dare but think
To make the poorest Grecian shrink;
If any rascal draws one scrub in,
I'll give the dog a handsome drubbing.
And thou, my bully, be not nice,
But take for once a fool's advice;
Let's not like city rabble fight,
Who roar all day, and drink all night.
Millions of such can ne'er oppose
A little band of men well chose;
For discipline, when manag'd right,
Will make a trainband captain fight.
Let me advise, that ev'ry shire
To their own rendezvous retire;
Nor let them mix, but each be sent
To his own ragged regiment.
Let their chief constable command,
If you can find a chief will stand:
The leaders then will quickly ken
Who fight like women, who like men;
Who fight as if inspir'd by Mars,
Or who, like Dutchmen, *'fraid of scars;*
Can punish every sneaking knave,
And with good punch reward the brave:
Then shall we understand, no doubt,
Why Troy so long has held it out;
And if they've done us all these evils,
By help of men, or gods, or devils.

* They made thunder formerly in the play-houses by rolling a ball in an empty mustard bowl.

Atrides gave him this for answer:
I now can plainly see, old grandsire,
That noisy chatt'ring nob of thine
Has got more brains by half than mine:
If Jove, to help us in our streights,
Would lend us half a score such pates,
Split me, we should have brains enough
To strip these Trojans into buff,
And all the men and women leave
As nak'd as Adam first knew Eve.
But Jove, or by design or chance,
Has led us all a pretty dance:
'Tis he that makes us thus dispute
And squabble till we all fall out.
As for Achilles, I abus'd him,
Kidnap'd his girl, and vilely us'd him;
And, like two English tars, we swore
And scolded *loud into a roar;*
But hope (unless I am beguil'd)
Ere long we shall be reconcil'd;
And then, my boys, you'll see how soon
This *vile* nest, Troy, will tumble down.
But now 'tis time for every sinner
To look out sharp to find a dinner;
And then we'll fight, while fighting's good,
And drench our soleless shoes in blood.
Fit then your potlids on your wrists,
And grasp your broomsticks in your fists;
Your mettled horses bring all out,
Both cut and longtail, for this bout.
Like hungry wolves and bears we'll fight,
And kick and cuff from morn to night:
Who dares his coward head to flinch
The thousandth part of half an inch,
Or should a moment's time let slip,
By skulking in his crazy ship,
His scurvy hide, for shunning blows,

Shall be devour'd by carrion crows.
Soon as he spoke, both front and rear
Began to look confounded queer.
But late they thought to kiss their wives,
And lead at home good quiet lives;
Instead of that, they find they must
Have t'other bout at cut and thrust:
So forc'd against their wills to stay,
The grumbling *rascals* sneak'd away.
Now fires by scores were quickly made,
And cows by dozens knock'd o' th' head.
The victuals for theirselves they took,
But wisely fed their gods with smoke:
For men it would be choking stuff,
But for the gods did well enough.
And whilst the *cabbage* broils, they pray
T' escape a broken pate that day.
But to fill all their bellies full,
The priest had drest a fine young bull;
And then invited ev'ry chief
To come and eat this rare bull beef;
Ask'd Nestor first, because his beard
Was longest by a full half-yard;
Idomen did the next succeed,
And then that varlet Diomed:
Ajax the less, and Ajax great,
With sly Ulysses took their seat;
Lest they should think the cuckold slighted,
He came to dinner uninvited.
Now each man draws his pudding-knife,
And eats as tho' he ate for life.
But first, Atrides said a grace,
Holding his hat before his face;
Then added, in a canting tone,
A pray'r he'd better left alone.
"O mighty Jupiter! that shrouds
Thy dwelling-house with coal-black'clouds

Of thy own weaving, great protector,
Grant I may swinge this sad dog, Hector,
Without the help, if so thy will is,
Of that same bullying scrub Achilles."
But Jove, I verily believe,
Just then was laughing in his sleeve;
Nor would he let the foolish elf
Kill one much bigger than himself:
But tho' he kick'd the canting pray'r
A thousand fathom in the air,
Yet did he not refuse the treat,
But snuff'd the smoke, and lick'd the meat.
And now, to shew they scorn all thieving,
They serve Jove first, then take his leaving;
Upon his altar burnt a piece,
And up his nose sent smoke and grease:
The god they were resolv'd to please,
Or smoke him till they made him sneeze:
For he would think them very hollow
To keep him sharper than Apollo;
Therefore, burn more, and more, they cry'd,
Until he owns he's satisfy'd.
When all had stuff'd their bellies full,
And ate the very hoofs o' th' bull,
Old chatt'ring Nestor 'gan to *joke*,
And thus to Agamemnon spoke:
  Bid the blind fiddlers scrape away,
And all the troops shall march to-day;
And, that no useful man be mist,
Let muster-master bring his list
And call 'em o'er: if then we're right,
Do you lead on, by Jove we'll fight.
At the chief constable's commands
They muster'd all their trusty bands;
Each knew his right and left hand man,
And eke his officer could scan.
As Nestor said, each hang-dog went



Book II. Page 61.

Her brawny arm a pot-lid shak'd
As bright as blacking-balls could make't,
On which there hung an ugly head,
So grim 'twould strike the train-bands dead.

To his own ragged regiment.
Minerva too was got among 'em,
Tho' she of right did not belong 'em;
Her brawny arm a potlid shak'd
As bright as blacking-balls could make't,
On which there hung an ugly head,
So grim, 'twould strike the train-bands dead:
With this, and other little helps,
She cheers the poor faint-hearted whelps.
For wives they now no longer sob,
But swear to die or do the job.
As when a bonfire, with a noise,
Is kindled by the parish-boys,
It catches first the straw, then rushes
And seizes on the dry furze-bushes,
Which causes such a dev'lish glaring,
That half the fools i' th' town stand staring:
Just so you spy'd reflected streaks
From greasy doublets of the Greeks;
For noise, you'd swear these sons of Greece
Were nought but flocks of Solan geese,
Who gabble rarely in their flight,
But ten times louder when they 'light:
Thus in a noisy crowd they wander,
Before they reach the fam'd Scamander;
And as they hasten to the shore,
They make the very welkin roar.
Thick as the crowds that walk the Strand
Upon the river's bank they stand;
Or thick as leaves that yearly fall,
By pecks and bushels in the Mall;
Or swarms of flies, that find a crop
Of sugar in a grocer's shop;
So throng'd the varlets stand, and vow
They'll beat the Trojans black and blue.
About each trusty serjeant goes,
And sets them all in proper rows,

As easily as Rachael Sparrow
Places the apples in her barrow,
Where (tho' at first no form they keep)
She quickly makes a curious heap.
Above the rest the king appears,
And tops 'em all by th' head and ears:
He look'd, amidst this set of warriors,
Like a great hound amongst the tarriers.
For breadth of chest, as well as back,
He beat the mighty bruiser, Slack;
But in his strut and martial air
He seem'd a first-rate grenadier.
This day Jove order'd he should pass
To view, much bigger than he was:
And as he knew the head o' th' cull
With brains was not a quarter full,
He clapp'd a candle in his skull,
Which shining briskly through his eyes,
Fill'd all the Grecians with surprise;
For Jove, you need not fear, took care,
At proper times, to make folks stare.
As for these various ragged packs
Of rogues, from different wapentakes,
Their christian names I've many times
Labour'd to jumble into rhymes;
But could not do it for my soul,
So leave them to the muster-roll.
If any critic choose to pop
His head into my printer's shop,
He'll find a copy there, not spurious,
Left for th' inspection of the curious.

END OF BOOK II.

THE THIRD BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Now all the troops in order plac'd,
Against their minds, each other fac'd;
When nimble Paris, by a fit
Of courage, or of Phrensy, bit,
Fierce sallies forth upon the plain;
The cuckold drives him back again:
Yet hearten'd afterwards by Hector,
Who read him a confounded lecture,
This dancing cuckold-making knight
Challeng'd the cuckold out to fight;
Which Menelaus answer'd soon,
And in the scuffle knock'd him down.
Fast by the crown the Spartan held him,
And swore most bloodily he'd geld him:
But Venus, queen of love and beauty,
Who thinks all *naughty* tricks a duty,
In a great hurry came and caught him
Fast by the luggs, and fairly brought him
To his own room; then from the closet
She fetch'd a smoking-hot sack posset.
Soon as she found it warm'd his belly,
She stepp'd to th' door, and call'd up Nelly;
Who scolded hard at first, but soon
W'as pacified, and laid her down.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK III.

Thus muster'd by their leaders' care,
Both sides for fisty-cuffs prepare.
The Trojans toss their caps and shout,
And noise proclaims 'em bloody stout;
Like cranes that fly in winter time
(As poets tell us) to a clime
Where pigmies dwell, with whom they fight
To th' ears in blood from morn to night.
But the bold Grecians on their toes
Steal softly to surprise their foes,
Taking huge steps along the green
To get a blow before they're seen,
Knowing, a sorry rogue may crack
A brave man's crown behind his back.
With nimble feet, in sweat well soak'd,
They trudge it, tho' with dust half chok'd.
Thus, when a mist on mountain head
As thick as mustard round is spread,
The puzzled shepherd cannot keep
The goats from mingling with the sheep:
So of the Greeks, not one, I trow,
Ask him but hastily, could know
Whether his nose was on or no.
Now front to front they ready stand
To fight, and only wait command;
When nimble Paris to the van,
Dress'd à la mode de François, ran:
With coney-skins he edg'd his coat,
To shew he was a man of note:

A cross-bow o'er his back was slung ;
And on his thigh his poniard hung.
A staff he pois'd would fell an ox,
And dar'd the boldest Greek to box.
As thus he struts, and makes a splutter,
Like crow i' th' middle of a gutter,
Him Menelaus soon espies,
And joyful to himself he cries :
  Blast my old shoes, but very soon
I'll have a knock at your rogue's crown !
Then darted, in a bloody rage,
From his old *dog* cart to engage :
And as he hied along to meet him,
He look'd as if he meant to eat him.
So joys the bailiff, when he spies
An half-pay officer his prize :
Headlong he drives across the way
Regardless both of cart and dray,
Nor stops till he has seiz'd his prey.
  Soon as the youth the cuckold saw,
As guilt will ever feel an awe,
In spite of all that he could say,
He found his legs would run away :
Then, since the matter turned out so,
'Twas best, he thought, to let 'em go ;
So turn'd about, and in a crack
They brought their master safely back ;
And, as he puff'd along, we find him
Not daring once to look behind him.
As when a bumpkin sees a snake
Come slyly stealing from the brake,
He starts, and looks confounded cunning,
But quickly saves himself by running :
So this young beau the cuckold shuns,
And 'mongst his trusty Trojans runs.
This the bold Hector could not bear ;
He thought he ran away for fear—

Without considering, now and then
The very best and boldest men
Cannot their *courage* so command
To make at all *times and* seasons stand.
Be that as't may ; with accent grave
He thus began to scold the knave :
  Paris, says he, you're but a cheat,
And only dare the wenches meet ;
But tho' a man you dare not face,
Yet, when the fight becomes a chace,
You'd beat a thousand in the race.
I wish, ere Nelly thou hadst *known*,
Thou'dst broke thy neck, or *cracked your crown :*
Better by half than thus to bully,
Then run away from such a cully.
The Greeks all swear thou *hast no grit*,
And their fat sides with laughing split.
Thou look a soldier ! thou be d——d !
The Grecians cannot be so flamm'd.
When thy fine long-boats went to Greece
To steal away this precious piece ;
Say, didst thou, in thy first attack
On Helen's freehold, thus give back ?
Joy to thy foes, shame to thy race,
Thy father's grief, and Troy's disgrace,
Recover thy lost credit soon,
And stoutly stand by what you've done ;
Or else all Troy, as well as me,
Thy buxom wench will plainly see
Belongs a better man than thee.
Take heed, Troy may awake at last,
And make thee pay for all that's past.
Here Paris blush'd—a sign of grace ;
Nor durst he look in Hector's face :
  Then answers, By my soul, you're right :
But who like you can preach and fight ?
I know you're made of best of steel,

And box as if you could not feel.
You have your gifts, and I have mine;
Where each may in his province shine.
Smite you the men; I smite the wenches,
You love to storm the Grecian trenches.
Don't you despise the lover's charms:
They're Venus' gift, her powerful arms.
A good strong back, and proper measure
Of love, to give the fair ones pleasure,
Are blessings, which the gods bestow
Only to favourites below.
Yet, if it please thee, I will stand
This cuckold's combat hand to hand:
His mutton-fist bold Paris scorns,
He only fears his branching horns;
Should he receive from these a wound,
Our quack can never make him sound.
But go, explain the matter fully,
And I will box this Spartan bully.
My pretty Nelly shall be set
For him that doth the conquest get:
Her swelling breasts and matchless eyes
Shall be the lucky conqu'ror's prize:
Then Troy and Greece, in any weather,
May smoke a sober pipe together.
This challenge pleas'd, and Hector quick
Stopp'd all the Trojans with his stick;
Next to the foe, with Spanish pace,
Advanc'd, to let them know the case.
The Greeks *with wrath their faces lower*,
Threw bricks and cobble-stones *a* shower.
Atrides soon the tumult spies:
Give o'er, ye silly dogs! he cries;
'Tis Hector comes, if I am right,
To talk a little, not to fight:
I know him by his breadth of chest,
I know his skull-cap's always drest

With goose quills of the very best:
Then be not in such woeful splutter,
But hear what Hector has to utter.
At this rebuke they threw no more:
The tumult ceas'd; the fray was o'er
His eyes the bully Trojan roll'd,
And briefly thus his story told:
  Hear, all ye warriors, fam'd for toils,
In civil feuds and drunken broils;
Paris demands you now forbear
To kick and cuff, and curse and swear;
But on the ground your cudgels throw,
And stick your broomstaves on a row:
Let Troy and Greece but sit 'em down,
Paris will fight this Spartan loon;
The charming Helen shall be set,
For him that shall the conquest get;
Her snowy breasts and matchless eyes
Shall be the lucky conqu'ror's prize:
Then Troy and Greece, in any weather,
May smoke a sober pipe together.
  He spoke; and for six minutes good,
With mouths half-cock'd, both armies stood:
  When Menelaus thus began:
Bold Hector offers like a man,
And I the challenge will accept,
As freely as I ever slept.
Hector, perhaps, may think I won't,
But singe my whiskers if I don't!
I know, my lads, you fight for me,
And in my quarrel cross'd the sea.
I thank you, friends, for what you've done;
But now the battle's all my own:
Who falls, it matters not a fig,
If one survives to dance a jig.

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So, Trojans, if you mean no flams,
Go buy directly two grass-lambs;
One for the Earth, as black as crow,
One for the Sun, as white as snow:
For surely Jove, you need not fear,
We'll get one, be they cheap or dear;
For well we know he'll make us feel,
If e'er we cheat him of a meal.
But let King Priam on the place
Appear; we rev'rence his old face.
His sons are hect'ring, roaring fellows,
And fifty thousand lies may tell us;
Old age is not so quick in motion,
But sees with care, and moves with caution.
Experience makes old folks discerning;
At blunders past they oft take warning.
  Both parties hear, and hope, at last
Their broils and broken pates are past:
Nor staid they to be bidden twice,
But stripp'd their jackets in a trice:
Their cudgels, all the circle round
As quick as thought threw on the ground.
Two beadles Hector sent to town,
In haste to fetch his daddy down;
And bid 'em tell old limberhams
Not to forget to bring two lambs.
The running footman of the fleet
(Talthybius called, with nimble feet)
With all his speed his stumps did stir
To fetch a lamb for Jupiter.
I' th' int'rim, fond of mischief-telling,
The rainbow goddess flies to Helen:

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She seem'd like old Antenor's daughter,
That Helen might not know she sought her.
The housewife at her task she found,
With all her wenches seated round:
For, as she work'd in Priam's hall,
She chose to have 'em within call:
Where, like a brazen, saucy jade,
She wrought her tale in light and shade:
How, for her sake, the Greeks employ
Their utmost force to pull down Troy;
And wove the story in her loom,
Of horns, her former husband's doom;
Adding withal, to keep her going,
What for nine years they had been doing;
The necessary names wrote under,
Lest lookers-on should make a blunder;
Lest they should make a wrong conjecture,
This is brisk Paris—that is Hector;
This is Ulysses—that the beast
Thersites—so of all the rest.
Helen, says Iris, pray come out
And see what work they're all about.
Their clubs thrown down; their staves they prick
Fast in the ground, and there they stick.
They fight no more; for this good day
Paris and Menelaus say
They'll have one bout at cudgel play.
These happy rogues appear in view
To box their very best for you;
And which soever of 'em win,
With kissing he will soon begin.
This put the light-heel'd dame in mind
Of people she had left behind
In her own country, not these two
(She'd try'd the best that they could do);
But she had left behind some dozens

Of uncles, aunts, and loving cousins.
She gulp'd, and swallow'd down her spittle,
But yet was seen to weep a little;
Then left her work, and on her wait
Two wenches to the Scean gate,
Where some old square-toes, grave and try'd,
Were chatting close to Priam's side:
I think they were in number seven;
It matters not, or odd or even.
The name of each I would rehearse,
But it would edge your teeth in verse.
Like grasshoppers they sat i' th' sun,
Telling strange tales of ancient fun,
And, in a feeble, hollow tone,
Repeated what great feats they'd done;
How they had *kissed* the maids of Troy,
When Adam was a little boy:
At Helen's shapes they shook their wings;
What could they more? they had no stings.
No wonder, 'faith, they cry, that Greece
Should fight for such a tempting piece;
The man that Helen's ringlets towzes,
Can never grudge a thousand bruises;
But since 'tis o'er with us long since,
'Tis best to send the brimstone hence:
If she stays here, Troy tumbles down;
But pack her off, we save the town.
Whilst thus the gypsy's praise they squeak,
The Trojan king began to speak:
Come hither, girl, I take a pride
To have thee chatter by my side.
Behold your friends, my dearest honey,
And take a view of your old crony.
'Tis not your fault: you're not the cause
Of half our bruises, kicks, and blows.
The gods, they say, are in a pet;
And when they're once on mischief set

The devil cannot keep 'em down,
Till they've demolish'd some old town;
And for nine years, I plainly see,
They have been grumbling hard at me.
But tell us, who's that swinging fellow
That struts so fierce? he's drest in yellow,
And cocks his hat with such a pinch,
He looks a soldier ev'ry inch.
Helen replies, Altho', good Priam,
No woman's better kiss'd than I am,
Yet I could wish I had been hang'd,
Or at a whipping-post well bang'd,
Ere I away with Paris ran,
And *wronged* a *very* honest man:
My little girl most bitterly,
They tell me, for her mam' doth cry:
I'm full of grief, if that would do;
But matters can't be mended now.
The gipsy, after this parade,
Thus to the good old Trojan said:
He whom to know my daddy seeks,
Is the great leader of the Greeks;
His fame is known both near and far,
To scold in peace, and kick in war:
My brother he was call'd, before
Your son and I *ran from his door:*
To call him so I'm now asham'd,
And even blush to hear him nam'd.
Is that Atrides, quoth the king?
To me he seems the very thing:
I'm told he is, or grave or mellow,
In peace or war, a clever fellow.
Amongst the Phrygians I have been,
But ne'er a tighter fellow seen.
When Otreus sat upon their throne,
And Migdon led their hang-dogs on,
I and my Trojans join'd the roysters;

Where, by the help of *fish* and oysters,
We laid, with many strokes and thwacks,
The Amazons upon their backs:
Yet those now standing in our sight
Are tighter fellows, by this light.
But tell me, Helen, if you can,
Who's that broad-breasted little man;
His shoulders large and widely spread,
But not so tall as th' last by th' head?
He is no serjeant, I've a notion;
Yet like a serjeant in his motion:
He seems to bustle much about him;
You'd swear they could not do without him.
  Helen replies, My judgment misses,
If he you speak of ben't Ulysses.
Now that I take a better view,
'Tis he himself, I spy him now:
Let him be standing still, or running,
You'll hardly find his match for cunning;
He knows a thousand slipp'ry tricks,
But shines the most in politics.
Tho' from a barren isle he came,
The world's too little for his fame:
And, had he not been born a prince,
He'd been prime-minister long since.
  Antenor told the king, he knew
What Helen said was very true.
When Atreus' son and he came over,
This coaxing baggage to recover,
Men of great worth they seem'd to be,
I therefore let 'em lodge with me:
I knew them both before that day,
And knew they could their reck'ning pay.
Whene'er we chatted o'er a can
Of flip, with care I mark'd each man.
Atrides standing, look'd the best,
'Cause he was mostly better drest;

Seated, Ulysses reverence drew;
Because he gave the clearest view.
Atrides was no man of tongue;
His speech was good, tho' never long:
But when Ulysses 'gan to speak,
You never heard so queer a Greek;
He'd fix his eyes upon the ground,
As if a speech could there be found;
Look'd foolish, tho' he knew no tongue
Like his was half so glibly hung:
He could, with oily words, I tell ye,
Make your heart jump within your belly:
His rogueship from the flowers and trees
Would call the very birds and bees.
Then Priam thus: Amidst the throng
I spy a man exceeding strong;
Shoulders so spread, and such a chest,
He's stole a giant's back and breast:
So strong a carl you'll seldom see;
My lovely girl, who can it be?
Ajax, replies fair Leda's daughter,
Is he you're now enquiring after:
Of him the Grecians well may crack,
For he upon his brawny back
Could lug the city gates, when bid,
As well as ever Sampson did.
The next that looks this way to see us,
Is the far-fam'd Idomeneus:
With my good man he once took quarter,
And look'd so trim, my mouth did water.
As for the rest, if I judge rightly,
They're fellows that can box it tightly.
But all this while, old dad, have I
Been looking sharp, if I can spy
A pair of twins, and each my brother:
Castor is one, and Pollux t'other.
But hap the colonels *are at sea*,

Or scorn to quarrel for *such as me.*
Poor Helen dreamt not on her bed,
Her brothers were as herrings dead;
That the last doublet they put on
Was made of Bath or Portland stone,
Where, free from broils, they slept secure,
And dreamt of *wars* and rogues no more.
And now both beadles did with care
The lambs for sacrifice prepare;
But first in order form the ring,
And thus they call the Trojan king:
  Arise, O king, come down with speed,
And lend a hand in time of need
To seal the truce; for there's no troth,
Unless you come and take the oath.
Your son and famous Menelau
For Nell agree to pull a crow:
And he that makes his rival yield,
Or lays him flat upon the field,
May unmolested take his fill,
And towsel Helen when he will;
That we may cease this curs'd fatigue,
And join in everlasting league;
Trojans may plough their lands, and Greece
Return, and kiss their wives in peace.
Priam, tho' with a heavy heart,
Gave orders for his apple-cart,
A vehicle contriv'd with care
To serve for cart or one-horse chair;
Then, with Antenor by his side,
Like two grave cits, they took a ride
Quite through the Scean gate, among
The Trojan and the Grecian throng:
When Agamemnon 'midst the crew,
And eke the sly Ulysses too,
Both rose, and made a handsome bow.
And now the blue-coat beadles, grac'd

With large red caps all silver-lac'd
The method of the farce to fix,
Some Greek and Trojan beverage mix;
Then pour a little on the hand
Of each commander, as they stand;
But have our priestly way of thinking,
To save the most for private drinking:
Lastly,—this grand affair to close,
His knife the Grecian gen'ral draws,
And cutting from the beasts some hair,
The beadles gave each chief a share,
To shew that all things should be fair.
Then with a thund'ring voice, that made
A dev'lish noise, to Jove they pray'd:
O Jupiter! who every Friday
Art worshipp'd on a mount call'd Ida:
O Phœbus! and thou mother Earth!
That gives to thieves and lawyers birth:
O demons! and infernal furies!
Whose counsels aid Westminster juries:
Thou discordmaking fiend! that trudges
The six months' circuits with the judges;
And thou the hellish imp that brings
Brimstone to singe all wicked kings!
Hear what we promise, and depend on't,
We'll keep our words, or mark the end on't.
Should Paris drub this Menelaus:
To *fate* and poverty betray us,
If we don't leave the brimstone Helen
Safe in her present Trojan dwelling
For Paris' use! Much good may't do him,
And make her true and faithful to him;
Whilst we poor devils will depart,
And trudge it home with all our heart.
But if by Menelaus' blows
Paris should get a bloody nose,
They shall again restore his Nelly,

With what belongs her back and belly;
A forfeit too consent to pay
For stealing of the girl away;
And Paris cannot think it much
To pay a piece for every touch:
If they refuse again we'll fight,
And force the rogues to do us right.
With that he seiz'd the sheep by th' crown,
And cut their throats, or knock'd them down:
By death they soon were overtaken,
Tho' they kick'd hard to save their bacon.
The chiefs then tipp'd the other round,
And pour'd a little on the ground;
Adding withal a shorter prayer,
Because they'd not much time to spare:
Hear, Jove, and all ye gods on high!
Whose vicars say you hate a lie,
(Tho' amongst them, for lies and swearing,
There's scarce a barrel better herring),
Whoever takes a thing in hand,
And will not to their bargain stand,
May their heart's blood run out much quicker
Than from the jug we pour this liquor;
And may their wives *dishonest prove*,
And faithless to their husbands' love!
Thus both the armies clubb'd a prayer,
Which Jove refus'd, and kick'd in air.
Now, when these *proper* rites were done,
Old square-toes hasten'd to be gone:
It will be rather hard, quoth he,
For one so very old as me,
Bruises and broken pates to see:
But Jove knows best, who rules us all,
Which knave shall stand, or which shall fall.
To stay within yond' walls I choose,
And be the last to hear bad news:
Then instantly his chair ascended;



Book III. Page 81.

Hector, who was a wary chap
At pitch and chuck, or hustle cap,
An old Scotch bonnet quickly takes,
In which he three brass farthings shakes.

Antenor by his side attended :
But first, and rightly did he judge it,
He stuff'd both lambs within his budget.
Ulysses then, and Hector stout,
The limits of the fight mark'd out :
They both agreed that chance might try
Who first should let his broomstick fly.
The people pray on bended knees,
And mutter out such words as these :
O Jupiter ! who hast by odds
The greatest head of all the gods,
Let him that did this mischief brew
Return with ribs all black and blue ;
Or let him be demolished quick,
And sent full gallop to Old Nick !
Such rogues once hang'd, all wars would cease,
And soldiers eat their bread in peace.
Hector, who was a wary chap
At pitch and chuck, or hustle-cap,
An old Scotch bonnet quickly takes,
In which he three brass farthings shakes :
Then turn'd his head without deceit,
To shew them that he scorn'd to cheat ;
And cries aloud, Here goes, my boy,
'Tis heads for Greece, and tails for Troy ;
Then turns the cap : Great Troy prevails,
Two farthings out of three were tails.
Paris now arms himself in haste,
And ty'd his jacket round his waist
With a buff belt, and then with straps
About his legs some hay-bands wraps ;
To guard his heart, he closely press'd
A sheet of tin athwart his breast ;
His trusty sword across his breech
Was hung, to be within his reach ;
A horse's tail, just like a mop,
He stuck upon his skull-cap's top.

Thus arm'd complete, with care and skill,
He seem'd as stout as Bobadil:
And Menelaus, you might see,
Appear'd as stout and fierce as he.
Ready for fight, they both look'd sour,
And eyed each other o'er and o'er.
Paris puts on a warlike phiz,
And from his hand his staff goes whiz;
Which lent the Grecian targe a thump,
And then upon the ground fell plump.
His broomstaff then, with aim as true,
The cuckold at the Trojan threw;
But ere he spent his ammunition,
He sent to Jove a small petition:
"Mayst please my good design to help,
And let me souse this lech'rous whelp;
That men may cease to do amiss,
And not in other fish-ponds fish!"
Thus, like Old Noll, he coin'd a pray'r,
Then sent his broomstick thro' the air;
With such a vengeance did it fall,
Through the tin-plates it bor'd a hole,
And tore his doublet and his shirt;
But to his *skin* did little hurt;
Because the knave, by bending low,
Escap'd the fury of the blow.
Some think he *wet* his breeks that hit,
But that remains a query yet.
The Greek, who did not often judge ill,
Pursu'd th' advantage with his cudgel,
And laid about at such a rate,
As if he meant to break his pate;
But as his jobber-noul he rapp'd,
His stick in twenty pieces snapp'd.
Vex'd to the *heart*, he lifts his eyes,
And mutt'ring to himself, he cries:
This rascal's jacket I had dusted,



Book III. Page 83.

But watchful Venus came in season
Before the Greek had stopp'd his weasand;
Her scissors from her side she whipt
And in a twink the stayband snipt.

If Jupiter could have been trusted ;
But honest men he keeps at distance,
And lends to *lech'rous* rogues assistance.
Just when I had secur'd my prize,
My *trusty* stick in pieces flies.
This said, he gave a hasty snap
At the horse-tail upon his cap,
And lugg'd most stoutly at his crown,
In hopes to pull the varlet down :
The more he lugg'd to end the farce,
The more the Trojan hung *on forcе :*
Still he hawl'd on with many a bob,
And certainly had done his job,
Because so firmly was his cap
Ty'd with a tinsel'd leather strap,
That though the knave began to cough,
The de'il a bit would it come off:
But watchful Venus came in season,
Before the Greek had stopp'd his weasand ;
Her scissars from her side she whipp'd,
And in a twink the stay-band snipp'd.
The Greek, who thought he well had sped,
And pull'd off both his cap and head,
Was vex'd to find, instead of full cap,
He'd only got an empty skull-cap :
In grievous wrath, away he threw it,
Amongst his men, who flock'd to view it,
Admir'd the glitt'ring band, and swore
They'd never seen the like before.
He then with all his might and main,
Let drive at Paris once again ;
With a fresh broomstick thought to smoke him,
But Venus whipp'd him up, and took him
In her smock lap, and very soon
Near his own dwelling set him down ;
From thence, with gentle touch, she led
The younker home, and warm'd his bed.

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No sooner was he seated well in
His garret, but she look'd for Helen:
Amongst her chamber-maids she found her;
The wenches all were standing round her.
Quickly she chang'd her form, and whipp'd on
The nose and chin of Mother Shipton;
Then on her tip-toes coming near,
She whispers softly in her ear:
My dearest jewel, Paris wants
To ramble in the usual haunts;
Upon a good flock-bed he lies,
And longs to view your wicked eyes.

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Helen began to make a din
At this old woman's nose and chin,
But as she star'd her thro' and thro',
Her old acquaintance soon she knew
By her fine alabaster *skin*,
Her eyes of jet, and lips *fine and thin*,
The fright made all her teeth to chatter,
And, 'faith, she scarce *knew what's the matter:*
But soon a little courage took,
And to the goddess silence broke.
(The reader in her speech will find,
That, woman like, she spoke her mind)
Could I believe that Venus would
For such a rascal turn a bawd?
Don't think that Helen e'er will truckle,
And with a beaten scoundrel buckle,
If to your calling you bewitch her,
For God's sake let a brave man switch her,
Nor think that I can like a scrub
That any *sturdy* rogue can drub.
Now he is worsted in the fight,

I am become another's right:
I know your drift; it sha'nt take place;
To send me homeward with disgrace,
And make my husband quite uncivil:
You a fine goddess! you a devil!
If Paris cannot live without
A *sweetheart*, you yourself may do't;
Be you his loving wench or wife,
I'll go no more, upon my life;
To me it will afford no sport,
I am not in a humour for't;
You're always ready for a bout,
When I'd as lief be hang'd as do't:
But know, that I'll no longer bear
Of every saucy jade the sneer,
Who cry, She's very handsome, *yes!*
But yet the brim's an errant "*Bess.*"
Hey-day! quoth Venus, what's all this?
On nettles sure you've been *amiss:*
You will not that, or t'other do:
Pray, who will first have cause to rue?
If I forsake thee, every grace
Will leave that pretty smirking face;
Trojans won't give a fig to see
What once they view'd with so much glee;
Nor will the wildest rake in town
Value thy ware at half a crown.
This *stopped* poor Helen of her doubts,
And put an end to all disputes;
Rather than risque the loss of beauty,
She'd be content with double duty;
On which the gipsies tripp'd away,
And soon arriv'd where Paris lay.
The maids about like lightning flew,
For they had fifty things to do:
But Nell and Venus mount up stairs;
They were to mind their own affairs.

Soon as they reach'd the garret-door,
The goddess tripp'd it in before ;
And, squatting down just by the fire,
Made Helen on a stool sit by her :
All o'er she look'd so very charming,
That Paris found his liver warming :

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Instead of which the vixen fell
Upon the harmless rogue pell mell.
After you've suffer'd such disgrace,
How dare you look in Helen's face?

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Not I, by Jove. Are all thy brags,
Of beating Menelaus to rags,
Come off with this? Once more go try
Thy strength—But what a fool am I!
A stripling thou, a giant he ;
At single gulp he'd swallow thee.
Then venture into scrapes no more ;
But, since thou'rt safe, e'en shut the door.
Paris replies, Good dame, ha' done ;
We can't recall the setting sun :
Though your old cuckold-pated whelp,
By that *bold* brim Minerva's help,
Did win this match, the next that's try'd
I'll lay the odds I trim his hide.

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Whilst thus they *lovingly* engage,
The Greek was in a bloody rage;
He like a pointer rang'd about,
To try to find the younker out,
And peep'd in ev'ry hole and corner,
In hopes to spy this Mr. Horner
(Nor would the Trojans, not to wrong 'em,
Have screen'd him, had he been among 'em);
But the *queen* Venus took good care
He should not find him far or near.
Then Agamemnon from his breech
Lifted himself, and made this speech:
Ye Dardans and ye Trojans trusty,
Whose swords we keep from being rusty,
You plainly see the higher powers
Determine that the day is ours;
For Menelaus sure has beat him,
And may, for aught we know, have eat him,
As not a man upon the spot
Can tell us where the rogue is got:
If therefore Helen you'll restore,
We'll take her, be she wife or *more*,
With all her clothes and other gear,
Adding a sum for wear and tear:
The wear, a female broker may
Settle in less than half a day;
But for the tear, no mortal elf
Can judge so well as Mene's self.

If Troy will pay a fine so just,
And that they will, I firmly trust,
We'll leave this curs'd unlucky shore,
And swear to trouble you no more.
With mighty shouts the Grecians each
Vow 'tis a very noble speech;
That every single word was right;
And swore the Trojans should stand by't.

END OF BOOK III.

THE FOURTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

WITH solemn phiz, about the fate
Of Troy the gods deliberate;
And long dispute the matter, whether
To joul their loggerheads together,
Or make all further scuffles cease,
And let them drink and *flirt* in peace.
At last the gods agree *nem. con.*
To let the rascals squabble on:
Paris then jogs Lycaon's son
To knock poor Menelaus down;
And whilst the honest quack, Machaon,
A plaster spread the wound to lay on,
A dreadful noise of shouts and drumming
Forewarned the Greeks that Troy was coming.
The gen'ral now, the troops to settle,
And shew himself a man of mettle,
In a great splutter runs about
To call their trusty leaders out,
Swaggers and bounces, kicks and cuffs,
Some serjeants praises, others huffs;
At last the roysters join in battle,
And clubs, and staves, and potlids rattle.



Book IV. Page 93.

Hebe prepared upon the spot
A jug of purl made piping hot,
Of which she gave each god a sup,
Who sup and blow, and blow and sup.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK IV.

THE watchman op'd the gates of heaven,
Just as the clock was striking seven;
When all the gods, with yawning faces,
To council came, and took their places.
Hebe prepar'd upon the spot
A jug of purl made piping hot,
Of which she gave each god a cup,
Who sup and blow, and blow and sup;
And whilst their time they thus employ,
Just slightly ask, What news from Troy?
When thus unlucky Jove, for fun,
To vex his ox-ey'd wife, begun:
  Two scolding brims of royal blood
Assist the Greeks—if not, they should;
But, perch'd above, like daws they sit,
Nor they to help their friends think fit;
But, suff'ring Greece to go to ruin,
Content themselves with mischief brewing;
Whilst grateful Venus in the throng,
To aid her *fav'rite*, scours along;
With nimble *feet*, or nimbler wrist,
She guides his weapon where she list;
Knowing a touch of her soft *rein*,
If fallen, *will set him straight again.*
  But, messmates, since we have begun,
'Tis time to fix what must be done.
The book of Fate then let us scan,
And view what is ordain'd for man;
That we about them may determine,

To kill, or keep alive the vermin :
Say then, shall smiling peace ensue,
Or dreadful broils, with face of rue?
If now your godships think that Nelly
Shall go, *her husband* "*wil he nil he*,"
And Paris pay for doing work
Would glad the heart of Jew or Turk ;
Why then the borough may stand firm
A thousand years, or any term ;
May back recall its old renown,
And once more be a market-town.
Whilst thus he preach'd, his angry queen
With Pallas whispering was seen ;
And as they jabber'd pate to pate,
Against poor Troy express'd their hate.
The boxing vixen, though in wrath,
Yet holds her peace, and nothing saith ;
Nor would, had Jove preach'd ere so long,
For heavenly wisdom rul'd her tongue ;
She prudent acts ; not so Jove's wife,
Whose joy consists in noise and strife.
Begun : Don't think your dunder-pate
Shall use your queen at such a rate :
On *vicious* Troy I've made just war ;
Have rous'd my Grecians near and far ;
My post-chaise rattled many a mile,
My peacocks sweating all the while ;
And all to bring destruction on
This perjur'd, lying, *lecherous** town.
But spouse my cares and toils derides ;
Because they're rogues, he's on their sides ;
To punish rogues in grain refuses,

* You see Juno keeps continually harping on *the wickedness of Troy:* we judge from thence, she came in for small share of the labours of these *healthy* Trojans ; but Venus did. There was one Anchises, a twice five-fingered Trojan, that (as old stories say) used *to be her lover*. Æneas was the produce of their leisure hours.

And thus his loving wife abuses:
Though, if the gods will take my side,
In spite of Jove I'll trim their hide.
  At this same speech you cannot wonder
The thunder-driver look'd like thunder:
He wav'd his locks, and fit to choke
With rage, he to his vixen spoke:
  Why, how now, hussy! whence this hate
To Priam and the Trojan state?
Can mortal scoundrels thee perplex,
And the great brim of brimstones vex,
That thou shouldst make such woeful pother,
And Troy's whole race desire to smother;
Then level, out of female spite,
Their spires, with weather-cocks so bright;
And all because that rogue on Ida
Fancy'd your mouth an inch too wide a!
Pray how can I the varlet blame,
Who fifty times have thought the same?*
But for this once I'll give thee string
Enough, to let thy fury swing:
Burn the whole town; blow up the walls;
Destroy their shops and coblers' stalls:
Murder old Priam on the place,
And smother all his bastard race;
With his boil'd beef and cabbage glut
The fury of thy greedy gut.
Peace, then, perhaps I may enjoy
When there shall be no more of Troy:
But should I choose to be uncivil,
And send your scoundrels to the devil,
Don't think, good Mrs. Brim, that you

* *The same.* Here Juno overlooks a very severe rub of Jupiter's, because he directly gives her leave to satiate her revenge; had it not been for that, it is thought he would hardly have escaped without a scratched face at least, or perhaps the loss of an eye.

Shall hold my hand: remember how
I suffer harmless Troy to tumble,
To stop your everlasting grumble.
I tell thee, brim, of all I know,
In heav'n above, or earth below,
Bastards of mortal rogues or gods,
I value Troy the most by odds:
No men on earth deserve my favour
Like Trojan boys, for good behaviour;
Because, whene'er they pay their vows,
They kill good store of bulls and cows;
Nor do they ever grudge the least,
To lend their daughters to the priest;
From whence it cannot be deny'd,
But true religion is their guide.
  Juno, like puppet, rolls her eyes,
And, meditating, thus replies:
  Three boroughs have I got in Greece,
Most dearly lov'd in war and peace;
Mycenæ, Argos, aye, and Sparta,
Destroy 'em all,* care I a *farthing?*
With the dry *rot* or thunder strike 'em;
Tis fault enough for me to like 'em.
Must thy poor wife's good friends be drubb'd,
And she herself thus hourly snubb'd,
As if her family, Sir Cull,
Was not as good as yours to th' full?
I know I ought, were you well bred,
To share your power as well as bed;
But there I know, and so do you,
I'm robb'd of more than half my due.
Your dad† was but a lead-refiner,

* *Destroy 'em*, &c. See the fury of an enraged woman! Rather than Troy should escape, how easily she gives up three dearly beloved towns! But it is to be hoped, there are few such women alive now-a-days.

† Saturn.

Or else a Derbyshire lead-miner;
Mine was refiner of the small
Assays, for years, at Goldsmiths-Hall:
Then prithee don't, my dearest life,
Refuse due honour to your wife;
Alternately let's take the sway;
Each bear a bob both night and day;
And then the vulgar gods shall see
We mount by turns, now you, now me.
See trusty Pallas sneaking stands,
And waits your worship's dread commands:
She'll soon, if you unloose her tether,
Set Greece and Troy by th' ears together:
But bid her use her utmost care,
Troy's *sneaking* sons begin the war;
Then, if they get the worst o' th' game,
They dare not say that we're to blame.
Of heaven and earth the *jolly* king
Swore that his wife had hit the thing:
Then go, my Pallas, in the nick,
And serve these Phrygian whelps a trick;
Make 'em, like Frenchmen, treaties break:
Away, and do not stay to speak.
  Pleas'd she darts downward in a trice,
And smooth as younkers slide on ice;
Or when the upper regions vomit
A long-tail'd firebrand, call'd a comet,
Which robs old women of their wits,
And frights their daughters into fits;
Gives wond'ring loons the belly-ache,
And makes the valiant soldier quake:
With horrid whiz it falls from high,
And whisks its tail along the sky:
Just so this brimstone did appear,
As she shot downward through the air.
They guess'd, and paus'd, and guess'd again,
What this strange prodigy could mean:

At last agreed, that angry Fate
Was big with something mighty great.
'Twas war, or peace, or wind, or rain,
Or scarcity next year of grain.
Some cunning heads this reason hit,
That Bute would soon make room for Pitt;
But all the bold north-country rout
Swore that it would much better suit
His M——, to stick to B—te.
Whilst thus they jar and disagree,
Minerva lit behind a tree;
And lest her phiz should make 'em gape,
Borrow'd an honest mortal shape;
Laodocus, no snivelling dastard,
But great Antenor's nephew's bastard:
She quickly found Lycaon's son,
A rare strong chief for back and bone,
Whose troops from black Esopee came,
A place but little known to fame.
The arms his raggamuffins bore,
Were broomsticks daub'd with blood all o'er.
To him she with a harmless look,
Like a mischievous brimstone, spoke:
Will you, friend Pandarus, says she,
A little council take from me?
You know that every prudent man
Should pick up money when he can;
And now, if you could have the luck
To make a hole in Sparta's pluck,
Paris, as certain as I live,
Would any sum of money give.
Such a bold push must sure be crown'd
With ten, at least, or twenty pound:
Don't gape and stare, for now or never
You gain or loose the cash for ever:
But first, to th' Lycian archer pay
(By most he's call'd the god of day)

A ram ; this same unerring spark
Can guide thy arrow to its mark :
'Tis highly necessary this,
Or two to one your aim you'll miss.
  Like gunpowder, the thick-skull'd elf
Took fire, and up he blew himself :
Then fitting to his bow the string,
He swore, by Jove, he'd do the thing.
His trusty bow was made of horn
An old ram goat for years had worn.
This goat by Pandarus was shot,
And left upon the cliffs to rot :
The curling horns, that spread asunder ;
Two taylors' yards, became his plunder ;
Which he took care to smooth, and so
Produc'd a very handsome bow :
The blacksmith fil'd a curious joint,
And Deard with tinsel tipp'd each point.
This bow of bows, without being seen
By any but his countrymen,
He bent ; and, that he might be safe,
Took care to hide his better half
Behind the potlids of his band ;
For those he always could command.
Before he aim'd, he squatted low
To fit an arrow to his bow ;
One from a hundred out he picks,
To send the cuckold over Styx ;
(Sharp was the point of this same arrow,
Design'd to reach the Spartan's marrow)
Then to the god of daylight vows
To give a dozen bulls and cows.
Now hard he strains, with wondrous strength,
And draws the arrow all its length :
Swift thro' the air the weapon hies,
Whilst the string rattles as it flies.
Had then Atrides been forgot,

He certainly had gone to pot:
But Pallas, for his life afraid,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And turn'd aside the furious dart,
That was intended for his heart,
Into a more ignoble part.
So careful mothers, when they please,
Their children guard from *bugs* and fleas.
The first emotion that he felt,
Was a great thump upon his belt:
For there the arrow, Pallas knew,
Could only pierce a little through.
It did so; and the skin it rais'd:
The blood gush'd out: which so amaz'd
The cuckold, that he was half craz'd:
He felt within himself strange twitches;
'Twas thought *he'd burst a dozen stitches.*
As when you seek for stuff to grace
Some fine court lady's neck and face,
All o'er her muddy skin you spread
A load of paint, both white and red,
The diff'ring colours, sure enough,
Must help to set each other off,
Spite of the hue that glares within
The *dirty*, muddy, greasy skin:
Just so Atrides' blood you'd spy
As it ran down his dirty thigh;
His knee, and leg, and ancle pass'd,
And reach'd his sweaty foot at last.
At this most dreadful, rueful sight
Atrides' hair stood bolt upright,
And lifted, all the Grecians said,
His hat six inches from his head.
Nor less the honest cuckold quak'd;
His heart as well as belly ach'd;
Till looking at the place that bled,
He plainly saw the arrow's head

Stopp'd by his greasy belt: he then
Boldly took heart of grace again.
But the great chief, who thought the arrow
Had reach'd his brother's gut or marrow,
With bitter sobbing heav'd his chest,
And thus his heavy grief express'd;
Whilst all the Grecians far and near,
Did nought but threaten, curse and swear:
My dearest bro.' for this did I
Desire a truce? Zounds! I could cry:
It proves a fatal truce to thee;
Nay, fatal both to thee and me.
Thou fought'st till all the fray did cease:
Now to be slain, in time of peace,
Is dev'lish hard:—with rueful phiz
He added—By my soul it is!
Those scoundrel Trojans all combine,
In hopes to ruin thee and thine;
They've stole thy goods, and kiss'd thy wife,
And now they want to take thy life:
With perjuries the rogues are cramm'd,
For which they will be double damn'd.
Now we good Grecians, when it meet is
To make with scoundrel neighbours treaties,
As Britons (but the Lord knows how)
With roguish Frenchmen often do,
We're strict and honest to our word;
So should each man that wears a sword.
What pity 'tis, that rogues so base
Should thus bamboozle Jove's own race!
But let it be thy comfort, brother,
And with it thy resentment smother,
That Jove in flames such rogues will burnish;
Already he begins to furnish
With red-hot balls his mutton fist,
To singe and pepper whom he list.
Be sure, that when he once begins,

He'll smoke these scoundrels for their sins,
Make Priam's house of scurvy peers
Come tumbling down about their ears.
These Trojans, if they do not mend on't,
Will all be hang'd at least, depend on't:
For thee, my brother, who deserv'd
Much better fate than be so serv'd,
I trust thou wilt not die so sudden,
But still eat many a pound of pudding.
If aught but good should hap to thee,
God knows what must become of me.
When thou art gone, thy men of might
Will run, but rot me if they'll fight.
When once they've lost thy brave example,
They'll let the Trojan rascals trample
Their very *hearts* out ere they'll budge;
They will, as sure as God's my judge.
Shall Helen then with Paris stay,
Whilst thy poor bones consume away;
And some sad dog, thy recent tomb,
Lug out his ware and *spit* upon?
Adding, that all Atrides got,
Was to come here to lie and rot;
Nor durst his bullying brother stay,
But very stoutly ran away.
Before this scandal on me peep,
May I be buried nine yards deep!
  He spoke; and sighing, rubs his eyes,
When Menelaus thus replies:
Thy tears, my hero, prithee keep,
Lest they should make our soldiers weep:
'Tis but, at worst, a harmless scratch;
I'll put upon't a lady's patch:
Or, if you think 'twill mend you faster,
I'll send for Borton's * sticking-plaster.

* Borton, an honest chymist in Piccadilly.

But if a surgeon's help is meet,
Dispatch a messenger to th' Fleet;
There is a man, who well can do
For scratches, burns, and *fractures* too.
  The brother king, with gracious look,
Once more resum'd the thread, and spoke:
  May all the gods thy life defend,
And all thy wounds and scratches mend!
Talthybius, fly, Machaon bid
Run faster than he ever did;
Let him await us in our tents,
And bring his box of instruments;
My brother's wounded with a dart,
For aught I know, in mortal part.
  With such a haste Talthybius run,
He knock'd two common troopers down:
Then search'd thro' every file and rank,
And found the surgeon in the flank.
  The king, Machaon, wants your help;
You must not march, but run, you whelp;
And, with your box of instruments,
Attend the brothers in their tents:
Make speed, the best leg foremost put;
One brother's wounded in the gut;
And for the other, 'tis not clear
But he has burst his *girth* for fear.
The surgeon was a soldier good,
And in his regimentals stood.
Soon as he heard of what had pass'd,
No surgeon ever ran so fast.
Talthybius, who his speed did view,
Swears to this day he thought he flew.
Away he hied, with double speed,
To help the king in time of need.
(A double motive surgeons brings,
When they attend the wounds of kings;
It happens oft', as I have heard,

Besides their pay, they get preferr'd)
Away puff'd Chiron on full drive,
In hopes to see the king alive.
Standing he found the man he sought,
And cleaner than at first was thought.
His comrades look'd a little blue,
And so perhaps might I or you.
He pluck'd the arrow with such speed,
Close to the head he broke the reed;
On which he for the buckles felt,
And loos'd at once both head and belt:
When kneeling down upon the ground,
Like Edward's queen he suck'd the wound;
Then to the place, to give it ease,
Apply'd a salve of pitch and grease.
  But, while the surgeon was employ'd,
The Grecians sorely were annoy'd
By Trojan boys that flew about,
Resolv'd just then to box it out;
Roaring they came like drunken sailors,
Or idle combination taylors.
The king durst hardly go or stay;
But yet he scorn'd to run away:
Tho' peace might make his head appear
A little thick, in war 'twas clear.
Tho' his own coach was by his side,
Yet, like a man, he scorn'd to ride,
Lest they should think him touch'd with pride,
But ran on foot thro' all the host,
As nimbly as a penny post:
  And cries, Attend, each mother's son!
This battle must be lost or won.
Remember now your ancient glory,
What broken heads there are in story
Related of your fathers stout;
And you yourselves are talk'd about:
A Trojan fighting one of you,

Has odds against him three to two:
The rascals *unsound* are as melons,
And full of guilt as Newgate felons.
We'll have 'em all in chains and cuffs,
But till that time let's work their buffs.
This speech was made for men of mettle;
He next the cowards strives to settle:
O shame to all your former trades,
The ridicule of oyster jades?
Do you intend to stand and see
Your lighters flaming in the sea?
A special time to stare and quake,
When more than all ye have's at stake!
Like stags, who, whilst they stand at bay,
Dare neither fight nor run away;
Perhaps you think it worth the while
For Jove to fight, and save you toil:
But you will find, without a jest,
He safest stands who boxes best.
This said, like Brentford's mighty king
He march'd, and strutted round the ring.
Th' old Cretan gave him great content,
To see him head his regiment;
And to observe how void of fear
The bold Merion form'd the rear.
The serjeant-majors, in their places,
Advanc'd, with grim determin'd faces.
The king, elated much with joy,
Clasp'd in his arms the fine old boy:
O Idomen! what thanks we owe
To men of such-like mould as you!
Thy worth by far exceeds belief:
When Jove from war shall give relief,
Be thine the foremost cut o' th' beef:
And when our pots of ale we quaff
Mix'd with small beer the better half
Thy share, depend, shall never fail

To be a double pot, all ale.
The Cretan had not learn'd to dance;
Had ne'er from Dover skipp'd to France:
For tho' 'tis plain he meant no evil,
You'll say his answer was not civil:
There needs no words to raise my courage;
So save your wind to cool your porridge:
I'll venture boldly tho' to say,
I'll act what you command this day:
Let but the trumpets sound to battle,
I'll make the Trojans' doublets rattle.
The king was rather pleas'd than vex'd,
So travell'd onward to the next.
Ajax he found among his blues;
Ajax, says he, my boy, what news?
Now this he said, because 'twas hard
To have for all a speech prepar'd:
But yet he gladly feasts his eyes
With his new mode of exercise:
He found 'twas Prussian every inch;
Of mighty service at a pinch;
He saw him close his files, then double;
(A trick, new learn'd, the foe to bubble)
Next wheel'd to right and left about,
And made 'em face both in and out·
Then turn upon the centre quick,
As easy as a juggler's trick;
Whence soon they form'd into a square;
Then back again just as they were.
By this parade, Atrides knew
That phalanx might be trusted to.
Now, all this while his plotting head
Had conn'd a speech, and thus he said:
To say I'm pleas'd, O gallant knight!
Is barely doing what is right:
Thy soldiers well may heroes be,
When they such bright examples see.





Book IV. Page 107.

The king espied his men in ranks
And flew to give the old firelock thanks,
Observed how just he placed his forces,
His footmen and his line of horses:
The foot were wisely ranged in front
That they the first might bear the brunt.

Would Jove but to the rest impart
A piece of thy undaunted heart,
Trojans would helter-skelter run,
And their old walls come tumbling down.
  The next he found was ancient Nestor,
Who, spite of age, was still a jester:
For military art renown'd,
As Bland's his knowledge was profound;
Besides when he thought fit, could speak
In any language—best in Greek.
The king espy'd his men in ranks,
And flew to give th' old firelock thanks;
Observ'd how just he plac'd his forces,
His footmen and his line of horses.
The foot* were wisely rang'd in front,
That they the first might bear the brunt.
The horse along the flanks he drew,
To keep 'em ready to pursue.
The rear made up of mod'rate men,
Half hearts of cock, half hearts of hen,
The very riff-raff rogues they venture
To squeeze together in the centre.
Thus fix'd, they kept a sharp look-out,
And ready stood to buckle to't.
A man with half an eye could see
A rare old Grecian this must be,
Who in so small a space could keep
His knaves from jumbling in a heap;
Then with a phiz as wise as grave
The following advice he gave:
  If you in battle chance to fall,
Don't stay to rise, for that spoils all:

* I imagine the author has placed the troops as he thinks they should be, not as they were. The author knows the Grecians had no horses but what they used to their chariots: but, as he talks like an apothecary, he gives himself what liberty he pleases.

To rise as some men do, I mean,
Bum foremost, then your back is seen ;
But jump directly bolt upright,
Ready prepar'd to run or fight.
Advice like this our fathers took,
And drove the world along like smoke.
  Thus spoke the queer old Grecian chief,
And pleas'd the king beyond belief ;
Who cry'd, 'Tis cursed hard that age
Should drive such leaders off the stage :
Whilst other bruisers die forgot,
Eternal youth should be thy lot.
  When Nestor shook his hoary *head*,
And thus replies : Age, with *steps of lead*
Will come apace : could I, forsooth,
Recall the strength I had in youth,
When Ereuthalion I did thwack,
Be sure I would that strength call back ;
But dear experience can't be gotten
Till we're with tricks of youth half rotten :
The young are fittest for the field,
But to the old in council yield.
Tho' now my fighting bears no price,
Yet I can give you rare advice.
Fight you and scuffle whilst you're young,
My vigour centres in my tongue :
I would do more to shew my love,
But can no other weapon move.
With joy great Agamemnon heard
This doughty knight o' th' grizzle beard.
  He left him then, because he had
No time to spare, things look'd but bad :
When, lo ! he found Menestheus
In a most lamentable fuss.
His potlid he could not explore,
Because 'twas hid behind the door :
Searching about his tent all round him,

The gen'ral left him where he found him.
  Next spy'd Ulysses at his stand ;
Th' old buffs were under his command :
Idle they lay at distance far,
Nor knew a word about the war :
Atrides saw them playing pranks,
And all disorder'd in their ranks ;
Which made him in a mighty passion
The poor Ulysses fall slap dash on :
  I thought you, Mr. Slight-of-Hand,
Had known much better than to stand
Picking your fingers, whilst the rest
Are forc'd to box their very best,
And make a marvellous resistance
To keep these Trojan whelps at distance :
In time of peace you're much respected,
And never at our feasts neglected ;
You're first i' th' list when I invite,
And therefore should be first in fight.
  The sage Ulysses, with a blush,
Returns for answer, Hush, hush, hush :
If you speak loud, the Trojans hear ;
Not that we care, what need we fear?
But I'm persuaded you'll ere long
Wish you had kept that noisy tongue
Betwixt your teeth, nor let it pass
To tell us all you're half an ass ;
Why, can't you see we're ready booted,
And I've just got my jacket clouted?
Without your keeping such a coil,
Ten minutes fits us for our broil ;
Give you the word, and we'll obey,
At quarter-staff or cudgel play ;
When we begin, perhaps I'll do
Such wonders as may frighten you.
  Well said, Ulysses ! cries the king
(A little touch'd tho' with the sting

Of this rum speech); I only fear'd
To catch my warrior off his guard;
But am rejoic'd to find thee steady,
For broils and wenching always ready.
He said, and pass'd to Diomede,
And caught him fast asleep in bed.
Zoons! quoth the king, I thought Tydides,
The man in whom my greatest pride is,
Might absent been perhaps *a sporting*,
But little dreamt to catch him snorting:
Dost thou not hear the Trojans rattle?
Already they've begun the battle.
Not so thy father—none could doubt him,
He long ere this had laid about him;
Had gi'n the Trojans such a drubbing,
As would have sav'd a twelvemonth's scrubbing:
'Tis known he was a lad of wax,
Let *bellum* be the word, *aut pax*.
He was, indeed, of stature small,
But then in valour he was tall.
I saw him once, 'twas when he stray'd
To Polynice's house for aid:
Troopers he begg'd, and strait we gave 'em;
But Jove sent word he should not have 'em:
With long-tail'd comets made such rout,
That we e'en let him go without.
But after that, I know it fact,
He fifty blust'ring bullies thwack'd
Nay, hold, I fib, 'twas forty-nine;
For one he sav'd, a friend of mine,
To witness that the tale was true,
Else 'twould have been believ'd by few.
Tho' two bold bruisers led them on,
Meon and sturdy Lycophon,
He trimm'd their jackets ev'ry one.
But I must tell you in this case,
And tell you flatly to your face,

Since our affairs so ill you handle,
You're hardly fit to hold his candle.
With rage and grief Tydides stung,
Scratch'd his rump raw, yet held his tongue;
Provok'd by this abusive knight
To scratch the place that did not bite.
Not so the son of Capaneus;
He soon began to play the deuce:
Good Mr. Chief, if you would try
To speak the truth, you would not lye;
Like other mortals tho' we rest,
We'll box it with the very best.
Tho' we, I say, and I'm no puffer,
By the comparison can't suffer;
Yet I insist it is not fair,
The sons with fathers to compare.
But pray, Sir, venture to be just;
And, when you think, I'm sure you must,
Spite of your wrath, be forc'd to say
We know to fight as well as they:
And give me leave, Sir, to assure ye,
Our arm's as strong, tho' less our fury.
Against proud Thebes our father fail'd;
With half their force the sons prevail'd:
Our fathers suffer'd in their shoes,
And died like damn'd blaspheming Jews:
But Jupiter himself stood by us,
Because he found the sons more pious.
Therefore, in spite of all your airs,
Our broils have made more noise than theirs.
To him Tydides: Cease, my 'squire,
To wrangle thus; and curb thy fire.
Thy betters know the anxious chief
Is almost starv'd for want of beef;
No wonder then that he's so crusty,
'Twould make or you or me ride resty:
But we will fight if he leads on,

And second him, my boy, ding dong:
He spoke, and took a flying jump,
And on the ground his breech came thump;
But up he sprang, and with a rattle,
His 'squire and he rush'd forth to battle;
And, as they hurried to begin,
Their buff-coats made a dreadful din:
As when the scavengers you meet,
Prepar'd with brooms to scour the street,
With gentle pace at first they sweep,
And a slow, lazy motion keep,
Till wave on wave creates a flood
Of cabbage leaves and kennel mud;
But when the shovel plays its part,
It mounts aloft, and fills the cart:
So the Greek ragged bands move on,
The hindmost drive the front along;
No sound thro' all the ranks you hear,
Except the general chance to swear:
March and be d—d, the chief would say,
And silent all the troops obey.
Not so the Trojans' empty skulls,
Their noise exceeded Basan's bulls;
So many diff'rent shires, when squabbling
Like Welch and Scotch, must make rare gabbling.
To it they fall: a Heathen sprite
Heartens each army to the fight.
Mars backs the Trojans, Pallas seeks
To help her dear-beloved Greeks;
Discord and Terror rage in fight,
Attended by that spectre Flight.
Discord, the curse of christian nations,
But most the bane of corporations;
When born, tho' smaller than a fly,
In half an hour she'll grow so high
Her head will almost touch the sky
Too often at a lord mayor's feast

She comes, a most unwelcome guest;
Too often drags both great and small
In heat of blood to Wranglers' Hall;*
Where half their wealth is from 'em lugg'd,
Before they find themselves humbugg'd:
Affliction brings both sides to think;
So down they friendly sit and drink.
Vex'd they're drawn in to be employers
Of thieves, solicitors, and lawyers.
Now bloody blows by scores are struck,
Yet not a man was seen to duck:
A noise of shouts and grumbling spreads,
From luckless knaves with broken heads:
With blood of noble captains wounded
Ten million ants and grubs were drowned.
As from a brewer's sink, a torrent
Comes with a most prodigious current,
And roaring with amazing force
Bears down in its resistless course
Stale radishes, bruis'd mint, and fennel,
Nor stops till it has reach'd the kennel;
So these two crowds each other jostle,
And twixt 'em make a dreadful bustle.
The bloody fray is first begun
By chatt'ring Nestor's saucy son;
Echepolus by chance was nigh,
At whom he let his broomstick fly;
Upon the nob it hit him full,
Spoil'd his best hat, and crack'd his skull.
Down on the ground he tumbled souse,
Like tiles from Whitefield's meeting-house;
Or like an ancient country steeple,
That tumbling frights both priest and people;
When Elpenor, a crack'd-brain'd fellow,
Whose coat was red, and waistcoat yellow,
A staring, gaping, hair-brain'd prig,

* W—stm—ster H—ll.

Attempts to steal his hat and wig:
But, as he ventur'd forth his hand
To draw the plunder off the sand,
Hugging himself at his rare luck,
Agenor's broomshaft reach'd his pluck:
His potlid left his side unguarded,
And so the puppy got rewarded:
He falls, and sprawls about in blood,
And fills his mouth with dirt and mud.
  Now Greeks and Trojans round him flock,
And lend each other many a knock;
The sharpest weapon foremost put,
And strive to rip each other's gut.
Simoisius, a lovely boy,
As any you shall find in Troy:
On Ida's side his mother bore
The bantling, near Simois' shore;
And from that river, now so fam'd,
Her darling Simoisius nam'd:
Great Ajax took him for his mark,
And quickly chaunch'd the luckless spark.
For shame, you lubber! thus to catch
A harmless boy not half your match!
But honest Ajax ever thought,
'Twas was all the same, if he but fought:
Let him but go, away he stalks,
And strikes at reeds as well as oaks.
Thus the unlucky younker fell,
But how, he never yet could tell.
Like a tall tree, that Farmer Bates
Cuts down to mend his rotten gates,
With a huge squash its branches all
Get sorely rumpled by the fall;
So this poor boy, in tumbling down,
Lost a good wig, and bruis'd his crown.
  At Ajax then Antiphus throws
His staff; but how, he hardly knows:

In such a hurry are some widgeons,
They kill jack-daws instead of pigeons:
Such a strange blund'ring fellow this is;
He lam'd the fav'rite of Ulysses,
Just as he stooping was to catch
Poor Simmey's potlid and his watch.
Ulysses was confounded mad,
To see his fav'rite fare so bad;
He swore a little, that's the truth,
Look'd mighty big, and froth'd at mouth;
Then sudden from the ranks steps out,
Arm'd with a broomshaft firm and stout:
He makes a feint to fetch a stroke,
But first he turns with cautious look;
Then cries, Have at your *worthless* gullets;
I wish 'twas twenty ton of bullets.
Away the massy broomstick goes,
And carries dread to all the foes:
It reach'd a huge fat-gutted fellow,
For all the world like Punchinello:
He was old Priam's jolly son,
Too good a mark for sword or gun:
For, as a treble place he fill'd,
'Twas three to one he must be kill'd.
Down tumbled he, with such a thwack,
He made, with his amazing back,
The earth just like a nutshell crack;
And shook the globe to th' centre so,
Old Pluto sent a sprite to know
The reason why these sons of men
Disturb'd him in his sooty den?
For nodding on his red-hot throne,
They'd like to've brought him headlong down.
The Trojans look'd a little black,
And 'gan to shew the Greeks their back;
E'en Hector's self, with sullen pace,
Retreats, *back* foremost, from his place:

The rest all tumble helter-skelter,
And run just where they could for shelter:
Whilst the victorious Greeks press on,
And pick their pockets when they're down.
  When Phœbus saw them run this pace,
He quick unmask'd his fiery face;
And hollo'ing from the Trojan wall,
As loud as ever he could bawl,
Cries, Halt, ye whelps! and strive to save
The little credit that you have:
Turn back, and make the Grecians feel
They are not made of brass or steel:
Achilles swears he'll fight no more,
For Gen'ral Rogue, or Madam *Store;*
Then what the devil makes ye run,
Unless to get well drubb'd for fun?
What scurvy knave could thus amuse ye,
When scarce a single soul pursues ye?
Thus Phœbus, from the Trojan walls,
Their almost fainting hearts recals:
Pallas hears all, and quickly starts up,
To back the Greeks, and keep their hearts up.
  Diores next; the sun can't shine
Upon a nobler than his line:
A lord he was, or earl, or duke,
But which, I have not time to look;
Yet could not all his titles rare
Defend him from the chance of war:
One Pirus threw a ragged stone,
Which sorely bruis'd his huckle-bone;
Depriv'd of power to make resistance,
He beggs of all his peers assistance:
But, amongst all the valiant rout,
The de'il a man durst venture out;
'Cause they were wanted at a pinch,
No single soul would stir an inch.
But whilst they wrangled which should go,

My lord got pelted by the foe.
Had he been driving all before him,
As surely as his mother bore him,
With eager haste these valiant souls
Had back'd his good success in shoals:
But when they saw he could not stand,
Not one would lend a helping hand:
And ever since this rule is held
'Mongst lords at court, *as in* th' field.
Thoas beheld this Thracian chief
Looking as fierce as roast bull-beef:
Thinks to himself, Young gentleman,
A knock I'll fetch you, if I can.
He then a well-aim'd broomstick throws,
Which bruis'd his breast, and broke his nose:
With such a rattle was it thrown,
It quickly brought the varlet down.
The Thracian buffs, their leader tumbled,
In a great passion fought and grumbled,
And kept up such a woeful racket,
That Thoas durst not steal his jacket;
And tho' he cast a-squint his eyes,
He trudged away without his prize.
Thus fell two knights, * the one of Thrace,
The other of some other place.
By fate of war, most strangely jumbled,
The conqu'rors with the conquer'd tumbled.
Had you been hung up by the thread,
But fifty yards above their head,
Or plac'd behind a good strong wall
In which there was a little hole,
The art of war you might have seen,
And wiser than before have been.
Thus fought the troops with might and main;
Some fell, some stood to fight again.

* It is supposed they were knights of the Black Ram, or some such noble order; which is no objection to their being lords likewise.

THE FIFTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.

10

ARGUMENT.

PALLAS, who on the Grecian side is,
Supports the courage of Tydides,
And quickly made the varlet sound,
By bathing well an ugly wound
With *ointment*, which betwixt
Her *gloves* she carried, ready mixt:
With the same stuff she wash'd one eye
So clear, that he the gods could spy.
But hark, says she, a word between us;
Pray make a thrust at none but Venus;
I'll give you leave *your sword* to enter,
But don't on any others venture:
Nor shall *I have* that gipsy *scored*,
With any weapon but your——*sword*.
Two Trojans now come on with speed,
To box this bully Diomed.
The first is quickly tumbled down,
And t'other would have follow'd soon,
But Venus coming in the nick
Her bastard sav'd, but got a prick
In her soft hand, which made her roar;
She ne'er felt such a *wound* before.
Apollo runs to help her out,
And lugs Æneas from the rout.
Mars, finding all the Trojans slack,
Claps bully Hector on the back.
Æneas, cured, returns to battle,
And makes the Grecian doublets rattle,
Whilst great Sarpedon in this fuss
Kills the foul'd-mouth'd Tlepolemus:
Pallas and Juno come from heav'n,
And find affairs at six and seven:
Diom. they send 'gainst Bully Mars;
He wounds his godship in the arse,
Who made more noise by far with roaring,
Than the whole bench of judges snoring.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK V.

And now this scratching, kicking jade,
By poets call'd the martial maid,
Finding the fray would soon begin,
Brought Diomed a dram of gin
From her own case of heavenly liquor,
Which made his spirits flow much quicker,
And swell'd his courage up so high
That all his comrades standing by
Seem'd each no bigger than a rat,
And he a swinging tabby cat,
That he might see the foe to handle,
She in his beaver stuck a candle;
Which made him cut a dreadful figure,
And look at least twelve inches bigger:
Against his sandy pate this light
Shin'd with a flame so fierce and bright,
That by the people it was said
The dog-star was not half so red.
But the true case is this, the punk
Had made the bullying scoundrel drunk,
Which fill'd the knave so full of ire,
His sandy pate seem'd all on fire:
Thus, with a face as red as scarlet,
Upon the foe she drove the varlet.
Two sons of Dares, hopeful lads,
Both fav'rites of their good old dad's,
An honest soul that lov'd a full can,
And was high-priest to limping Vulcan,
The God of those ill-looking fellows

Got ev'ry *foe between their' cars.*
Nay, Fame, who all men's business knew,
Says, ev'ry Grecian drubb'd his two.
First Odius tumbled in the dirt;
He blam'd that rogue Atrides for't:
In his old cart he thought to fly,
But the bluff Greek was got too nigh;
His knotty broomstick reach'd his back,
And lent him such a thund'ring thwack
As made him with a vengeance *reel,*
And fell'd him headlong o'er the wheel.
Phestus, old farmer Borus' son,
Saw it was time for him to run,
But thought it the most prudent part
To carry off his horse and cart;
So strove to mount, when in the nick
Idomeneus sent his stick;
With such a rattle did it come,
It brought him squash upon his bum.
Scamandrius then, a huntsman good
As ever drove thro' plain or wood,
Next tumbled down: Diana taught
This swain how snipes and hares are caught;
How, in a scarcity of cats,
To clear folks' barns from mice and rats,
By setting traps, and that way rout 'em;
Or with a cross-bow he could shoot 'em;
Yet at this crisis all his *skill*
Doth not avail a single *gill;*
The cuckold * fetch'd him such a stroke,
As half his ribs and back-bone broke.
Down came Pilgarlick with a bang,
And loud his copper potlid rang.
Then Pherocles, a good mechanic,
Seiz'd with a Preston-panish panic,

* Menelaus.

Ran stoutly; which Merion eyeing,
With his rough broomstick shot him flying.
For building huts, and boats, and lighters,
The de'il a loon among these fighters
Could be compar'd to Pherocles:
He beat a thousand such as these.
The boat he built, each plank and piece,
That carried Paris o'er to Greece;
But little thought that he was doing
A job that ended in his ruin.
The broomshaft bruis'd his hip or thigh,
No matter which to you or I.
  Antenor's by-blow next succeeds,
And by a mighty mopstick bleeds:
Tho', strange! Antenor's wife, 'tis known,
Nurs'd this young bastard like her own.
'Twas labour lost, for Meges soon
With an old mopstick brought him down.
Whiz thro' the air the weapon flew,
And hit his jaws with aim so true
It made him bite his tongue in two.
  Hypenor, who was far too good
To live among so vile a brood,
Was curate to Scamander's flood,
Near which his house and garden stood;
Where, by the help of gentle show'rs,
He rais'd green peas and cauliflow'rs:
Euripilus his shoulder struck,
And lent him a confounded knock;
Which glancing downward bruis'd his hand,
And holy blood dropp'd o'er the land.
The curate's pray'rs, though very good,
Could not prevent his losing blood.
  Thus each man labour'd in his post;
But Diomed still rul'd the roast:
Like Jack with lanthorn, ev'ry where
He skipp'd about; now here now there:

If they won't fight, their steps he traces,
And kicks their *hams*, or scrats their faces:
Thus, when a hasty show'r comes down
Upon a sneaking taylor's crown,
The stream a mighty world annoys,
And swarms of nits and lice destroys;
Washes the *dirty* varlet clean,
And nits and lice have bred in vain:
Just so this bully Greek, for fun,
Kick'd the poor rogues by dozens down.
Now Pandarus was stung to th' quick
To see the knave thus bounce and kick;
With all his might his bow he bent,
And a sharp-pointed arrow sent,
Which lent his shoulder such a thump,
As made the busy varlet jump;
One hair-breadth further had he shot,
The Greek had surely gone to pot:
When Pandarus, brimful of joy,
Roars out, Look here, ye sons of Troy,
And view this mighty Grecian fighter:
I've made the dog some ounces lighter:
Kill him, if you dare venture near him;
But as it is you need not fear him;
For what I've done will surely fell him,
Or Phœbus lies, and that I'll tell him.
The Lycian boasted thus his might:
He boasted, but it prov'd a bite:
For Diom. when he felt it smart,
Popp'd down and ran behind his cart;
Then call'd his coachman, Hark ye, sirrah,
Come here, and lug me out this arrow.
The coachman twitch'd his thong about
The arrow's head, and whipp'd it out;
And then the bully on his bare
Kneppers knelt down, and roar'd a pray'r:
O virgin Pallas, wise and bold,

With whom no brim dare kick and scold!
Of thee the men are so afraid,
'Tis ten to one thou'lt die a maid;
For who the *deuce* would venture near
A nimble-fisted vixen, where,
Instead of kisses, he, perhaps,
Might get a dowsing slap o' th' chaps?
If e'er thou help'd my good old dad,
When his affairs were bitter bad,
And often favour'd his escape,
From many a broil and drunken scrape;
Pr'ythee bring help, and cure this scratch,
And make thy buck an overmatch
For that damn'd scrub, that dares pretend
To wound the blood that you defend.
  No sooner had he ceas'd to bawl,
But Pallas ready at his call,
With warm salt water, full as good
As Rock's best styptic, stopp'd the blood;
But finding that it made him grin,
She gave him t'other dram of gin:
This swell'd him up to such a pitch,
That now he felt his finger itch
To try his luck at cudgel-play,
Or quarter-staff, or any way.
  Be bold, says Pall. where'er thou go'st,
And of this dram pray make the most:
There's so much virtue in't, that thou
Both gods and mortal scrubs shall view
(For nothing clears the sight from gum,
Like a good dram of gin or rum.)
Shun all their godships if you can,
They'll prove too many for mere man;
But if you meet the *flirting* goddess,
Slash thy stiff weapon through her boddice;
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Though I am sore afraid you'll miss her,
And 'stead of fighting long to kiss her;
But if you prove so mighty civil,
Myself will send you to the devil.
When she appears don't gaping stand,
But use the *stick* you have in hand;
If you grope out for any other,
Don't think that I my rage will smother;
But will, instead of lending help,
Drub you myself, you *silly* whelp!
Think not I threaten what I won't
Perform; for split me if I don't!
Then tuck'd her coats up, and bestrode
Her broomstick, and away she rode.
As on a chop, when hunger calls,
A needy half-pay ensigu falls,
If the smug waiter stumbling leaves
Some drops of grease upon his sleeves,
He swears and raves in direful note
For spoiling of his scarlet coat;
The trembling waiters dare not stay,
But nimbly take themselves away,
Afraid of drubbing, kicks, or cuffing,
And leave the dreadful captain huffing:
Just so Tydides fights and blusters,
And Trojans run, and fall in clusters:
Before, one serv'd his turn; but now
His mighty fury kicks down two.
But how he manag'd it, and whether
He kick'd with both his legs together,
I cannot say; but very soon
He kick'd a brace of Trojans down:
The one was call'd Astynous,
An honest cock, and one of us;
Hypenor was the other's name,
A mighty lover of that same.
These left, he took the other kick,

And sent two others to Old Nick;
Sons of Eurydamas they were,
Who was a fortune-teller rare;
Whilst men consult for stolen horses,
He took good care to steal their purses;
Yet could he not by magic read
This blust'ring rogue, this Diomede,
Should drub his sons: so this clean birch
Was by the devil left i' th' lurch,
Who did not give one hint that he
The lads again should never see.
Thus swimmingly the knave went on,
And kill'd two birds with every stone.
  Xanthus the next he laid a blow on,
And then knock'd down his brother Thoon,
The only son of aged Phænops,
Who got much pelf by brown and green hops;
But suffering both to list for rangers,
His shop and goods now go to strangers,
As when a lordly bailiff stands
With dreadful writs in both his hands,
Poets by pairs he first falls on,
And pulls them from their garrets down;
So he two fellows, Priam's sons,
Fell'd with one stroke upon their bums.
  Æneas saw his townsfolk bleed,
Or run away from Diomede:
Which made him sharply look about
To find the brawny Pand'rus out,
To whom the canting Trojan cries,
I'm glad I've found you, smite my eyes!
Those darts of yours, and that long bow,
May do a deal of service now:
That cursed rogue for God's sake maul,
Else he will bruise and lame us all;
Some angry god's perhaps come down
To drub the people of our town,

THE FIFTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.

Because we could not pay our vows,
For want of sheep, and bulls, and cows:
If it be so, we'll then entreat him;
But if he prove a man, let's beat him.
  The Lycian thus: If I can see,
'Tis Diomede: by Jove, 'tis he!
Or else it is some god of note
That wears that scoundrel's greasy coat;
If 'tis the man, some damn'd old bitch,
A Lancashire or Lapland witch,
Preserves the dog, and out of spite
Helps him to bounce, and kick, and fight.
I shot a dart, with aim as true
As in my life I ever drew;
It gave his shoulder such a thump,
I saw the scurvy rascal jump;
But some curst Lapland witch, indeed,
Hath stood his friend in time of need,
And out of spite, I thank her for't,
Has made my arrow's point stop short.
Having a little skill, you know,
At shooting pigeons with my bow,
I thought it best on foot to come,
And leave my cart-tits all at home—
Not but of carriages I've plenty;
I've got the better half of twenty.
My good old daddy, for his part,
Persuaded me to trust the cart.
Says he, If hap your spits don't gore 'em,
You'll break their legs by driving o'er 'em:
But I, to saving schemes inclined,
Th' old fellow's counsel did not mind,
Turn'd up my nose with scorn, and so
Resolv'd to trust my faithless bow,
Because, my friend, I could not say
If corn was cheap with you, and hay;
Should not your pastures prove extensive,

To pay for corn would be expensive;
So, like an ass, at Troy you find me,
My cart and horses left behind me.
With this *old* bow, a plague confound 'em,
I only scratch, but cannot wound 'em;
Wounding is not a task so easy,
Their buff-coats are so *very* greasy:
I could, as sure as I was born,
Find in my heart to break the horn!
A luckless dog! to touch your shore,
And not provide myself good store
Of broomsticks, half a score or more;
And a great banging potlid too;
I've three at home as good as new.
  Æneas answers: Fie for shame!
Pray don't your bow and arrows blame,
They're Phœbus' gift: with these you may
At distance ducks and wild geese slay;
They have their uses, let me tell ye,
When timber's wanting for the belly:
And now, if we would play the deuce,
The cart and horses are for use.
Then, pr'ythee, on the box do you
Nimbly mount up, and drive jehu:
These little tits of mine, I'm sure,
Can trot eleven miles an hour.
Myself will bid the scoundrel stand,
And box the rascal hand to hand;
Or if you choose that I should flog
The horses, you may box the dog.
  Pand'rus replies: Without more tattle
Rule you your own celestial cattle;
As for my driving, 'tis a jest,
You sure must know to guide 'em best;
Besides, if hap that you and I
Should scamper, you can make 'em fly;
With me if resty they should grow,

He might demolish us, you know.
Do you be coachman then, and I
The mettle of this whelp will try.
  Thus having stated the account,
The cart then instantly they mount;
With furious haste they drive the cattle;
And thund'ring seek the thickest battle.
Tydides' 'squire, with half an eye,
Quickly perceiv'd 'em drawing nigh;
Then cries, "Brave Diomede, I see
Two lusty lubbers aim at thee;
One is the son of old Lycaon;
T' other, of him that us'd to lay on
The goddess Venus: what's his name?"
"Anchises."——"Right, the very same.
Enough in conscience have you done;
Whilst we've good start, e'en let us run:
Saving your bacon is the way
To save us all another day."
  Tydides stared, and cry'd, What now?
Pray what's the matter, friend, with you?
When Agamemnon only told you
We durst not fight, I could not hold you;
You kick'd, and danc'd, and bounc'd, and swore,
And scolded like *bold Rory More:*
I little thought my bold bell-wether
Had since got shod with running leather:
Or that he in the least could hope
I'd run away like Johnny Cope.*
Not I, by Jove! for all their bouncing,
I'll give their rogueships such a trouncing,
They shall be glad, for all their pother,
By leaving one to save the other.
I've either got a second sight,
Or else a quaker's inward light,

*General Cope was defeated by Prince Charles Stuart the pretender at the Battle of Preston-Pans, 1745.

Which tells me I shall slap the chaps
Of one of these, or both perhaps.
If it should happen in the jumble,
That both these fighting fellows tumble,
As from my soul I wish they may,
Mind you remember what I say:
My horses to my cart-tail tie;
You'll hear my reason by and by;
Then in the empty carriage get you,
And drive as if the devil split you
Down to the boats.—Æneas brags
All Europe cannot match these nags:
Jove gave 'em to the duke of Troy,
Because he stole his little boy;
Childers or Conqueror cannot
Gallop so fast as they can trot;
The swiftest tits of earthly seed,
Compar'd with these, are dung-cart breed.
Anchises, like a cunning elf,
Brought mares to cover for himself;
Four in his stalls are feeding now
On barley-straw, besides these two
That draw Æneas: could we catch 'em,
Not all our Grecian scrubs can match 'em.
  Whilst thus they talk'd they both came on,
And Pandarus the first begun:
  Well met, my buff! but, hit or miss,
I'll try again, so take you this:
Where my unlucky bow fell short,
My stick shall have a trial for't:
Then threw his staff; the sudden stroke
Quite through and through the potlid broke;
But, guided by the goddess Luck,
It in his greasy buff belt stuck.
  I've sous'd him now! the Lycian cries.
Not yet, the surly Greek replies:
Your stick has bilk'd your fist, so now

I'll let you feel what mine will do :
If one or both I do not souse,
Minerva's dram's not worth a louse.
He said, and, rising on his toes,
Lent him a dowse across the nose ;
Betwixt his eyes the staff drove in,
And bruis'd both nose, and mouth and chin.
With such a rattle from the cart
He fell, as made the horses start ;
Earth groan'd as she receiv'd him tumbling,
And the soul left the body grumbling.
His staff Æneas durst not send,
But kept it safe to guard his friend ;
Turn'd it each way, and whipp'd about,
And kept a dev'lish sharp look-out,
For fear the Greeks should steal away
His greasy jacket as he lay ;
And did so rave, and curse, and swear,
The de'il a Grecian durst go near ;
When bold Tydides, stooping down,
Took up a large Scotch paving-stone—
Four modern beaux could hardly lift
This stone, tho' six might make a shift—
Flourish'd it round, away it goes
Full at the bullying Trojan's *nose :*
But tho' it did not reach so high,
With such a fury 'twas let fly,
It wounded both his hip and thigh ;
The huckle-bone was sorely smash'd,
And head o'er heels the warrior dash'd ;
His swimming eyes perceiv'd a *blank*,
His *dunder head turned to his flank.*
By death he'd sure been overtaken,
If Venus had not sav'd his bacon ;
But, mindful of the many slices
She got on Ida with Anchises,
The many hours of pleasing fun

She spent at getting of this son,
Resolv'd, at any rate or cost,
He should not be so poorly lost;
Behind my veil, where none can see us,
Thinks she, I'll hide this son Æneas:
So whipp'd him up, without delay,
And trotted with her prize away.
  Now Sthenelus, the bully's carter,
Remember'd what he heard that Tartar
His master say, so quickly ty'd
His geldings to his carriage side;
Then running to the Trojan tits,
Buckled the reins within the bits,
Nor did he spare his whip or throat
Till he had reach'd his master's boat:
  To thee, Deipylus, he cries,
I give in charge this mighty prize:
Then mounts his cart, and takes the route
To find his master kill-cow out.
The bully, when he found his prey
Some how or other slipp'd away,
Says to himself, This Madam Venus
Has thrown a queerish cloud between us;
And, by my sneezing, sure enough
'Tis dust of Scotch or Spanish snuff!
Should it be so, tho' faith it odd is
For mortal man to thump a goddess,
Yet since she does me so provoke,
I'll try if I can't get a stroke.
  This said, he nimbly ran about
To find this Madam Venus out;
Through the thick ranks he boldly ventur'd;
And with his *sword* the goddess enter'd:
With such a force he drove it in,
It made the light-heel'd gipsy grin:
Straight from the place where he did stick her
There came a bright transparent *ichor*,

(Not such *red blood* as flows in common
When *skin is broken of* a woman)
Help! murder! murder! Venus cries out,
Roaring as if she'd roar her eyes out:
The devil take this tearing blade;
Zoons, what a *gash* the dog has made!
If Jove protects these sons of bitches,
To treat us thus like Lapland witches,
He'll first repent, for I know well,
Give rogues an inch they'll take an ell:
I've try'd 'em oft', and find all yet
Will *take as much* as they can get.
But what the most my mind doth ruffle,
I've lost my bastard in the scuffle.
But Phœbus whipp'd amongst the crowd,
And wrapt *them* snug within a cloud.
Tydides then was heard to say
To Venus, as she ran away:
From broils like these you'd best forbear;
Pray what the *deuce* should you do *here?*
Go tempt some *silly* judge or warden,
Or mind your brims in Covent-Garden:
Let the home-thrust you got to-day
Teach you from broils to keep away.
Whilst thus the Grecian chief did prate,
Like drunken *drabs* at Billingsgate,
Poor Venus ran through all the crowd,
As if by constables pursu'd;
When quickly Madam Iris miss'd her,
And flew like lightning to assist her.
She found her in a bloody sweat,
Her smock from top to bottom wet:
At first they thought away to fling it,
Or, upon second thoughts, to wring it;
Because the loss of a good smock
Would make a hole in Venus' stock:
But had no time for either way,

For Venus swore she durst not stay ;
So with it cleaving round her thighs
Away to bully Mars she flies.
Behind a sutler's tent they found him,
With twenty sutlers' wives around him,
Drinking hot pots with might and main,
Till all their noddles smok'd again,
And made so thick a fog, that she
The god at first could hardly see.
Blubb'ring she tells him she is come
To beg his car to drive her home ;
Then shews the place where Diomede
Had *wounded her* and made her bleed.
Mars list'ning, stared and cock'd his eye,
Then answer'd, Madam, zoons, don't cry,
You're welcome to my nags and cart;
I'll fetch 'em quickly, *bless your* heart !
Iris, who *sports* ten thousand colours,
Can drive as smooth as Chelsea skullers.
They mount ; the nimble horses fly,
And in a twinkling reach the sky ;
Where both alight, put up their steeds,
Which Iris with new clover feeds ;
When Venus to her mammy ran,
To make complaint about this man :

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

No god, quoth she, hath done this hurt,
It was a thing made up of dirt ;
A mortal rogue, call'd Diomede,
Has made the queen of beauty bleed ;
'Gainst Troy they think they've so much odds,
They'll fight both them, and all their gods.
Dione thus : Have patience, daughter,
Fretting will never mend the matter.
The gods give plague enough to man,
And they return it when they can.

E'en bully Mars himself lay bound
For a whole twelvemonth under ground:
Otus and Epialtus catch'd him,
And both together overmatch'd him;
And had not Erebœa spy'd him,
And told it Hermes, who unty'd him,
And slily stole the whelp away,
He'd been a pris'ner to this day;
Nor could the ranting roaring elf,
With all his bullying, help himself.
Amphytrion's saucy bastard, you know,
Made a strong push at madam Juno,

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Nor could black Pluto, tho' a devil,
Make bully Hercules be civil:
But he, as ancient stories tell,
Kick'd this great devil out of hell,
Who, finding home was not secure
From kicks and bruises, ran for cure
To heaven, where Peon rubb'd the chief
With nothing but a plantain leaf,
Which cur'd his batter'd ribs so well,
He tripp'd it back quite sound to hell.
This Diomede was urg'd by Pallas,
Who cares not if he comes to th' gallows;
Nor heeds she, be he Jew or Turk
That undertakes her dirty work.
This Diomede shall never see
A chatt'ring *bairn upon* his knee,
To cry, when he has ceas'd to roam,
O, mammy, here's my dad come home!
For yet I say, this Diomede
By some strong-fisted god may bleed;
Then shall his wife, disturb'd in sleep,
Drive all her maids about like sheep,
Shall rave, and roam, and rant, and roar,

My strong-back'd husband is no more!
  This said, she squatted on her bum,
And wash'd the wounded palm in rum;
Then to the sore apply'd anon
The drops of mighty Turlington.*
Juno and Madam Pallas were
So pleas'd, they grinn'd from ear to ear;
When Pallas, full of fun and glee,
Began a speech with he-he-he:
  Venus, as haps to many a punk,
Has been in such a woeful funk,
That how this ugly stroke befel her
She hardly knows, so I must tell her.
As she a country wench did teach
Last night to scratch where't did not itch,
By telling her what fun and joy
The wenches have that live in Troy,
The girl's great clumsy girdle-buckle
Rubb'd all the skin from off her knuckle.
  Jove laugh'd, and with a merry face
Calls out, Come here, you simple lass;
In *kissing*-matches you may shine,
But don't in bruising-matches join;
All day let Mars and Pallas fight,
You weapons handle best at night.
  Above stairs whilst they chatted so,
Tydides work'd their buffs below.
As Venus was too swift to follow,
He turn'd about to box Apollo,
Hoping, if he could make him stop,
He might by chance Æneas drop;
Three strokes he at Apollo makes,
As oft the god his potlid shakes;
But when he struck again, the Sun
With such a noise a speech begun,

* Turlington's healing drops were advertised in London in 1760.

The saucy dog was glad to run.
You whelp! says he, you know, the odds
Betwixt your logger-heads and gods
Is above ninety-nine to one;
Then what the *deuce* are you upon?
We are immortal, can't see death,
Whilst you, like vermin, creep on earth,
Till, having made a *silly* rout,
We clap our foot, and tread you out.
Thus spake the god, with fi'ry face;
But Tyd. had wisely left the place.
He then the Trojan quickly bore,
Where two old women rubb'd him o'er
With pilgrim's salve, to cure the sprain,
Which set him on his legs again,
Strengthen'd each part, and heal'd the wound,
And in ten minutes made him sound.
Mean time Apollo carv'd a face
Of clouds to take Æneas' place;
The body, head, and arms, and legs,
And jerkin, were as like as eggs.
This phantom in the battle stood,
And fought as if 'twere flesh and blood;
But yet the de'il a soul could wound it,
Tho' bloody blows were struck around it.
In the mean time, from Troy's high walls
To blust'ring Mars Apollo calls:
Thou son of Jupiter, and his chief
When he's a mind to do folks mischief,
Rise up! and in thy fury seek
To kill yond' harum scarum Greek.
The whelp at Venus push'd, and hit her,
With a *sword* large enough to split her;
But she, in dangers ever calm,
Receiv'd it in her sweaty palm,
Stopp'd his long staff in mid career,
And made it spend its venom there.

When his design on Venus mist,
At me the rascal clench'd his fist,
Nor do I make the least dispute,
He'll box thy father Jove to-boot.
  Away the battle-monger jogs,
Resolv'd to pelt these saucy dogs;
But ere the god began to bluster,
He thought it best all hands to muster;
Those scatter'd rogues that ran away
He soon brought back, and made 'em stay:
Then slipping on bold Ac'ma's coat,
He thus began to tune his throat.
  O Trojans, valiant sons of Priam!
May I be shot to death if I am
Not quit asham'd to see all hands
Running away like stout train-bands!
Our rogues don't make the least resistance,
Yet we don't stir to give assistance;
My patience is quite gone to see us:
Consider but how bold Æneas,
Tho' stout as Hector ev'ry bit,
Is *wounded sore and badly hit!*
  Thus, like an Indian priest, to th' top
O'th' house he blew their courage up.
Sarpedon felt the first great puff,
And thus began to bounce and snuff:
  Hector, says he, I've heard you crack
You would these Grecians' jackets thwack,
Without the help of any others
Except your bastard-getting brothers;
But now I see, upon a pinch,
The stoutest of you all can flinch;
Can gaping stand, or run away,
And leave to Hessian troops the fray:
It matters not a pinch of snuff
To me, my farm lies far enough
From these *poor* plund'ring rogues in buff.

I've plenty there of hay and corn,
And a fine child as e'er was born;
Besides, as notable a wife
As any man can for his life
Wish to be plagu'd with: yet I cheer
My merry men to fight your war,
And, like a busy jackanapes,
Bustle to help you out of scrapes;
Tho' I have little cause to fret,
From me a sous they cannot get.
But Hector idle stands, nor cares
How it with other people fares.
The bold at thy command, old boy,
Will box their very best for Troy:
Pr'ythee look sharp, and tell us how
To bring ourselves well off just now;
Advance you bucks, should Greece attack you,
Depend we'll follow close and back you.
Hector made faces at this dose;
The Lycian rubb'd him up too close;
Yet coolly took it in good part,
And nimbly leap'd from off his cart;
In either hand a staff did shake,
That made the boldest Grecian quake;
Then turn'd his tatter'd rogues from flight,
And lead them on again to fight,
They turn, look fierce, and scorn to flinch;
Nor will the Grecians budge an inch.
As in a barn the chaff doth rise,
And fly about the thrasher's eyes,
His well-worn doublet covers quite,
And changes greasy brown to white;
Or as a cockney who attends
His girl to see her country friends—
The youth, to shew how well he rides,
Canters along the post-chaise' sides,
Thro' clouds of dust so thick, that he



Book V. Pages 144, 145.

The youth, to shew how well he rides,
Canters along the post-chaise' sides,
Thro' clouds of dust so thick, that he
His palfrey's ears can hardly see,
And ere he rides a mile none knows
The colour of his face or clothes.



His palfrey's ears can hardly see;
And ere he rides a mile, none knows
The colour of his face or clothes:
Just so appear'd the Grecian forces,
Cover'd with dust by carts and horses.
Mars in the middle of 'em stood,
With a huge potlid daub'd in blood;
And highly pleas'd he is to follow
The task assign'd him by Apollo.
Soon as Minerva went away
To drink her tea, and left the fray,
Mars nick'd the time when she was gone,
To lead the fainting Trojans on:
And then produc'd Æneas to
His joyful friends *in statu quo*,
Attended by a dozen fellows
That look'd as if they'd 'scap'd the gallows;
What way he came they little care,
'Twas joy enough to find him there.
Fierce Discord now began to grumble;
Apollo made a fearful rumble;
Fame roar'd with all her hundred tongues;
Mars almost tore his brazen lungs:
In short, so well they play'd the deuce,
The Grecians thought all hell broke loose.
Tydides with great Ajax stood,
Ulysses too, all daub'd with blood,
So firm, you'd think, besides the head,
Their bodies too were wood or lead.
The Grecians clos'd their files, and then
Expect the foe, like Englishmen.
No word was heard thro' all the host,
They looked as made of stone or post.
Thus, on a sultry summer's day,
When all the winds have ceas'd to play,
A cloud of smoke obscures the top
Of neighbour Drinkall's blacksmith's shop.

And now great Agamemnon's shanks,
Kept trotting up and down the ranks,
Setting his knaves in proper rows,
And turning out their sweaty toes:
Then to his fainting crew begun
To speak as thus: If once ye run,
By Jove, you'll all be *frowned* upon!
Some people think they're mighty cunning,
If they can save themselves by running;
But let me tell you, this good day,
The man's undone that runs away.
No more he jabber'd, but on high
In air he let his trapstick fly.
The broomshaft happ'd to light upon
A hearty cock, nam'd Deicoon,
Æneas' friend, belov'd by all
The race of Priam, great and small,
Long had he fought in foremost ranks,
And oft' receiv'd the Speaker's thanks;
His potlid, tho' exceeding tough,
To ward the blow's not strong enough,
The targe is bruis'd, the belt is *torn*,
And *vainly was his armor worn.*
The stroke dispatch'd the loon to hell,
And his teeth chatter'd as he fell.
Æneas strait lugs out his stick,
And ply'd his strokes so very thick,
That two bold Grecian bloods, as soon
As you'd count five, he tumbled down;
Their pedigrees if you will trace,
You'll find but few of higher race:
These sparks, demolish'd by Æneas,
Were great great grandsons of Alpheus,
A good old fisherman, that never
Was tir'd with fishing in the river,
But did so close to business keep,
Amongst the sedges he would sleep;



Book V. Page 147.

The Trojan swore it was not fair
One man should box with such a pair
Of ill-looked whelps, so turn'd about
To find a better bargain out.

They came to help the cuckold Greek
His cuckold-making wife to seek ;
Just like two mastiff puppies, which
Had stray'd too early from the bitch,
Ventur'd, before their teeth were grown,
To fight, so both got tumbled down.
Great Menelaus, fit to cry,
Full tilt does at Æneas fly.
Mars jogg'd him on to make this stand,
And feel the Trojan's heavy hand.
This Nestor's chatt'ring bastard 'spies,
And quick to his assistance flies ;
Thinks he, if this rum spouse of Nelly
Should get a knock across the belly,
By all this trouble we shall gain
To know, our labour is in vain.
  The heroes now had met each other,
And shak'd their nobs at one another ;
When fierce Antilochus was seen
To throw his potlid in between.
The Trojan swore it was not fair
One man should box with such a pair
Of ill-look'd whelps, so turn'd about
To find a better bargain out,
And left the two poor souls he'd beaten,
On the green grass to bleach and sweeten.
  There was a man well-cloth'd in buff,
That led the Paphlagonians tough.
Atrides took the proper season,
Behind his back to cut his weasand :
His 'squire had turn'd his nags to run ;
When in came chatt'ring Nestor's son,
And threw a thumping cobble stone,
Which hit his arm, and broke the bone.
'Twas follow'd by a knock o' the crown ;
He drops the reins, and tumbles down.
His skull-cap plough'd the sand, and there

His nob stuck fast, his legs in air
Were kicking flies, but very soon
Some hackney-coaches ran him down :
The younker then, without delay,
Whips up, and drives his cart away.
  All this was seen by valiant Hector,
The Trojan's hope and great protector,
Who thund'ring did the battle enter ;
His soldiers follow at a venture.
The boldest Greeks he valu'd not,
Since he'd such rare companions got.
Bellona fierce, and Mars so grum,
Attended closely at his bum.
Tydides quickly smelt a rat ;
His valiant heart went pit-a-pat.
As when a simple country put,
To see his grannum walks on foot,
If running brook comes cross his nose,
And with a mighty bustle flows,
Amaz'd the gaping bumkin stops,
Turns on his heels and home he pops :
Poor Diom. was as much amaz'd,
And gaz'd and gap'd, and gap'd and gaz'd ;
At last, tho' woefully afraid,
He found his tongue, and thus he said :
  Smite me, but I've been wond'ring what
Could make my heart go pit-a-pat ;
But now 'tis out, for bully Mars
I see is hard at Hector's a—e :
Therefore, my boys, since that the case is,
Fall back, but shew the whelp your faces.
We'll fight with men, and give them odds,
But devils cannot fight with gods.
  As they walk'd off, bold Hector soon
Came up and knock'd two fellows down,
Full captains both, and hearts of oak,
Yet both their pates stern Hector broke ;

Together in one cart they rumbled,
And from it both together tumbled.
This heavy Ajax chanc'd to see,
Which turn'd his lead to mercury,
And being a revengeful dog,
(Tho' mostly heavy as a log)
A mopstick with such force he threw
As bruis'd the breast and belly too
Of Amphius, who once was happy
In flocks and herds, and good brown nappy;
Yet bravely led his jolly men
To Troy, but ne'er went back again.
As he fell squash upon his *head*,
His potlid *crushed like cakes of lead.*
Ajax sprung forward, for he thought
To get possession of his coat;
But to come at it was the matter,
Broomsticks about his ears so clatter;
Yet did he venture one bold click
For the recov'ry of his stick.
More he durst not, the foe came on,
He struts away, but scorns to run.
  Whilst thus they tugg'd, a man there came,
Tlepolemus I think his name,
Driving his fiery tits full speed on,
To get a knock at bold Sarpedon:
He was the son of Hercules,
Who did a huge great lion seize,
Pull'd his great beard from off his chin,
And from his body stripp'd his skin,
Then with an iron skewer did tack it
About his shoulders for a jacket;
This bully's son, before a stroke
Was struck, to bold Sarpedon spoke:
  Halloo! you, Mr. Lycian pleader,
Pray how the *mess* 'came you a leader?
Your business is, if I judge right,

To puzzle causes, not to fight;
Such pretty fellows much I love
To call themselves the sons of Jove.
Pray, Sir, what task was ever set you,
To prove some taylor did not get you?
The de'il a thing have you e'er done
To prove yourself the Thund'rer's son:
Nought but a cross-legg'd cabbage-eater
Could ever get so poor a creature.
My dad in broils would never flinch:
We know Jove got him ev'ry inch.
He once destroy'd this mighty town,
Like Vernon, with six ships alone;
And these strong walls that look so taking,
Are built on rubbish of his making.
But who are you, good Mr. Nokes,
That gape as if you'd swallow folks,
And, whilst thy raggamuffins tumble,
Dare not so much as seem to grumble?
No longer shalt thou *boasting* stand,
But feel the weight of my right hand.
Whilst thus he like a blackguard spoke,
Silence the Lycian gently broke:
Your dad, you saucy whelp, 'tis true,
Was worth three dozen such as you.
These walls he justly tumbled down,
Because that rogue Laomedon
Had promis'd him a string of horses,
Instead of which he gave him curses;
Like an old scoundrel vilely us'd him,
And, just as you do me, abus'd him:
You should have been, my noisy spark,
A cobler, or a parish-clerk.
My name, your family may spread it;
In drubbing you there's little credit:
But yet, altho' it hurts my pride,
I'll condescend to trim your hide.

Just at that instant, both on high
Their broomsticks rais'd, and both let fly:
Well aim'd were both: Sarpedon's hit,
And his thick brawny neck did split;
Made near his throat a hole so big,
It bled as if you'd stuck a pig:
Nor did the other broomstick fly
In vain, it bruis'd Sarpedon's thigh;
And had not Jupiter, to save him,
Swore that the devil should not have him
That bout, I'll venture to be shot
If then he had not gone to pot:
But in a hurry from the fray
His comrades bore him far away,
Tho', as they lugg'd him thro' the throng,
They let him drag the stick along;
Whether thro' haste or fear 'twas done
Remains a secret yet unknown
Tlepolemus, who came to scoff,
His friends the Grecians lugg'd him off.
Then sly Ulysses angry grew:
Shall I, says he, Jove's son pursue;
Or shall I smash this Lycian crew?
Great Jove and fate forbad the first,
But gave him leave to do his worst
Amongst the raggamuffins, who
Soon found he was but word and blow;
For Cromeus he, and bold Alaster,
Knock'd with his broomstick down much faster
Than boys tip nine-pins; Halius too
He in his wrath beat black and blue;
Prytenis' shoulders next he rubb'd,
And then the brave Alcander drubb'd;
Noemen last of all fell down;
And more had been demolish'd soon,
But Hector saw, and ran so fast,
He tumbled o'er his head for haste;

Hebe, before they mount the car,
The axle greas'd with oil and tar.
This she perform'd at their desire,
Lest they should set the coach on fire;
For, as they were in *pressing* haste,
They knew they should drive *very* fast.
On time I should too much encroach,
To tell the beauties of this coach:
Let it suffice to say, the maker
Exceeded any in Long-Acre;*
A better coach was never seen,
Excepting one:—God save the queen!
Juno turns ostler in her fury,
And joins the horses in a hurry.
Pallas then quickly doffs her clothes,
Which on the chamber floor she throws;
As modern sluts, worse taught than fed,
Do nightly when they go to bed.
To make her look more like a Broughton,
She whipp'd her father's old buff coat on;
Then ty'd about his great black targe
A band of eels, some small, some large,
To lead mankind into mistakes,
And make 'em think her eels were snakes.
Then in the centre did she place
A most confounded ugly face;
But neither Heidegger's nor Nash's,
For theirs were red, this pale as ashes.
Jove's skull-cap, so bedeck'd with feather,
Twelve judges' wigs put all together,
Compar'd to it, would sure enough
Seem but a mod'rate barber's puff,
She put upon her busy nob;
And, that she might complete the job,
In her right hand she pois'd a stick,

*Long-Acre, the great locality for coach factories in London.

Long as the May-pole and as thick.
The whip-thong cracks, away they go
Across the clouds je-up je-o.
The Hours took each their turn to wait,
And shut or ope' the turnpike-gate ;
But such a noise made these two elves,
The gates flew open of themselves.
Upwards the foaming steeds they stretch,
And soon the mount Olympus reach,
Where Jove, t' enjoy the breezes cool,
Was set upon a three-legg'd stool.
Juno now pulls, and swears, and curses,
But yet could hardly stop the horses ;
Then, as she always us'd to do,
Falls at him like a vixen shrew :
  To see that Mars rebel, I wonder
You can't find bus'ness for your thunder :
But here you sit and crack your jokes,
To see him smash such heaps of folks.
Look down but where yon' Greeks are laid,
You'll see what work the dog has made.
E'en Venus and Apollo, you know,
Are making faces now at Juno.
But as to that thick-headed hang-dog,
Venus's bully-back and bang-dog,
That Mars, who makes such woeful rout,
And kicks the Grecians so about,
Only give Pallas leave to dowse him,
And ravish me if she don't sowse him,
Teach him forbidden ground to roam,
And make him glad to scamper home!
  Jove answers (pleas'd so soon to part) :
Go drub his hide with all my heart ;
Pallas the best can tell you how,
The wench has pelted him ere now.
  Their car they mounted in a trice,
Nor staid they to be bidden twice.

Down the new turnpike road they trot,
As swift as balls from cannon shot;
Tho' part o' th' turnpike was so steep,
The horses did not trot, but leap,
And at each single bound they took
They leap'd as far as you can look.
On earth they fix their nimble feet
Where Simois and Scamander meet,
When Juno made a sort of dew,
From which ambrosial clover grew;
For heav'nly high-bred steeds, alas!
Would snuff their nose at common grass;
For common grass had one great fault,
'Twas fresh, and Juno's grass was salt.
Then through the air they trudg'd on foot,
And quickly found that station out
Where Hector with his wooden sabre
Did all the Grecian bones belabour.
A heap of ill-look'd fellows stood
Round Diomede, all daub'd with blood:
Whether like lions in your eye,
Or bears, they seem'd, don't signify.
Juno was always pretty loud,
But most when got into a crowd;
And, tho' she had the best of tongues,
She borrow'd Peter Stentor's lungs.
This Stentor was a common cryer,
And could, or Mrs. Fame's a liar,
With downright bawling make more din
Than any fifty common men.
O scoundrel Greeks! a coward race!
In whom of man no mark we trace,
Except a damn'd red nose and face!
When great Achilles led ye all,
The Trojans fought behind their wall;
But now they kick you where they please,
And soon will kick you o'er the seas.

As pepper warms your water-gruel,
This added to their rage fresh fuel.
In the mean time upon the ground
Was Diomede by Pallas found;
Of a bad thing he made the best,
And by himself his scratch he drest,
Wash'd all the dust and sweat clean out,
And wrapp'd it in a greasy clout;
Tho' nought he said, it gave such pain
As made him grin and sweat again.
Whilst thus the loon his scratch was cleaning,
Pallas was on his cart-tail leaning;
When thus the jade began the *fray:*
Thou Tydeus' bastard! *why delay!*
Thy father, tho' his limbs were short all,
Was a bold-hearted fighting mortal,
Us'd to drive forward like a devil;
Myself could hardly make him civil.
To Thebes I sent the hungry thief,
And there he ate up all their beef;
Without companion did he venture
At dinner-time their town to enter;
Drank for his own share half a barrel
Of ale, and then began to quarrel;
Abus'd 'em all for *coward curs*,
And kick'd the scoundrels out of doors.
Thee too I've taken greater care of
Than yet perhaps thou art aware of;
But am afraid the goddess Fear
Has drove my fighting champion here.
Madam, says he, I always knew
My obligations great to you;
But I must tell you, you disgrace me;
Fear dares as well be damn'd as face me.
I think you said there would be odds
Against me, if I fought with gods;
I might, you thought, on Venus venture;

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But I must tell you, you disgrace me;
Fear dares as well be damn'd as face me.
I think you said there would be odds
Against me, if I fought with gods;
I might, you thought, on Venus venture;

I did, but far I could not enter,
Tho' 'faith a willing stroke I lent her;
But in her hand, if I must tell ye,
She caught my *sword; it hurt her, truly:*
And now 'tis only to obey
Your orders, that I keep away:
For Mars you'll see, if you'll but look,
Kicking the Greeks about like smoke.
  Pallas replies, Do you but mind
My good advice, and you shall find
This blust'ring whelp, with all his crew
Of bullying scrubs, sha'nt conquer you;
But with your broomstaff, when you meet him,
Across the scoundrel's gizzard greet him:
A turncoat rogue, that ne'er abides
Three days before he changes sides,
And, without either rhyme or reason,
Helps people, in or out of season!
  This said, she in an instant knocks
The harmless driver off his box,
Who star'd and gap'd to think that he
Had lost his place so suddenly;
Not that he car'd a sixpence for't,
But thought the warning mighty short:
Then mounting up with nimble feet,
Clapp'd her hard *hams* upon his seat;
But with her heavy *person* she
Had like to 've broke the axle-tree.
Howe'er, to that she gave small heed,
But drove her nags at Mars full speed:
Tho', lest her nob should get a rap,
She slipp'd on Pluto's wishing-cap:
This cap, whene'er a head was in it,
Became invisible that minute.
Just then had Mars, his strength to try,
Knock'd down a trooper six feet high;
His name, if I mistake not, was

Or Periphus, or Periphas.
The bully left him where he fell,
And flew at Diomede pell-mell.
Tho' he look'd grim as grim may be,
The Grecian look'd as grim as he.
Now Mars, because a god, you know,
Expected he should have th' first blow;
So threw his staff; but Pall. did guide
The steeds so well, it flew quite wide.
Then Diomede let fly his stick,
Which gave the bully's *chest* a prick;
For instantly the hang-dog felt
The point come through his greasy belt.
The Greek and Trojan hosts together
Couldn't make such noise as this bell-wether,
Roaring: he in a *thicking* mist
Escaped to heaven ere he was missed;
Where at Jove's feet this bullying hulks
Sat almost half an hour i' th' sulks,
Then sobb'd as if his heart would break,
And blubb'ring made a shift to speak:
I always thought that your commission
Was given you upon condition
That you took care to keep folks quiet,
And rather quell than raise a riot;
But you so far your orders slight,
With gods you let yon' rascals fight;
For let me tell you, Mr. Justice,
I'll take my oath that all this dust is
Of your own raising: if your daughter
Had had some better manners taught her,
And her *bare back* well jerk'd with rods,
She'd never thus play'd tricks with gods.
Instead of this, you overlook her,
And hap will swear that I mistook her.
'Tis plain, so partial you are grown,
The jade's a bastard of your own;

She now has got a Grecian cully,
One Diomede, a thick-skull'd bully,
And him this wheedling cunning puss
Has hearten'd up to fight with us.
At Venus first he made a stand,
And *wounded her upon* her hand.
Me next the *scoundrel* drove away,
So thump'd and bruis'd I durst not stay,
Lest, if I dropp'd into a swoon,
These wicked whelps should keep me down,
And, treading on my back and belly,
Work all my *carcass* to *a* jelly.
Jove, vex'd to th' heart before he spoke,
Thus answer'd, with an angry look:
Has bully Mars forgot his ranting,
And ta'en up Whitfield's trade of canting?
Dost thou, on whom stern mischief waits,
Complain of blows and broken pates;
And 'cause so often thou hast got free,
Expect for ever to come scot-free?
Thou bullying rogue, of all our crew
I hate thee most, by *Jove* I do!
From morn to night thou'rt never quiet,
Unless when kicking up a riot;
I do not know of such another
In all the world, except thy mother;
And was her sex but chang'd to ours,
She'd kick the devil out of doors:
But since she says thou art my son,
I'll try for once what can be done;
Else would I set thee in the stocks,
Or chain *thee fast to* burning rocks;
Make thee with wicked Titans roar,
A thousand thousand years and more:
Then pointing to his man, cries, Stir, John,
And ply your heels to fetch a surgeon.
Peon soon came. Says he, My cully,

Pray do your best to cure this bully.
A plague upon his broils and trapes,
They always bring him into scrapes.
  The surgeon, tho' it hardly bled,
Look'd mighty grave, and shook his head,
But fearing it would close of course
Before he'd time to make it worse,
Whips out his block-tin box, and, faster
Than cits eat custard, spread a plaster,
With which, in less than half an hour,
He made a safe and perfect cure;
But then observe that flesh of gods
Heals quicker far than ours by odds.
Next, by the help of wooden squirt,
His hands and face he cleans'd from dirt;
Then set him on a cushion down,
Where Hebe brought a Scotch-plaid gown,
Which having girt with leathern strap,
He next put on a large fur cap.
Thus dress'd, or in my word no trust is,
The god of battle look'd the justice.
And why he mayn't, when battles cease,
Be made a justice of the peace
I cannot see——On recollection,
His want of brains is no objection;
No other qualities they need,
But just to write their names and read:
The trade is learnt in half an hour,
To spare the rich and flog the poor.
  Juno and Pallas, having done
The bus'ness they came down upon,
And bully Mars from battle driven,
Mount up to drink their tea in heaven.

END OF BOOK V.

THE SIXTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD

ARGUMENT.

WHEN all the gods to heav'n are gone,
The Grecians make the Trojans run,
Which, by the bye, is demonstration
The devil help'd the Grecian nation;
For when no heav'nly guests are there,
He plays the devil without fear.
Helenus sets his brains a-brewing,
How to prevent the Trojans' ruin;
Then orders Hector to the town,
To bid 'em pray to Pallas soon,
That she'd remove such fighting cattle
As this Tydides from the battle.
In the mean time, by hocus pocus,
This bully Diomede and Glaucus
Found that of both the great grandfather
Had drank some pots of ale together;
So made a friendship, and, to tack it,
Exchang'd each other's buffskin jacket.
Hector then gets the bus'ness done
The conjuror had sent him on,
Makes Paris fetch his broomshaft down,
And join him at the end o' th' town;
Bestows, ere he renews the strife,
Some crumbs of comfort on his wife.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

THE squabbling gods the fight forsake,
And leave mankind to brew and bake
Just as they please; then broomsticks flew,
And smoking hot the squabble grew,
Which made Scamander's little flood
Get quickly trampled into mud:
In Simois, our bard supposes,
They came to wash their bloody noses,
By which 'tis clearly understood,
They fought to th' knees in blood and mud.
  Great Ajax first came blust'ring on,
And mischief presently begun.
One Acamas the bully found,
And fell'd him flat upon the ground;
His broomstick lent him such a rap,
As broke his pate and bruis'd his cap.
  Axylus next, an honest soul,
Got a great knock o' th' jobbernoul:
At home he always kept good cheer,
And made folks welcome far and near;
Close by the road his house did lie,
Where men and horses passing by
Might get a drink, if they were dry:
Just at the side of Croydon Common,
He kept the sign o' th' Silent Woman
(A silent woman, Sir, you said!
Pray was she drawn without a head?
Yes, Sir, she was: you never read on
A silent woman with a head on).

It happ'd that neither guest nor stranger
Came by to warn him of his danger;
But as he gap'd, expecting soon
Some tradesmen, customers from town,
Tydides came and knock'd him down.
Then at another stroke this rapster
Settled Calisius, his tapster.
Euryalus kick'd Dresus down,
And next he crack'd Opheltius' crown;
Not so content, with pairs begins,
And smash'd two young and tender twins,
Sons of Bucolion, who had made
A mistress of a *wand'ring* jade,
Whom in his woods one morn he found
Picking dry sticks from off the ground.
As on their backs the younkers lay,
His rogueship stole their coats away.
Just after that one Polypætes
Dispatch'd Astyalus to greet his
Old friends in hell. Ulysses next,
Because the rogues his soul had vex'd,
Murder'd Pydites: then comes Teucer,
And made poor Aretaon spew, Sir;
When in a rage ran Nestor's lad,
Chatt'ring just like his queer old dad;
I'll make these Trojan rascals fear us,
And straight demolish'd brave Ablerus;
Which when great Agamemnon saw,
He gave Elatus such a blow
As fell'd him down upon his crupper,
And spoil'd the luckless Trojan's supper.
Such a damn'd knock the Grecian gave him,
That all his money could not save him.
Eurypylus Melanthius slew,
And Phylacus from Leitus flew,
But could not 'scape him any how.
Adrastus by ill luck came bump

Upon a *blasted* crab-tree stump;
It smash'd his wheels both nave and spoke,
And all the cart to pieces broke.
The horses flew where none could find 'em,
And left their luckless load behind 'em.
As he lay kicking on the sands,
The cuckold o'er him threat'ning stands,
Pilgarlick lifts his hands on high,
And begs for life most lustily:
  May't please your honour let me live,
A good round sum my dad will give:
When he for my great loss has wept,
And finds I'm but in limbo kept,
Depend he then will give, for ransom,
A purse with something very handsome.
  He spoke—the honest cuckold's pity
Was touch'd by this half mournful ditty;
But Agamemnon, in a fury,
Just like an English thick-skull'd jury,
Destroy'd all pity in a hurry.
  Quoth he, Th' old boy shall double damn me,
Before I'll let a Trojan flam me!
Christians give scoundrels good for evil;
But let us smoke 'em to the devil.
I live in hopes that Troy will fall,
Their *bastards*, rogues, and brats, and all,
That other *scheming* whelps, discerning
Their wicked exit, may take warning,
Nor rove about from street to street
To *chisel* every man they meet.
  This speech he made with dreadful ire,
And set the cuckold's blood on fire,
Who swore he would not grant the boon;
So Agamemnon knock'd him down,
And, spite of all the Trojan's tears,
Batter'd his brains about his ears.
  Nestor, who saw this bus'ness done,

Like an old harden'd rogue look'd on;
Then cries, My lads, in this tough job,
Don't stay to pick a single fob,
But, after we have work'd their buff,
We then shall all have chink enough.
  Now Greece had surely got the day,
And Troy as surely run away,
But wisely Helenus prepares
To mend their bitter bad affairs,
And bring 'em (since they durst not stand)
Out of this scrape by slight-of-hand.
  When thus to Hector and Æneas
He tells his mind: Old friends, you see us
Sorely put to't: but yet 'tis true
The gods have left it all to you
To bring us off; for at this pinch
The de'il a god will stir an inch,
But now look on in expectation
That you yourself on this occasion
Will try your utmost strength and cunning
To stop your ragged rogues from running.
When you have cheer'd each artless tup,
Leave it to us to keep it up.
Mean time, you Hector, go, I pray,
To our old mother Hecuba.
Tell her, she must forthwith employ
The oldest maids we have in Troy,
And bid 'em cease their lies and malice,
To go and pray to Madam Pallas,
Who is by fits as cross a jade
As any wrinkled mortal maid;
Then bid them lay upon her knee
The richest satin negligee
My mother has in all her store:
If finely daub'd with tinsel o'er,
'Twill stand the better chance to please her,
And may by great good luck appease her.

Then let 'em add, if more she choose,
We'll send a dozen maiden cows.
These things, unless the devil's in her,
I'm pretty sure can't fail to win her
To spare our hen-peck'd cuckolds' lives,
With all our brawling brats and wives,
Nor longer suffer Diomede
To make the Trojans' noses bleed.
Such thumps he lends our soldiers, that
To him Achilles seems a sprat.
This speech bold Hector heard, and plump
From off his cart he took a jump;
Ran where he found the varlets slack,
And cheer'd them with a clap o' th' back.
To such a pitch does he restore them,
They drive the Grecian bloods before 'em.
Two staves he brandish'd in the air,
So thick they made the Grecians stare,
Who thought the Trojans, to resist 'em,
Had hir'd some goblin to assist 'em.
Then Hector spoke, as loud as thunder:
Hear! all ye roaring sons of plunder,
Ye Dardans of the nearer stations,
And those who come from distant nations,
Think on your valiant fathers' tasks!
'Tis all in troth that Hector asks.
Whilst I a little bus'ness do
In Troy, the squabble rests on you.
I go to bid our grandames all,
And old maids, on their kneppers fall:
The pray'rs they mumble will, no doubt,
Help us to thrash the Greeks this bout.
He said no more, but took a stride
Miss P—s-ns' hoop's not half so wide;
Then threw his potlid o'er his back,
And to the Trojan gates did pack.
This mighty orb of brass and steel

Reach'd from his neck will nigh his heel,
Which kicking as he walk'd along,
Like an old postman's bell it rung.
Now, Hector gone, both sides think fit
To take their wind a little bit;
When Glaucus, and that Grecian spark,
Tydides, did each other mark.
Both in one mind, they bounce and kick,
And each man flourishes his stick;
When Diom. tho' no talking man,
Was first to speak, and thus began:
  Your face I ne'er before did see,
Pray, who the devil can you be?
Who dares to beard that Diomede,
That makes so many noses bleed?
Those that meet me make small resistance,
When Pallas lends me her assistance,
And that she will do all this week:
If therefore you're a god, pray speak;
For, if you are, my staff can't fright you,
But smite my liver if I'll fight you!
I've had my share enough of evils,
And box no more with gods and devils;
For, happen as it may, i' th' end on't,
They'll sit upon your skirts, depend on't.
You know Lycurgus did not fear 'em,
But, to his cost, he came too near 'em.
He scar'd the god of wine for fun,
And made his drunken messmates run.
Their spears, with vines and ivy bound,
Lay scatter'd all along the ground;
And Bacchus too, to hide his head,
Crept to his cousin Thetis' bed.
But soon their angry godships sent
The devil of a punishment:
For, whilst he slept, they, by surprise,
Ran needles into both his eyes;

Then drove him thro' the world so wide
To beg his bread without a guide,
Nor would allow th' unlucky king
A dog to lead him in a string:
By which he got so badly serv'd,
In less than half a year he starv'd.
I fight no gods; but, if a man
Thou art, I'll drub thee if I can.
Some devil, sure, has made thee judge ill,
To come so near my fatal cudgel.
Glaucus replies: Great Sir, since you
From whence I came desire to know,
Attend, I'll tell a tale so rare,
Were you stone blind 'twould make you stare.
You know the gang of nine-pins soon
As the bowl hits come tumbling down;
Then are set up, when that throws o'er,
To tumble as they did before.
Just so a race that's always grumbling,
The race of mortal rogues, keeps tumbling.
This d'ye see's by way of text,
And, if your patience won't be vext,
My pedigree is coming next.
Listen, and if your ears don't fail
You'll hear an oddish kind of tale;
But ev'ry syllable is true,
Or slam me if I'd tell it you!
Near Argos, fam'd for roguish coopers,
And breeding horses fit for troopers,
A city stands upon that coast
Where Sysiphus once rul'd the roast.
Glaucus, this Sysiphus' son,
Was father of Bellerophon,
Who was, to tell the real truth,
A very comely, hopeful youth.
Because he topp'd all other fellows
In beauty, Prestus would be jealous;

And, being but a sort of Turk,
He kept this younker hard at work.
'Tis True Antea, or I miss her,
Wanted Bellerophon to kiss her:
Nay more, she plainly told him so;
But he, like Joseph, answered, No!
For which our beaux all think he was
An animal they call an ass.
Howe'er, the hussey told her spouse,
He try'd to be about her house:
And, tho' he scorn'd to come so nigh it,
The brimstone swore he *dared to try* it.
No sooner was th' old fellow told
This youth attack'd his copyhold,
But he was bloody wroth, d'ye see,
As any honest man might be;
But, as the younker was his guest,
He judg'd it would be for the best
(To save the youth from being hurt
Within the liberties of court)
To send him to some foreign shore,
In hopes to hear of him no more.
What could the bubbled king do better
Than cheat him with Uriah's letter?
And thus, as if some good was meant him,
The jealous rogue to Lycia sent him,
To the old daddy of his wife,
In hopes he there would lose his life;
Not doubting but the whelp he'd slaughter
For off'ring to corrupt his daughter.
Away then goes Bellerophon,
Unknowing what he went upon;
Enter'd the Lycian palace drest
In a full suit, his very best.
The good old monarch did bestir him,
And made nine days bull-baitings for him;
But the tenth morning took him out,

And ask'd him what he came about?
On which he fumbled in his jacket,
And lugg'd him out the famous packet.
This quickly made the errand known
The harmless lad was sent upon.
The good old Lycian, with surprise,
First rubb'd, then read, then rubb'd his eyes;
But, finding matters were no better,
He e'en resolv'd t' obey the letter;
So sent him out to fight Chimera,
A mottled monster rough as bear-a.
Her *tail* was dragon, body goat,
A lion's neck, and head, and throat;
No living mortal durst come nigh her,
She *breathed* smoke, and belch'd up fire.
Bellerophon could read the sky,
When the stars happen'd to be nigh;
So cast a figure, as 'tis said,
Then quickly knock'd this beast o' th' head.
As he return'd, he next gave chace,
And kill'd the Solymæan race,
A pack of ranting, roaring fellows,
As ever grac'd a three-legg'd gallows.
To them the Amazons succeed,
A strange hermaphroditish breed:
No mortal man these jades could match,
'Cause they could scold, and bite, and scratch;
But, by the help of cod and oysters,
He quickly tam'd this crew of roysters:
Soon as they felt his strokes and thwacks,
The brims all fell upon their backs.
Tho' here his troubles did not cease,
Nor was he yet to live in peace.
Under a farmer's old pigsty
A dozen rogues conceal'd did lie;
But, when he got them in his clutches,
He qualify'd 'em all for crutches,

Left 'em so bruis'd upon the plain,
Not one could limp it home again.
  Zooks ! said the king, I'll lay a groat,
There's more in this than first I thought :
This man can be no earth-born clod,
But bastard to some *jovial* god.
A fellow that can make such slaughter,
And would have trimm'd my other daughter,
Since he by some strange chance has mist her,
I think I'll *give to him* her sister ;
And, that the youth the girl may keep,
I'll take him into partnership.
My trade he'll learn, I do not fear,
In far less time than half a year ;
'Tis but to kick, and cuff, and swear.
I knew a good old monarch that,
When angry, only kick'd his hat :
Now, when I'm vex'd, both friends and foes
Have felt the force of my square toes.
Favours once got, they come none near you ;
But kick 'em, and they always fear you :
And this I ever will maintain
The best and easiest way to reign.
  No sooner was it said than done,
He made him partner of his throne ;
I mean the very morning after
He'd done his best to please his daughter :
For she, when ask'd of his behaviour,
Had spoken greatly in his favour ;
And swore, like royal * Frederick's wife,
She ne'er was *used* so in her life ;
On which the Lycians gave him stone

* There is a story goes, that a lady of the first fashion, on her wedding night, got out of bed and ran to her mother-in-law's room, declaring she never was used so in her life ; who answered, she hoped not, but she must submit now to be used as she never was before.

And ground to build a house upon,
With a good orchard full of fruit,
And a brave field of wheat to boot.
  Long did he reign in peace and plenty,
Full nineteen years, tho' some say twenty.
Two sons he had, and eke one daughter,
So fair, she caused Jove's chaps to water,
Who made no words, but *wooped* upon her,
And got the brave Sarpedon on her.
At last attack'd by falling fits,
Which rather hurt his little wits,
Alone o'er hills and dales he ran,
And would not bear the sight of man.
Whilst thus he roam'd amongst the cattle,
His eldest son was slain in battle:
And Mrs. Phœbe, one dark night,
Shot his poor daughter out of spite;
Fearing next time Jove got upon her,
He hap might make a goddess on her.
Hippolachus was left, and he,
That same Hippolachus, got me:
By his direction here I swagger,
And value no man's sword or dagger.
I always choose the first to stand
In fight, as well as in command;
And always am the first to try
To storm a trench or mutton-pye:
My father's fame in future story
Shall fall far short of mine in glory.
  The Grecian, when he heard this tale,
Jump'd up as brisk as bottled ale;
Down went his broomshaft on the sands,
And taking Glaucus by the hands,
Whilst both his sweaty palms he press'd,
He cries, You are my ancient guest;
And therefore, as the matter stands,
Let us without deceit shake hands.

Your grandsire was my grand-dad's guest;
For twenty days he did him feast
With mutton-chops, and tart, and custard,
And humming beer as strong as mustard.
Thy grandsire on the twentieth day
Was pleas'd to take himself away;
Because he guess'd he very nigh
Had drank th' old fellow's cellars dry:
But to his landlord first thought proper
To give a can hoop'd round with copper;
Who straight amidst his lumber felt,
And fumbled out an old sword-belt,
Which in return he then presented;
And thus their friendship was cemented.
Brimful of porter, when I'm able,
This can is fill'd for my own table,
'Tis from this can I learnt this story,
Which I have laid so plain before you;
For my poor dad, tho' stout and strong,
Let slip his wind when I was young;
Nor had th' old Grecian time to spare
To teach his lad a single prayer:
I shame to tell the truth, but all
The prayers that I can say, I stole.
But from this day let you and I
Assist each other by the bye:
If ever I should travel more,
Flux me if I will pass your door!
And if my country you should see,
Pray come and take pot-luck with me.
Enough of Trojan pates there are
For me to break in this damn'd war;
And there will be, I'm sure, no lack
Of Grecian skulls for you to crack;
So let what will befall the rout,
Pray why should you and I fall out?
To shew each host we scorn to bubble it;

Let me have yours, and here's my doublet.
Tho' now-a-days so bold a push
Would make an honest Hebrew blush,
Yet this queer varlet Diomede
Did most amazingly succeed:
For his buff coat both greas'd and old
He got a new one lac'd with gold.
His mighty buffskin coat of coats,
When new, had cost him just nine groats;
I think I speak the very most;
But Glaucus' an hundred cost;
Tho' his great princely soul was such,
He did not value *half* as much.
Whilst Diomede this chief was tricking,
Hector his brazen shield was kicking,
And strode along at such a rate,
He'd got within the Scean Gate,
Under a tree o'ergrown with moss,
That serv'd 'em for a market-cross.
Close by the whipping-post and stocks,
Bold Hector met with sundry flocks
Of soldiers' wives, and many others,
Asking for husbands, sons, and brothers.
So bad, says he, with us it fares
I'd have ye all go say your prayers.
With hasty strides away he tramp'd
To Priam's palace, newly vamp'd,
Near which was half a hundred boxes,
For fifty sons and fifty doxies;
And not far off a dozen houses
For Priam's daughters and their spouses,
All finish'd nicely to a charm,
And thatch'd with straw to keep 'em warm.
Whilst Hector thought that no one ey'd him,
The good old Hecuba espy'd him;
That pretty wench Laodice
Bore the old lady company.

Hip, hip! she cry'd, to make him stand;
Then came and shook him by the hand:
  What sudden call could bring my son
Before the scuffle is half done?
If 'tis the gripes, I have within
A stoop of special Holland's gin.
But if thou'rt hither come to pray
Our wooden gods to drive away
Those Grecian rogues, and clear our *gates*
From all such *rascals my soul hates*,
Stay till I fetch our pewter cup;
You know their godships like a sup:
The priests won't tell the reason why;
But 'tis, I think, 'twixt you and I,
Because their *timber is* so dry.
After you've fill'd their bellies full,
Then take yourself a hearty pull:
Our Trojan stingo has the merit
To cheer the heart, and raise the spirit.
  Hector replies: Pray keep your beer,
It only serves to make folks swear:
To men it mischief brings, so spare it,
But give it gods, their heads will bear it;
Or, if they should get tipsy, they
Have nought to do but snore all day.
But let some else perform that task,
I am not fit a boon to ask:
Whate'er I touch will have no luck,
You see my hands all blood and muck.
But you, old souls, without delay,
Must to that Brim Minerva pray:
And mind you spread upon her knee
The richest satin negligee
That you have got in all your store;
If finely daub'd with tinsel o'er,
'Twill stand the better chance to please her,
And may by great good luck appease her.

When she has listen'd to your vows,
We'll add a dozen virgin cows.
If she don't like so good a dinner,
As many devils must be in her,
As we are told by parson Diggs
Once popp'd into a drove of pigs.
But mind you bargain in your prayer,
That she'll our Trojan *brethren* spare,
Nor longer suffer Diomede
To make their pates and noses bleed.
This task I leave to you, good mother,
Whilst I go rouse my hopeful brother,
And try if, deaf to honour's name,
The *sheepish* rogue has lost all shame.
I wish the whelp was under ground,
So deep he never could be found;
Myself would, if it was not treason,
Hang up a dog so lost to reason.
This war, that threats us all with ruin,
Is mischief of that rascal's brewing:
We never had this mischief felt,
Had he ten years ago been gelt.
He spoke; his mother summon'd all
The good old women, short and tall.
Away they to the wardrobe go,
Which, open'd, made a tearing show,
To find the very things they sought
That Paris from Sidonia brought;
For Paris chose to touch at Sidon,
To get some shoes and stockings try'd on
For his dear Nelly, who *did lack*
An undarn'd smicket to her *back*
When first they stole away from Greece;
But that's no matter, such a piece
A man of any soul might brag on,
Altho' her *back* had ne'er a rag on.

Old Hec* her spectacles lugg'd out,
To help her eyes to peep about,
And looking sharp, she quickly sees
Above a dozen negligees
Hung up on pegs; so pitch'd on one
That had a deal of tinsel on.
Then following old Antenor's spouse,
They reach'd the door o' th' meeting-house.
Theano carried in her pocket
The only key that would unlock it,
Which out she lugg'd, and with a bang
Made the old rusty lock cry twang.
When they were all got in together,
They roar'd like pigs in windy weather:
The priestess spread the gown, and then
Pray'd loud; th' old women bawl'd Amen!
Once Troy's defence, O goddess stout!
Only with patience hear us out:
Let us this rogue Tydides humble,
And make him either run or tumble.
If this, O Pallas! you'll but do,
Twelve rare fat heifers we'll bestow
Upon you, if you hear our prayer,
And all our Trojan cuckolds spare.
Thus the old women pray and vow,
And make a noise; but 'twould not do.
Whilst they say prayers not worth a louse,
Hector had travel'd to the house
Where Paris dwelt along with Helen—
A very pretty little dwelling
That join'd his father and his brother—
So they were neighbours to each other:
This little mansion Paris self
Contriv'd, both window, door, and shelf.
The Trojan chief had got a strong

* Hecuba.



Book VI. Page 182.

When they were all got in together,
They roared like pigs in windy weather.
The priestess spread the gown, and then
Pray'd loud; th' old women bawl'd, Amen.



Book VI. Page 183.

He knock'd a dozen times or more,
Then buvip'd his rump against the door:
'Twas bolted with a wooden pin,
Which broke, and down he tumbled in."

Oak saplin, eight or ten feet long,
Hung with brass rings to make it rattle,
And scare the enemy in battle:
He knock'd, and scrap'd his shoes from dirt;
Then ent'ring, found him in his shirt.
He'd stripp'd himself, the better to
Polish his skullcap and his bow.
In this condition Hector found him,
With twenty broomsticks scatter'd round him.
Helen was standing by his knee,
Scolding her maids for drinking tea;
For tho' for breakfast she ne'er grudg'd it,
Yet in the afternoon they fudg'd it.
When Hector saw him in this pickle,
No wonder he began to stickle,
And thus began: By this good light!
You've nick'd the time to shew your spite
Against poor Troy. Dost thou conspire
With Greece to set our barns on fire?
For thee our bloods all fight and tumble,
And kick and cuff, yet never grumble;
Till nothing's left to guard the gates
But heaps of bruis'd and broken pates.
You *skulking* rascal, come along
And bear a bob amidst the throng;
Why can't you run the risk of scars
In Mars' as well as Venus' wars,
Ere flames attack our huts and tow'rs,
And burn your dogship out of doors.
Paris, who was a gentle youth,
Says, Brother, this is all God's truth:
Yet don't mistake me, mighty Sir;
Nor on my honour cast a slur.
I'm sorry you're so hard put to't,
And think I dare not box it out:
But say no more, no more let's prattle,
Helen commands me out to battle.

Who knows but Menelaus may,
On this, or 'hap some other day,
Get, tho' he makes such fuss and stir,
A Rowland for his Oliver?
One thing I'll promise, the next bout
I'll boldly try if I can do't.
But whilst I don my coat and cap,
Do you sit still or take a nap;
But if you go, you may be sure
I'll follow you in half an hour.
Nelly, who had, you need not doubt her,
Like other wives, her wits about her,
To hinder Hector from replying
Began a sudden fit of crying.
Hector, who thought his stick had hit her,
Or else that Pug or Shock had bit her,
Whipp'd round to ask about the matter,
When thus the jade began to chatter:
Now let me tell you, brother Hector,
No living mortal can conjecture
The grief I suffer, 'cause I hide it,
But I no longer will abide it;
There's nothing else, I find, but speaking
Can keep a woman's heart from breaking:

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

I wish, before this cursed strife,
By the small-pox I'd lost my life,
Or that my nose was full of pimples
As that old canting rogue D—l—'s: *
I wish to God we'd both been drown'd
When first we cross'd the herring pond!
But I may wish and make a pother,
Wish in one hand, and spit in t'other.

* Dalrymple's.

My cursed luck I e'er shall rue,
But most since Paris first I knew.
Women the worst will always choose,
Else I had got a better spouse;
I only mean a better fighter,
A buck that might have cudgell'd tighter;
For other work, there's not a man
Can do *as well as* Paris can:
I scorn to speak but what is true;
The devil ought to have his due.
But sit you down, and rest awhile,
You've had a mortal deal of toil,
Enough to make a man quite mad,
For me and my faint-hearted lad.
It can't be help'd, I know my doom,
And judge by past of what's to come.
Our woes will gain us future pity,
And fill some lamentable ditty,
Which hard-mouth'd raggamuffins will,
From Charing-Cross to Ludgate-Hill,
Roar with a voice as sweet and clear,
As Tyburn dying-speeches are.
Hector replies: Another day
I'll chat awhile, but now can't stay,
Because our men are sore put to't,
And want my fist to help 'em out:
But I must beg you'll not be slack
To stroke your swain upon his back;
No wench can do unless she tries,
Your *words* may make his—courage rise:
When that is done, dispatch him soon,
But do not take that courage down,
Nor stay him with your coaxing prate,
But let him meet me at the gate.
I go to see my son and wife,
The joy and comfort of my life;
For who can tell if Hector may



Have luck to box another day?
Some witch, that chooses to annoy him,
May guide a broomstaff to destroy him.
He said no more, but turn'd about
To go and find his helpmate out.
When he came home, she was not there,
Nor could he find her far or near.
She and her son, and maid, and all,
Were got upon an orchard-wall;
There saw the rabble bruise and cut,
Until it almost grip'd her gut:
Still she kept looking sharp about
To find her good-man Hector out,
Whilst he thro' twenty alleys stumbled,
And all the while his gizzard grumbled
Then sought the postern, with intent
To ask the guard which way she went.
Halloo, my lads, did any see,
My loving wife Andromache?
Or did she land at Temple-stairs,
To join th' old women in their prayers?
Or all this time that I have mist her,
Think you she's gone to see her sister?
She's not at church, replies the sentry,
Clubbing her prayers with these old gentry,
Nor is she gone to Priam's hall,
But stands, d'ye see, on yonder wall.
She heard how fast the Trojans ran,
And sweated for her own good-man.
I help'd her o'er this stile to get,
And felt her hands; they both were wet
As muck, and in a clammy sweat:
Her haste was such, that I can say
She trotted ev'ry inch o' th' way:
I'll answer for't, before she got
To th' wall, her *back* was smoking hot:
And then, as fast as she could waddle,

The nurse did with the bantling straddle.
To this bold Hector did not say
A single word, but walk'd away,
Not caring to lose time in prate,
And meet his wife at Cripplegate.
His wife was always understood
To be what moderns call good blood;
Her mother had been lady mayoress,
And she herself a vast rich heiress.
Soon as she did her husband 'spy,
She gave a spring a quarter high;
The nurse then follow'd with the lad,
Who scratch'd, and roar'd, and kick'd like mad.
Great Hector often had been trying
To cure the cross-grain'd brat from crying;
But could not do't—so call'd his name
Scamandrius, from a running stream:
But thinking that queer name would gall him,
Astyanax the Trojans call him.
Hector was in his heart right glad
To see the sprawling, scrambling lad;
But with a very doleful look
His partner seiz'd his fist and spoke,
Whilst you might see within her eye
The tears stood ready cock'd to cry:
Why sure you cannot think, my li
To leave your only son and wife?
How great, alas! must be my fall,
Should you get drubb'd for good and all
I know, my duckling, tho' you laugh,
You're too courageous by half:
With single bullies you can pull,
But many dogs will beat a bull;
And ev'ry Grecian cur, I see,
Will strive to get a bite at thee.
If therefore my poor Hector must
Be drubb'd, and tumbled in the dust,

God send, before that woeful day,
That thy poor dearee safely may,
Rather than hear their gibes and scoffing,
Be nail'd up in a strong elm coffin!
Where is the man, if thou shouldst fail,
Would buy thy wife a pot of ale?
I've neither father left nor mother;
Nor loving uncle, aunt, or brother.
At Thebes Achilles burnt us out,
And kill'd my fighting dad to boot:
But when he had the good man slain,
With pity he was overta'en,
Made a most mighty fuss and racket,
And burnt the body in its jacket;
Then rais'd a mountain o'er his bones,
Of mud, and clay, and sand, and stones.
It happen'd where some fairies haunted,
And they the place with elm-trees planted.
At the same time seven loving brothers
This damn'd infernal rascal smothers;
Quite unawares the lads he snaps,
As they for mice were setting traps:
Then took my mother prisoner,
And sent her to the Lord knows where;
Tho' soon, because she was not handsome,
He let her go, but kept the ransom.
To her own house they'd hardly got her,
Before that brim, Diana, shot her:
But tho' I am of them bereft,
I'd snuff the moon if thou art left;
But if my bully rock should fall,
They're lost again, not one, but all.
For sake of me and this brave boy
Keep snug within the walls of Troy:
I'll tell thee where the *Grecians* make
Their strongest push the town to take;
Do but observe their ragged bands

All muster where yond' fig-tree stands;
There let thy trusty broomshaft fly,
And smite the scoundrels hip and thigh.
  Not that alone, the chief reply'd,
Shall be my care, there's more beside;
I've many sturdy jobs to do,
Which I shall buckle tightly to.
Should I hang back, you'd quickly see
The Trojans making game of me,
And madams, with their sweeping tails,
Seem much surpris'd what Hector ails.
Then, at the next tea-table lecture,
Cry, 'Bless us! what is come to Hector?
He us'd to maul these Grecian scrubs,
But now he's got the mullygrubs.'
When broils begin I never fail:
Fighting to me is cakes and ale.
At school I practis'd ev'ry day
Both quarter staff and cudgel play;
And I'll be first, you may depend,
Our beef and pudding to defend.
And yet that cursed day will come,
I know by th' pricking of my thumb,
When Troy shall tumble in a ruin
Of that damn'd brimstone Juno's brewing
Tho' all my loving cousins dying
Won't set me half so soon a crying,
As what I inwardly foresee
Will happen to Andromache.
They'll make my rib a water-heaver,
Or put her 'prentice to a weaver;
And then, for fear so great a tumble
Should fail to make her gizzard grumble,
Some scoundrel Grecian, to deject her,
Will whisper, That's the wife of Hector;
As if they could not plague poor thee
Enough, without rememb'ring me.

But let them, if they plague thee long,
Once feel the rough side of thy tongue:
And if again they ever strive
To vex thee, I'll be flayed alive!
All that I wish is, that I may
Be six foot under ground that day,
Where I shall neither, when I'm cold,
Hear my wife sigh, or cry, or scold.
  This said, the bully back of Troy
Stretch'd out his arms to take the boy;
The lad hung back, and durst not touch
His brazen hat for e'er so much.
Pleas'd, he laid down his glitt'ring hat;
Which quieted the brawling brat;
Then lifts him high into the air,
And prays a special country prayer:
  O Jupiter! brimful of glory,
Who dwells in heav'n's upper story,
Protect this lad, and grant that he
The wonder of the world may be;
And at the sport in which I prided
May break more heads than ever I did;
That when he lays his twenties flat,
And brings away the gold-lac'd hat,
The people all may say, This lad
At cudgel-playing beats his dad:
And when they shout and praise the boy,
The *mother bless* herself for joy!
  He spoke, and smiling look'd upon her,
Then laid the hopeful bantling on her.
She hugg'd him closely to her breast,
And sung him lullaby to rest:
Tho' fear possess'd her soul so strong,
She made a sort of crying song.
This Hector view'd with feeling eye
(He hated much to see her cry)
And tho' he seem'd to look more grum for't,

He spoke these words to give her comfort :
No man, unless it is his fate
To do't, can break thy Hector's pate ;
And this be sure, no mortal man
Can live much longer than he can ;
When raw-bon'd Death once takes the field,
He makes both mayors and sheriffs yield ;
And in the devil's lock secures
Your reformation rogues by scores.
* * * * * *
Then cease, my jewel, get you in
To knit, or darn, or stitch, or spin.
For me, it ever is my lot
To be where broken pates are got :
The man that's always first at eating
Should be the first to risque a beating.
This said, he takes his skullcap up,
With goose-quills shaded at the top :
Homeward his dearee ply'd her stumps,
And sat her down in doleful dumps ;
Where, as she made her grievous moan,
The pigs return'd her grunt for groan,
And both the cook and chambermaid
Blubber'd as if their lord was dead.
And now bold Paris sally'd out,
Prepar'd to take the other bout ;
In a bright cap you see him tow'ring,
The same that Hector caught him scouring.
Thus when a Cheapside cockney's tit
From his long back has thrown the cit,
Well pleas'd to leave his leaden load,
He kicks and flings along the road,
Splashes foot people as he goes,
And daubs with mud their Sunday's clothes.
Just so brisk Paris skipp'd about,
Resolv'd to buckle tightly to't ;
Then joining Hector's jobbernoul,

Away they trotted cheek-by-joul:
When Paris first began to say,
Brother, you must excuse my stay,
I could not sooner get away.
I stay'd, if I the truth must tell ye,
To do a little job for Nelly,
Which hindered me 'bout half an hour:
It could not be a great deal more:
But the poor honest loving heart
With dry lips always hates to part;
I therefore think I'm bound in honour
To spend, what *time* I can spare, upon her.
Brother, says Hector, let what's past
Be quite forgot; you're come at last,
And that's enough. Thou art in blood
My brother, make that kinship good:
In broils let's second one another,
And then I'll own thee for a brother:
That you dare fight was never doubted,
Nor was your mettle e'er disputed;
But Troy makes such a cursed *noise*
About your idleness and *toys*,
That, did you hear each prating elf,
'Twould make you almost hang yourself.
Some pains I'd therefore have you take;
They've box'd it stoutly for your sake:
'Twould please me much to hear 'em telling
You sweat the Greeks as well as Helen,
And are prepar'd to storm a trench,
Or storm the *lips* of *any* wench,
Just as it suits—Such men as these
Are sure all sorts of folks to please.
But cheer thee up; our toils shall cease
When Pitt's employ'd to make a peace:
Then Grecian rogues, v [illegible] ef and sh[illegible]
Shall trundle back fro [illegible] they

END



THE SEVENTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.



ARGUMENT.

WHEN Hector got upon the plain,
They fell to loggerheads again;
Pallas, afraid Greece would not stand,
Prepar'd to lend a helping hand:
Apollo saw her tye her garters,
And straight resolv'd to watch her *arter;*
On which he popped his body down,
And met her pretty near the town.
After a spell of small-talk prattle,
They both agree to cease the battle
For the remainder of that day,
But further Homer doth not say.
Then Hector came and puff'd his cheeks,
And sorely frighten'd all the Greeks,
Told 'em he'd box that afternoon
Their boldest cock, for half a crown.

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W'hich nine accepted on the spot,
Their names to record was forgot.
Nestor, who knew at any rate
Nothing but Ajax' knotty pate
Could stand his blows, contriv'd it so,
That he should draw the longest straw;
On which these thick-skulled champions fight
Till parted by one Mrs. Night.
Next, in a council, Troy's old pack
Of statesmen vote to send Nell back;
But Paris by his bullying cool'd 'em,
Or else by brib'ry over-rul'd 'em;
Then d——d his eyes if he would spare
Of all her stock one single hair
From any place that was about her,
But he would give the Greeks without her
All the hard cash she brought to Dover,
And double it five or six times over
Priam a bellman sent to offer
The Greeks this advantageous proffer,

And beg a truce, to look about
And see who'd got their brains knock'd out.
The Greeks, tho' they were every bit
As poor as our great patriot *Pitt*,
When he began at first to slaver,
And stun the house with his palaver,
Yet, for a truth depend on't, I know
They all refus'd the ready rhino;
But readily agreed, they say,
To cease all *fighting* for a day.
After both sides their arms had grounded,
And gather'd up their sick and wounded,
Old Nestor did their bricklayers call up,
And made 'em build a good strong wall up;
At which old Neptune fell a-grumbling,
Till Jove, to stop his guts from rumbling
Promis'd the wall should soon come tumbling.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

THUS spake this Trojan heart of oak,
And thunder'd thro' the gate like smoke;
His brother Paris follow'd close,
Resolv'd to give the Greeks a dose.
As when poor sailors, tir'd with towing,
And all their fingers gall'd with rowing,
Keep growling hard, but when they find
Jove sends a favourable wind,
No more each two-legg'd bruin swears,
But lends the coming breeze three cheers:
Thus welcome are these roaring boys,
Both to the Dardan troops and Troy's;
And they who scarce the field could keep,
Now drive the Grecians on a heap.
  Paris, to help to wipe his stains out,
Soon knock'd Menestheus's brains out;
Areithous, a mousetrap maker,
Seduc'd a very pretty quaker
To let him one unlucky night
Extinguish all her inward light,
And get this boy; but tho' he thrash'd hard,
The urchin prov'd a graceless bastard.
  Then with a most confounded whack
Eioneus tumbled on his back;
An inch below his cap of steel,
A thump from Hector made him feel;
Much stronger necks could not resist
Such blows from Hector's mutton fist:
Down tumbled he upon the plain,

But never found his legs again.
Next in the individual locus,
Iphinous was chanc'd by Glaucus:
The broomshaft's point his shoulder tore up
Just as he set his foot i' th' stirrup;
Which chang'd the intended motion soon
From rising up to tumbling down.
Minerva *then* began to grumble,
To see her fav'rite Grecians tumble:
To earth she in a hurry popp'd,
And after her Apollo dropp'd;
Both lit upon the self-same stone,
Like Flockton's puppets, Punch and Joan,
And, ere they did their talk begin,
Stood for a minute chin to chin.
Madam, says Phœbus, I'm your humble
And most obedient cum dumble;
By Vulcan's horns I vow and swear,
I little thought to find you here!
I hope before you took this frolic
You felt no symptoms of your colic.
I heard, dear Ma'am, with all the knowledge
And wisdom that you lent the College,
A recipe they could not make
To cure your la'yship's belly-ache:
But had the great-wigg'd varlets thought on
The famous drops of Doctor Stoughton,*
That would have done't: they eas'd my tripes
When all on snicksnarls with the gripes;
And you'll experience, if you try,
They cure the gripes both wet and dry.
I therefore for the belly-ache
No other medicine will take,
Not even Ward's tremendous pill,
Nor sage prepar'd by Doctor Hill.

* Stoughton's Bitters were celebrated in 17[illegible]

But, Ma'am, may I, without transgression,
Presume to ask a single question?
Did not your ladyship whip down,
Slily to crack some Trojan's crown?
I know the only sight you've fun in
Is when you see the Trojans running;
But hold your fist a spell, and soon
Their huts and barns shall tumble down;
For who can stand against the whims
Of two such *hard revengeful* brims?
When thus replies the scratching bitch:
Split me, if you ar' n't grown a witch!
I came for mischief here, and would
Have pummel'd Hector if I could;
But after what you've said, I now
Would part 'em, if you'd tell me how;
But they keep such confounded clatt'ring,
Whilst blood, and *everything* they're scatt'ring,
That Stentor with his brazen lungs,
Or Fame with all her hundred tongues,
One word amongst 'em cannot wedge,
Tho' set with e'er so sharp an edge.
Then how should I? for, without flatt'ring,
You know I ne'er was fam'd for chatt'ring.
To her, when she had done her prate,
Replies the god with carrot pate.
I know a scheme will do the job,
If you'll consent to bear a bob.
That, says the fighting jade, I'll do,
Tho' it should prove a bob or two.
Then, says the god, do you begin
Directly now to put it in—
Put what, ye hedgehog? says the jade.
Why, put it into Hector's head
To ride amongst the Grecian band
[illegible] an old backsword in his hand,
[illegible] a flourish challenge out

The boldest bruiser to a bout
At quarter-staff or cudgel play,
Or flats or sharps, or any way,
Till Greece, desirous to abase him,
Shall find some thick-skull'd knave to face him.
They then shook hands, their faith to pledge,
Then squatted down behind a hedge.
The moment that they disappear'd,
Helenus, who their chat o'erheard,
The breast of valiant Hector fir'd,
By telling him he was inspir'd.
Hector, says he, I dare defy
The crying prophet, Jeremy,
To tell more gospel truth than I:
That no more rogues to-day may drop,
Go you and all your shabroons stop;
Then challenge, tho' the Greeks should stare,
Their best backsword or cudgel-player.
Away, and do not stay to grumble,
For be assur'd in this day's rumble
The devil will not let you tumble.
He said, and Hector rais'd his mop's
Long shaft, and all the Trojans stops:
On this the Grecian chief commands
His squabbling knaves to hold their hands.
Apollo and the fighting lass
Chuckled to find their scheme take place;
Like owls in ivy-trees they sat,
To see which broke the other's pate.
The common rogues, as well they might,
Were glad to let their leaders fight:
'Twould please you much to see how soon
The rabble threw their broomstaffs down,
Then, with a clumpish kind of sound,
Bang went their buttocks on the ground.
As when a darkness spreads the streets,
One drunkard with another meets,

They roll, and mighty pother keep,
Till both i' the kennel fall asleep—
Thus by degrees these sons of Mars
Settle themselves *like sleepy tars*,
When Hector, with a thund'ring speech,
Made half the Greeks *for shelter reach.*
Ye Grecian bulls, and Trojan bears,
Attend, and prick up all your ears:
Great Jove's resolv'd, to plague us all,
That broils shall rise, and stocks shall fall,
So orders war to rage anew,
Till you burn us, or we burn you:
Better to end it soon than late,
Or make a peace *inadequate:*
Therefore with both your ears attend;
'Tis Hector counsels as a friend:
To hinder, ere the day-light closes,
More bloody pates and broken noses,
Find out a Broughton or a Slack,*
That dares my knotty pate attack:
If I should fall in this dispute,
Or get my teeth or eyes knock'd out,
Without the least demur or racket,
O' god's name let him have my jacket,
And all my cash; my carcase tho'
Amongst my friends to Troy must go,
There to be burnt; and whilst 'tis frying
They'll make a concert up of crying:
But if, by Phœbus' aid, my thrust
Shall lay your Buckhurst in the dust,
I'll give his jacket to Apollo
For helping me to beat him hollow;
His batter'd carcase I will save,
For which his friends may dig a grave
On the sea-shore, and o'er his bones

* Two noted London pugilists.

Lay one of Carr's black marble stones,*
Which when some honest tar shall see,
As he returns from smuggling tea,
Thus to himself poor Jack will cry
(Belching a soft Geneva sigh †),
Here lies, beneath this stone so polish'd,
A Greek, by Hector's staff demolish'd;
The stone acquaints us with the deed;
I'd tell his name if I could read.
This speech so scar'd the Grecian prigs,
They star'd about 'em like stuck pigs:
When Menelau, of all the throng,
First found his feet, and then his tongue;
For, jumping up from off his breech,
He sputter'd out this furious speech:
Ye men of Greece, why all this trimming?
Nay hold, I mean ye Grecian women!
What shame! when half the world shall hear
Ye all *were quaking mad* for fear,
That Greece had not one bold protector
Durst face this bully scrub, this Hector!
But I will fight him, you shall see,
Tho' he's as big again as me;
And by that time ye ev'ry one
May change, perhaps, from wood to stone.
This speech of speeches being done,
He whipp'd his greasy buffcoat on;
Wrath fill'd him with a strong desire
To run his fingers into th' fire.
Had he the fate of battle try'd,
Hector had surely trimm'd his hide;
But all at once both old and young,
As if by wasps or hornets stung,
Start up with one consent to speak,
And stop this Bobadillian Greek;

* Carr was a monument or marble cutter in London, 1760.
† Geneva sigh—flavored with gin.

Resolv'd they'd not indulge the cub in
His great desire to get a drubbing.
  Atrides claim'd first turn to speak,
Because he was the leading Greek.
He clench'd his fist, and thus began:
The devil sure is in the man:
Burn my old wig! but you're about
A scheme to get your brains knock'd out:
You've no more chance, I'll make 't appear,
Than *Jackson's mastiff with a bear:
Vex'd tho' thou art, and ought to be,
Hector's too big a whelp for thee;
Achilles' self, were not his clothes
So thick they keep him safe from blows,
Would think it far the lesser evil
To be oblig'd to box the devil.
Stay where you are, or lie in bed,
We'll find a chief with thicker head;
Tho' pleas'd the stoutest on the lawn
Would be to have the battle drawn,
Should he this bully rock engage
On Broughton's, or on any stage.
  He spoke: and honest Menelau
Was glad at heart he need not go,
But kept his cheeks upon the puff,
Till they had lugg'd his doublet off;
When the old cock with froth and slaver
Began, as usual, his palaver:
  O sons of Greece, pray what's the matter,
That thus I hear your grinders chatter;
And every Greek and Trojan sees
Our soldiers prone to bend their knees?
Greece shakes her nob to see how soon
One blust'ring Trojan runs you down.
Time was when Peleus heard, with joy,

*[illegible] Jackson, pugilist.

How well ye drubb'd these rogues of Troy,
And thought he ne'er could hear enough,
How Jack could kick, and Ned could cuff:
But, Lord! how will th' old fellow fret
To find one Trojan makes ye sweat!
What grievous tears will he let fall,
And wish the d—l had ye all!
O! that the gods, to try my mettle,
Would boil me in Medea's kettle,
Then lend me health and strength in plenty,
Such as I had at five-and-twenty,
When I broke all th' Arcadian spears,
And made the scoundrels hang their ears!
One Ereuthelion at that place
Had bought a rusty iron mace
O' th' mayor of Hedon, who had got
A new one giv'n him for his vote:
This mace Areithous did handle
Just as I would a farthing candle;
With this he smash'd the boldest foe,
But scorn'd a broomshaft or a bow.
Yet one Lycurgus came, and soon
With his sharp broomstick fetch'd him down;
He met him in a narrow place,
Where he'd no room to swing his mace,
On which without delay he puts out
His broomshaft's point, and pricks his *eyes* out.
Down tumbled he in rueful case;
On which the conqu'ror seiz'd his mace:
But growing blind, this fighting tup
Thought it was best to give it up
To Ereuthelion, who would break
Above a hundred pates a week.
This he for several weeks had done,
Which made our trainbands sweat and run;
All ran but me, I scorn'd to flinch;
Tho' youngest, would not budge an inch.

This man I fought, this son of Mars,
And fetch'd him *blows right on his ears*,
That down he dropp'd; but, when he fell,
I know you'll stare at what I tell,
But I'll make oath 'fore justice Baker,
He fairly covered half an acre.
Were I just now but half as strong,
Hector should not stand hect'ring long.
But you that are young men in vigour,
All join to cut a special figure!
If you daren't fight the man, e'en say;
Don't trembling stand, like stags at bay,
But trust your heels and run away.

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Perhaps you fancy Hector may,
Should you in such condition stay,
First stop his nose, then run away.
This drolling speech o' th' queer old wight
Made 'em all scratch where't did not bite;
So eager now they grew to smite him,
That nine jump'd up at once to fight him.
Great Agamemnon swore and curs'd,
And damn'd his eyes but he'd be first;
At which bold Diomede was vex'd,
But swore by Pallas he'd be next:
Ajax, who seldom spoke a word,
Roars out, By Jove, I'll be the third!
'Cause Agamemnon swore in passion,
Ajax thought swearing was the fashion.
The bold Oileus too was there,
Who swore by G–d he would not swear:
Ajax, says he, is third, don't part us,
But put my name in *locus quartus*.
Idomeneus, tho' not so swift
As brave Oileus, came in fifth.
Then on Euripylus they fix,

And mark his back with number six;
Merion thought it no disgrace
To come and take the seventh place.
Bold Thoas was a man of weight,
So him they put in number eight.
Ulysses saw, by what was done,
He must at all events make one;
Look'd fierce to hide his inward fear,
And boldly came to close the rear.
The motion felt at first for *biting*
Was strangely chang'd to one for fighting.
When Nestor found his speech succeed,
He spoke again: My boys, take heed!
You'd like to've quarrel'd who should run first
And now each wishes he'd begun first:
But, to prevent all future diff'rence
About our giving one the pref'rence,
I'd have you take the good advice
Of Sancho's* lawyer—box and dice:
And it shall be his lot to go,
That trundles out the highest throw;
Whoe'er he be, the valiant buck
Will think himself in hellish† luck.
He spoke, and then his case unlocks,
And out he lugs both dice and box.
The bullies then begin to pray,
But, on my soul, 'tis hard to say,

*Cervantes tells us, if I remember right, that Sancho Pancho, after hearing the cause on both sides with wonderful attention, and taking a little time to digest the learned arguments on both sides, pulled out his box and dice to decide the matter and the highest throw won the cause; which gave great content. If our j-dg-s would but follow his example, it would prevent their being so often interrupted in their nap, as they need be disturbed but once in a cause

†Whether Nestor mear
we must refer to the b
word is used indifferentl







Book VII. Page 207.

Then Ajax grasps his clumsy fist,
And gives the box a devilish twist;
Out pop the dice—cries Nestor, "Seven
'S the main; a nick, by Jove, eleven."

Whether to lose or win the day :
But to the bully Ajax all
In secret wish'd the lot might fall.
Nestor their meaning understood,
And tipp'd 'em all the wink it shou'd.
Atrides then his elbows shak'd,
Tho' inwardly his gizzard quak'd :
But soon he was reliev'd this bout,
For Nestor cries, Aums ace, you're out :
Then Ajax grasps his clumsy fist,
And gives the box a *cunning* twist—
Out pops the dice, cries Nestor—Seven
'S the main ; a nick, by Jove, eleven.
Another throw then Ajax tries :
Eight is the main, old Nestor cries ;
Resolv'd his jobbernoul to cozen,
Roars out, Another nick, a dozen !
And so it might, I swear and vow,
For aught that honest Ajax knew,
Who took on trust whate'er was done,
So whipp'd his fighting-jacket on,
Whilst all the rest could hardly help
From laughing at the thick-skull'd whelp.
O warriors ! cries this head of cod,
I'll smoke great Hector's hide, by G–d !
But lend me first each man a prayer,
So low the Trojans may not hear :
But let 'em hear ; on recollection,
To pray is no such great reflection :
No mortal scrub on earth dare say
That I'm afraid because I pray.
In days of old, tho' 'twas but rare,
Men bold as me have said a pray'r :
Cromwell himself, I've heard folks say,
Like any popish saint could pray ;
And yet, when people were not civil,
Could swear and bully like a devil.

Then bring the man alive or dead,
That valiant Ajax ought to dread:
Not Warwick's earl, that kicking cub,
Whose arm could whirl so thick a club,
That all our grannies tell us how
He kill'd a whacking great dun cow—
Was he alive, I make no doubt
To kill him, and his cow to-boot.
In Salamis my mother bore me,
And bid me kick the world before me.
No more he said, but on the stones
Dropp'd down upon his marrow-bones,
Held up his hands, and then began
To say his lesson like a man;
His comrades too perform their parts,
And club their prayers with all their hearts;
But like the Jews, the varlets made
D—'d ugly faces * whilst they pray'd:
Of father Jove! whose greatest pride-a
Is *riding* on the mount of Ida!
Now grant that honest Ajax may
Give the first broken head to-day:
But, if thou guard'st those Trojan cattle,
Then grant it may be a drawn battle,
That, like the German and the Gaul,
Both sides may sing, and roar, and bawl
Te Deum, tho' for nought at all,
And tell their God a cursed lie;
That both have got the victory.
Now Ajax, 'cause the coat he put on
Was left without a single button,
To keep it tight he ty'd it fast
With a rope's end about his waist,

* Our author says, that going one evening into the Jews' synagogue, he observed the most devout of them making [illegible] founded ugly faces. What reason they have for striving to [illegible] on worse phizzes than God has given them, he cannot te[ll]

Then like a Spaniard struts, who prides
To shew his wrath in mighty strides.
Great joy ran thro' the Grecian bands,
Tho' his hands shak'd like drunken Rand's:
And, whilst he was the Trojan eyeing,
He grinn'd to keep himself from crying.
The Greeks were humm'd, and Troy besides
Was scar'd to see him take such strides.
Hector himself was wond'ring that
His mighty heart went pit-a-pat;
Though now there was no time to take,
But he must brew as well as bake.
Ajax behind his shield did keep,
But ventur'd now and then to peep;
A dev'lish thumping shield it was,
'Twould load an English ox or ass;
Look Scotland thro' till you are blind,
So large a targe you'll hardly find:
Seven good tup-skins as can be seen,
Cover'd a greasy kitchen-screen.
The roast-meat side of which, we find,
With old tin cannisters was lin'd:
One Tychius who dwelt in Hyle,
Where Yorkshire shoes are made most vile,
Finish'd this shield and made it neat,
By sawing off two clumsy feet:
This potlid Ajax held before
His *face*, and then began to roar:
  Hector, come here, you whelp, and try
Who cudgels best, or you or I.
Achilles dare not come, who cares?
You see as good a man that dares;
Let him sit sulky, if he will;
His place great Ajax' self dares fill:
Bold hearts like me we have good store;
There's three I'm certain, if not four,
That any hour o' th' day are willing

To box for sixpence or a shilling;
Nay, some for half a crown will try,
When cash and courage both run high:
So, let me lose the day or win it,
Here I stand ready to begin it.
  Hector replies, Great son of Tel,
You seem to scold it pretty well;
But sure you think the rock of Troy
Some chuckle-headed booby boy
Just parted from a country school,
And therefore dares not face an owl;
But I will face you, you shall see,
Tho' you were in an ivy-tree,
And look'd as fierce before you spoke,
As Charley in the royal oak:
I dare, for th' honour of our house,
Say boh to any Grecian goose.
Your broomshaft strokes with ease I'll cut off,
And all Broughtonian thumps can put off;
But as I value not a f—t
Your puffs, I shan't make use of art;
By downright strength I'll try my fate,
And scorn to steal a broken pate.
  At this his quarter-staff he rears,
And laid about the Grecian's ears;
His nob he gave a swingeing knock,
But might as well have hit a rock.
Ajax then drove at Hector's crown,
Who flinch'd, or else he'd knocked him down;
So vastly furious was the stroke,
Both quarter-staves to pieces broke.
The cudgels next the bullies try,
And baste each other hip and thigh;
Fierce as two squabbling lawyers prate,
Or two fish-wives at Billingsgate,
And seem'd to be a special match,
Till Hector got a little scratch.

His wrath to see his blood run down
Made him let fly a thumping stone,
Which hit his pate, and off did pass
As if his noddle had been brass.
But Ajax threw with such a shock
A craggy ragged piece of rock,
And aim'd the stone so well, that he
Almost demolish'd Hector's knee.
Hector was glad to lean upon
His potlid, else he'd tumbled down :
But Sol, who always did attend him,
Bought him a dram of rum to mend him.
Andrew Ferrara's next the word,
For each had got a highland sword,
Which when they flourish'd in the air,
The glitt'ring blades made people stare,
Just as they met in guise uncivil,
Like great St. Michael and the Devil,
With fell intent to cut and slash,
And of their bodies make a hash,
The wary seconds both popp'd out,
And put an end to this tough bout.
Talthybius did the Greek attend ;
Idæus was great Hector's friend ;
(Both constables and cunning knaves)
Betwixt the swords they thrust their staves,
Idæus first began to speak,
For he had learnt a little Greek :
  Forbear, my buffs, your further fray,
Jove says ye fight no more to-day ;
No more of bus'ness can be done
To-day, because the day is gone.
  Ajax was now grown cock-a-hoop,
Because he could with Hector cope ;
Pray, Sir, says he, to Hector speak :
He challeng'd forth the boldest Greek.
If he should say 'tis time to part,

I'll give it up with all my heart;
But he, you both must own, begun first,
And therefore ought, I think, t'have done first.
Then Hector speaks: Great Sir, you're right,
And, if you dare but trust your sight,
By looking sharp you'll see 'tis night:
And you and all the people know
To box at night's against the law:
For want of light, we by surprise
Might knock out one another's eyes;
And e'en just now, so dark it grows,
I scarce can see your copper nose:
So let's decide some other day
Who is the best man at cudgel-play:
Your great escape the Greeks will tell of,
They'll jump to find you're come so well off,
And all the good old wives in Troy
At my escape will jump for joy.
But let us make, this glorious day,
Some sort of swap, that folks may say
These souls were neither Whig nor Tory,
But battled for their country's glory.
With that a sword he gave, whose hilt
Was made of brass, but double gilt!
This gift did Ajax' stomach melt
So much, he gave his greasy belt:
Then with a Spanish air those twain
Majestic strutted home again.
Hector, at his return to Troy,
Did really make 'em jump for joy:
They star'd, but yet the better half
Came up to feel if he was safe.
Poor Ajax was swell'd up and puff'd,
Like a black pudding over stuff'd.
In this queer trim the Grecians bring
The puff'd-up hero to the king,
Who, far from thinking 'twas a man,



Book VII. Pages 212, 213.

In this queer trim the Grecians bring
The puff'd-up hero to the king,
Who, far from thinking 'twas a man,
Thought they had dressed a sack of bran
In Ajax' clothes.

Thought they had dress'd a sack of bran
In Ajax' clothes; but, being fully
Convinc'd it was the very bully,
That could with valiant Hector box,
He bid the butcher kill an ox,
That you mayn't think the gen'ral boasted,
A fine Scotch runt was kill'd and roasted:
Great Agamemnon laid the cloth,
Then boil'd the neck and shanks for broth.
When all was cook'd, the king took care
To deal each hungry knave his share:
But valiant Ajax for his supper
Ate the surloin and half the crupper;
By which you'll think, and think aright,
The man could eat as well as fight.
When they had stuff'd their bellies full,
And drunk each man a hearty pull,
Nestor begins, who never long
Was known to hold his noisy tongue:
  It grieves my very *heart* to say
That this has been a dismal day,
But 'faith it was: upon the shore
A dozen hearty cocks, or more,
Were on their backs by Hector laid,
And half of them half knock'd o' th' head.
Whilst we are drown'd in grief and sorrow,
How can we think to box to-morrow?
A little time should sure be found
To get our dead men under ground;
Which if we don't, I know full well
They'll quickly make a cursed smell:
To Hector's drubs we need not yield,
Our friends will stink us off the field.
When we have got them under ground,
Both rotten carcasses and sound,
Each man shall have a handsome stone
For babes to cry or *sit* upon:

Next we will all our bricklay'rs call up
To dig a ditch and build a wall up,
To save our huts, and boats, and lighters,
From those damn'd copper-nos'd sheep-biters;
Then make strong gates, that, if the rout
Should come too near, we'll bolt 'em out;
Next on the walls build towers, and prop 'em:
The devil's in't, if that don't stop 'em:
Then if the foe comes helter skelter,
We all know where to run for shelter:
For want of this, if they should beat us,
They burn our boats, and roast and eat us.
  Thus spake this queer old Grecian wight,
And all the captains thought him right.
In the mean time the Trojan peers
Were met, and almost got by th' ears:
Tho' their hearts ach'd, this crew so factious
Could not refrain from being fractious:
All order they despis'd, or summons,
Just like an English house of *commons*.
At last the grave Antenor rose,
And strove their diff'rence to compose.
  What I shall utter is no merit,
'Tis inspiration of the spirit,
Says this old cuff: Restore but Helen,
And we our houses safe may dwell in;
Let Helen and her money go
To Sparta or to Strumbello,
With all belongs her head or tail;
Don't keep the paring of a nail.
If Paris hath not got enough
Of trimming *this* bewitching *stuff*,
But longs to switch the gipsy still,
You'll own with me he never will;
Then must be forc'd—and so I vote
To do the very thing he ought:
We broke the truce, the Grecians felt us,

And Jupiter, by G–d, will pelt us;
Then let us quickly stir about,
And do't before you're forc'd to do't.
  Th' old Trojan spoke, and down he sat,
When Paris rose and twirl'd his hat;
Smelt at his box, perfumed with musk,
Then hem'd, and look'd as fierce as H—k,
You say your speech must claim no merit,
'Tis inspiration of the spirit;
But, if the matter I can handle,
A canting quaker's farthing candle,
Twinkling within him, gives more light
Than this of yours that burns so bright.
When young perhaps you might be wise;
Wisdom decays as well as eyes:
You think that I have had enough
Of trimming Helen's heav'nly buff.
The thought is mighty well for you,
For whom three times a year might do;
But Helen ne'er shall quit my hand,
So long as I can go or stand.
As for the money that she brought
From Greece, I scorn to touch a groat;
It lies, with his tobacco-stopper,
(Five pounds in silver, three in copper)
In an old trunk, with some old gear
I never yet would let her wear.
Let Menelaus touch the pelf,
I only want to touch herself.
Besides, I'll pay him for the touch,
And give him twenty times as much
From my own stock as she brought with her,
When first she came from Sparta hither:
But ere she goes, by holy Paul!
I'll see the devil fetch ye all.
  Priam, who fear'd by all this rout
[redacted]ty Trojans might fall out,

Rose up to speak ; the crew so vi'lent
Had the good manners to be silent ;
On which th' old Trojan bow'd to each,
Then hem'd, and made this king-like speech :
Ye hearts of oak, that round me sit,
What think ye if we pick a bit?
I saw the cook-maid, Mary, put on
The spit a thumping loin of mutton,
Above an hour and half ago ;
It must be ready now, I know.
When we have pick'd the bones and tail,
And each man drunk a gill of ale,
We'll guard the walls, and all the night
Look sharp to keep our matters right :
A bellman in the morn shall mention
To the Greek captain our intention ;
And add, 'twill suit us to a tittle,
If both sides take their breath a little,
That those who on the ground are laid
May come and tell us if they're dead ;
If they're alive, we can assure them,
Our quacks will either kill or cure 'em ;
Then, if they please, with might and main
We'll buckle to't, and box again.
Soon as the Trojan king had said,
Each captain seiz'd a piece of bread ;
But could not stay to pick a bit,
So whipp'd a slice from off the spit ;
Then pocketing both bread and roast,
Ran off to eat it at their post.
Before the sun brush'd up his lamp,
Idæus went to th' Grecian camp :
He found the chief, his friends, and brother,
Looking as wise at one another
As justices, when on the bench
They try some poor unlucky wench,
And ma[illegible] jade at Bridewell yelp

For breeding brats without their help:
The bellman tinkled first his bell,
And then began his tale to tell:—
  Ye Grecian constables, I pray
Lend all your ears to what I say;
And from my soul I wish, to ease ye,
That ev'ry word I speak may please ye:
I wish our rogue and your *fair Helen*
Had both been drowned *before this spellin'*.
This hubble bubble they had coin'd,
By getting both their gibblets join'd!
I wish the brimstone's pepper'd tail
Was in the belly of that whale
That swallow'd Jonah, tho' the Jew
Had such rank flesh, he made him spew;
And I'm afraid this self-same whale,
After he'd *spent some time to rail*,
Tho' *used to* salt, would find it stale;
Therefore, like Jonah, on the main
Would come to spew her up again;
And then some luckless country will
Be plagu'd with her grimalkin still.
But for all this, I'm bid to tell ye,
That Paris will not part with Nelly;
He finds her *self* so very sweet,
He swears he'll touch no other meat;
But says he'll give you ev'ry piece
Of money that she brought from Greece:
And, if he can but peace restore,
Will double it ten times *and more;*
But swears the wench shan't quit his hand,
So long as he can go or stand.
Next I'm to say 'twill suit us well
To rest our weary limbs a spell,
That those who lie in honour's bed,
Whether knock'd down or knock'd o' th' head,
[redacted] be sought out, and, when they're found,

Be decently put under ground ;
And then with all our might and main,
If so ye like, we'll box again :
But who shall drub the other well,
The Lord above can only tell.
  The Grecian chiefs, by what appears,
Both cock'd their mouths and prick'd their ears ;
But, like a modern bill in chancer',
They took some time to give an answer.
This did Tydides so provoke,
He jump'd upon his legs and spoke :
  Zooks ! you would make a parson swear,
To see ye all thus gape and stare !
What signifies their money now,
Tho' they would send the brimstone too ?
You see their wooden towers are shaken,
Then what the *deuce* can save their bacon ?
Let us but kick 'em out of doors,
And the same men that shook their towers
Shall shake their daughters, wives, and whores.
The Grecians shout their approbation
Of this laconic bold oration.
Atrides then the peace rejects,
But sends to Priam his respects :
  You hear, good Sir, the shouts of Greece
Are to a man against this peace.
As much as you all broils we hate,
But think the peace *inadequate :*
Yet tho' we can't agree to peace,
I really think club-law should cease,
That we may both sides look about,
And try to find our dead men out.
When yours are found, pray don't you think
That they are dead because they stink ;
For ours, that liv'd to run away,
Stunk most confoundedly to-day ;
Therefore take care you turn and turn 'em,

And shake 'em well before you burn 'em :—
I speak lest groundless fears should curb ye,
For blast my eyes if we'll disturb ye !
  He then, to shew he meant 'em fair,
Flourish'd his broomshaft in the air.
On this the crier trots away
To Troy, to tell 'em what they say.
The Trojan boys were got together,
Like flocks of birds in frosty weather :
Thus gather'd on a heap he caught 'em,
Waiting to hear what news he brought 'em.
Finding there was no time to spare,
He hem'd, to make his throttle clear :
They instant leave him room to enter,
And place him in the very centre ;
From whence he with a crier's voice
(Where words are mostly drown'd in noise)
His speech deliver'd full as clear
As any crier you shall hear :
  The Grecian captains, from their tents,
To Priam send their compliments ;
And tho' they can't consent to peace,
They all desire club-law should cease :
'Cause then both parties might, they said,
See if their dead men were all dead.
  The Trojans upon this thought good
To buy some loads of billet wood ;
But to the Greeks no man would sell it :
On which they thought 'twas best to fell it
Without the lord o' th' manor's leave ;
So instantly began to cleave.
But I can tell 'em, had they then
Been caught by justice F—d—g's men,
Those true-bred hounds would never drop 'em
Till they had seen his worship shop 'em.
  The sun had wash'd his fiery face,
And greas'd his wheels to run his race,

When Greeks and Trojans look'd about
To find who'd get their brains knocked out;
But neither side had time to weep,
Till all were gather'd on a heap.
The Trojans then to burning fall,
And made one crying serve 'em all.
The Grecians thought th' example good,
So out they lugg'd their stolen wood:
Then laid the bodies in their places,
And fell to making d—d wry faces.
When they were burnt as black as coal,
One *common* tombstone serv'd em all.
  This done, with might and main they fall
To dig a ditch, and build a wall;
For Nestor, who had still some cunning,
Guess'd, when the rascals took to running,
This wall might stop the Trojan fighters
From burning their old *crippled* lighters.
Upon the wall these Grecian powers
Erected what themselves call'd towers:
But in these days our modern doxies
Would call them hobbling watchmen's boxes.
Some baker's billets next they took,
The sharpen'd points did outward look,
The blunt end stuck in earth; and these
The Grecians call chevaux de frize.
  But whilst they thus their labor kept on,
They rather discomfrontled Neptune.
As near to surly Jove he sat,
Brother, says he, I'll tell you what;
If Greece should finish yon mud wall,
And those I built for Troy should fall,
This wall will be remember'd longer
Than those I built, tho' so much stronger.
This, by my soul, I shall not like!
Ha' done, says Jove, thou wrangling tike!
Thou admiral of the sea, and let

A mortal work thy gullet fret?
I love that much ; but cease to grumble,
These walls of mud shall quickly tumble.
No bantling that's unborn shall view
A stick of what they're doing now.
Thy waves shall sap the bottom soon,
Or drunken cits shall piss 'em down,
When in a flaming one-horse chair
They come to take the country air ;
Where a round dozen pipes they funk,
And then return to town dead drunk.
Whilst thus they fratch'd, the Greeks were getting
Just finish'd, as the sun was setting ;
And then the hungry sons of *guns*
Butcher'd their bulls and cows by *tons;*
The fat surloins on spits they put,
But smoke their gods with tripe and gut.
Just as they clapp'd 'em on their crupper
To eat this great uncommon supper,
They 'spy'd a lighter under sail,
Loaded with beer and Burton ale,
Which came i' th' nick to cheer their souls,
And fill their empty skins and bowls.
Eunæus did the ale procure,
For he was only small-beer brewer ;
A cask of both sorts did he send
A present for the king his friend ;
The rest the Grecian captains bought,
To pay for which our author thought,
Some pawn'd a shirt, and some a coat.
In feasting all their cares were sunk,
And ev'ry noble chief got drunk ;
But they had made a woeful blunder,
For Jove they pinch'd, who growl'd like thunder ;
Which scar'd the drunken rogues so sore,
They spill'd their liquor on the floor ;

And in the midst of all their airs,
Forgot their oaths to say their pray'rs,
And beg such coil he would not keep,
But let the maudlin knaves go sleep.

END OF BOOK VII.

THE EIGHTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

JOVE calls his under-strappers round him,
And in a dev'lish rage they found him.
Says he, I bade ye hither come,
To charge ye all to stay at home;
Go play at put, or loo, or brag,
But don't a single finger wag
To help yond' rascals that are fratching,
And, monkey-like, each other scratching.
Whoe'er offends, observe me well,
I'll broil the scoundrel's ears in hell.
Yet did that scratching, kicking brim,
The jade Minerva, wheedle him,
In spite of this hot blust'ring fit,
To let her help the Greeks a bit
With good advice, lest they should fall
To running off for good and all.
No sooner had the mortal varlets
Begun to squabble 'bout their harlots,
Bumping each others' guts and sides,
When Jove away to Ida rides:
There borrowing C—x the grocer's scales,
He weighs :—The Trojan luck prevails:
On which, with thunder, hail, and rain,
He smok'd the Grecians off the plain.
Old Nestor only chose to stay,
Because he could not run away;
But Diomede soon brought him help,
And sav'd this queer old chatt'ring whelp.
Then Juno, ever restless, seeks
To make old Neptune help her Greeks;
Neptune, who knew the wheedling witch,
Answers her bluntly, No, you bitch!
Teucer comes next, his art to show:
He shot a special good long bow:
But Hector stops the knave's career,
And sent him with a flea in's ear.
Pallas and Juno steal away
To help the Grecians in the fray:

But quickly Iris made 'em pack
To heaven in a hurry back.
Now whilst they sweat, the goddess Night
Jump'd up to part the bloody fight,
Altho', ere she could part 'em all,
The Greeks were drove behind their wall.
The Trojans burn good fires all night,
For fear the Grecians in their fright
Should think it proper, ere 'twas day,
To launch their boats and run away.







Book VIII. Page 227.

And whilst he to the supple gang,
Like Harry, made a short harangue,
They eyed him all with fearful look,
And their teeth chattered as he spoke.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

AURORA was the skies adorning,
Or, in plain English, it was morning,
When crusty Jove, who never tarried
Long in his bed, for he was married,
Call'd all his counsellors of state
Some weighty matters to debate;
And whilst he to the supple gang,
Like Harry,* made a short harangue,
They ey'd him all with fearful look,
And their teeth chatter'd as he spoke.
Ye sniv'ling rogues with hanging looks,
Ye cringing barons, earls, and dukes,
Good heed to what I utter take ye,
Or, by the living G—d, I'll make ye:
Don't think, ye whelps, that ye shall find
Me fool enough to change my mind
For aught that you, or you, or you,
Or any *rake* or rogue can do.
Therefore, if any meddling knave
Attempts a single soul to save,
Or lends his help to either side,
Flux me if I don't tan his hide!
He shall receive from some strong tar
Three dozen at the capstern bar;
Or, in my furious wrath, pell-mell,
I'll kick the scoundrel down to hell;
To red-hot brazen doors I'll hook him,

* Harry the Eighth.

And like a rat with brimstone smoke him.
Join all together, if ye will,
And try your utmost strength and skill ;
As easily I can ye souse
As nitty taylors crack a louse.
But if you choose with me to cope,
I'll let you down this good new rope ;
Hang at one end both great and small ;
And add to that Westminster-Hall,
Judges and lawyers altogether :
This hand can lift 'em like a feather ;
Tho' in that place I know 'tis said
There's many a solid heavy head.
'Twas thus the moody Thund'rer spoke ;
And all the crew like aspin shook.
Yet, for all this, that cunning jade
His bastard, by a chamber-maid
(Altho', to hum his wife, he said
She jump'd one morning from his head),
Maugre his blust'ring and his strutting,
Ventur'd a word or two to put in.
Says Pallas, I am sure they are
Confounded stupid dogs that dare
Oppose your worship's will ; such blocks
Ought to be flogg'd, or set i' th' stocks ;
But don't be angry if I stickle
To help the Greeks in this sad pickle.
And tho' you'll lend us some hard knocks,
If we on either side should box,
Yet let Minerva's counsel, pray,
Advise 'em when to run away ;
Else they may gaze and stare about
Till they get all their teeth knock'd out.
Old Square-toes smil'd, and told the jade,
She need not be so much afraid ;
For tho' he knew it did her good
To move and circulate her blood,





Book VIII. Page 229.

These tits, one Friday afternoon,
Jove purchased of a Yorkshire loon
In Smithfield with great care, and yet
Got most abominably bit.

And therefore now-and-then might stir her,
Yet he'd a mighty kindness for her,
As ev'ry bastard-getting knave
That's married, for their bastards have,
More than for children got in strife
Upon their lawful scolding wife:
Then bid his nags, with hoofs of brass,
And sorrel manes, be fetch'd from grass.
These tits, one Friday afternoon,
Jove purchas'd of a Yorkshire loon
In Smithfield, with great care, and yet
Got most abominably bit;
Neither of those he laid his hands on
Had got a single foot to stand on.
When Vulcan saw his dad was bit,
He on a rare expedient hit,
And a most noble scheme it was,
To case their founder'd hoofs in brass:
Had he not found this way to do't,
Old Rumbler might have walk'd on foot,
As he had got no cash to spare
To go and buy another pair.
Soon as the geldings did approach,
He yok'd 'em to a flaming coach,
Which Vulcan made that very year—
The first was built for our lord mayor—
From which the god took his design,
And made it clumsy, strong, and fine.
Jove with a hackney-coachman's whip
Soon made his batter'd geldings skip:
Whilst down the hill like smoke they run,
The god had plac'd himself upon
A three-legg'd stool they call'd a throne,
Nor did his godship stay or stop
Till he arriv'd on Ida's top.
There he forsook his coach, to trudge it
On foot; but first from out the budget

He pull'd some hay, with which he feasts
His tits—Good coachmen mind their beasts:
Then turning, and about him looking,
He saw two priests his dinner cooking;
On which, a little time to kill,
He sat him down o' th' top o' th' hill;
But first he fix'd o' th' edge o' th' slope
Hooper's reflecting telescope,
By which he saw, when pointed down,
All their rogue's tricks within the town;
And turning it the least aside,
Their roguery in the boats espy'd;
And found that both in boats and tow'rs
The men were rogues and women whores.
And now the Greeks made wond'rous haste
To get their staves, and break their fast;
They thought, to spit their malice fasting
Would look like rancour everlasting,
So never fail'd before a fight
Of something good to take a bite:
A special shift they oft would make
With two full pounds of Havre-cake;
But did not, as our trainbands do,
Provide a bit for dinner too;
And pocket store of hard-boil'd eggs,
With penny rolls and chicken legs.
The Trojans too with nettle-porridge
Had warm'd their stomachs and their courage,
And cautiously great care had taken
To line their guts with eggs and bacon.
The gates once open, out they rattle,
And men and horses smoke to battle;
Spread o'er the plain, and fill the roads
With fighting fellows by cart-loads:
To work they fall like angry bulls,
And cudgels clash 'gainst empty skulls;
In streams the blood and snivel flows

From many a Grecian's *bloody* nose,
And many a trusty Trojan's too;
In such great show'rs the broomsticks flew.
A woeful lamentation spreads,
From batter'd ribs and broken heads;
And tho' this fray began so soon,
It lasted all the morn till noon:
But when the mid-day sun prevails,
Jove borrows Cox* the grocer's scales;
With steady hand th' old *gay* boy
Balanc'd the fate of Greece and Troy.
This day the Grecian fortune fails,
Tho' weigh'd by these impartial scales;
Then instantly Jove's thunder roars,
And all their ale and porter sours;
Idomenæus would not stay,
And both Adjaces ran away:
Poor Agamemnon, parch'd with thirst,
Ran, tho' he did not run the first;
But sure the boldest hearts must sink
When they have nothing fit to drink:
Old Nestor only chose to stay,
Because he could not run away;
Paris had with resistless force
Ham-string'd his best flea-bitten horse;
Old Nestor fumbled at the braces,
And cut the ropes that serv'd for traces:
This the old Grecian scarce had done,
When Hector furiously came on,
And ten to one had been so civil
As send his square-toes to the devil;
But Diomede, who was no stranger

* This man was a justice of the peace. Whilst his clerk was writing a mittimus to send a girl to Bridewell, for retailing her ware full measure for a shilling a turn, he had his own weights broken in pieces by the jury, and thrown into the street, for being short above two ounces in the pound.

To Hector, saw th' old fellow's danger:
Forward he sprung, and call'd upon
Ulysses, who like wildfire run:
  Pr'ythee, Ulysses, don't you fly
Amongst that mongrel, heartless fry,
For fear some Trojan thief should crack
Your paper skull behind your back:
Nestor's in danger, stop and meet us,
Or Hector gives him his quietus.
Ulysses, when he heard that Nestor
Was in a scrape, ran ten times faster;
O'er the deep sand flew helter skelter,
And leap'd on board his boat for shelter:
Nor did the honest statesman grieve
His brother in the lurch to leave;
But Diomede, tho' he was gone,
Ventur'd to help th' old *chap* alone.
From off his cart a jump he took,
Then stopp'd his horses whilst he spoke:
  Old Buff, says he, you well may gape,
You're got into a *pretty* scrape.
This furious whelp, this Hector, surely
May smash your rotten bones securely.
Thy horses are but slow and poor,
Can't trot a mile in half an hour:
Then haste, old boy, and mount my cart;
I value Hector not a *tart.*
Do you but guide the horses right,
And if it comes to blows I'll fight:
Mind but my nags, they'll run, by Mars,
As if the de'il *drove the cars:*
One misty day, when none could see us,
We stole these horses from Æneas:
Then leave thy shabby tits, don't mind 'em,
Some of our straggling crew will find 'em:
With these we'll let the Trojan meet
We can but run, if he should

Old Nestor chuckled at his heart,
To find his friend had brought his cart;
Quickly, without or stay or stop,
He made a shift to tumble up:
His own old yawds,* so lank and bare,
He left to two skip-kennels' care;
And care no doubt the backward ways
They took, as skips do now-a-days.
Old Nestor drove, for he was carter,
Full speed to meet this Trojan tartar.
Tydides aim'd at Hector's crown;
It miss'd, but brought his coachman down.
Hector no nearer could approach,
For want of one to drive his coach;
So whipp'd behind, and for a stiver
He quickly hir'd another driver:
One Archeptolemus arose,
A coachman with a fine red nose;
But Hector had no time to stay,
So hir'd the rascal for the day.
And now this Diomede would soon
Have made the conqu'ring Trojans run
Like sheep before the Spanish Don,†
But Jove again began to growl,
And thunder'd from his mustard-bowl.‡
Lightning so near the Greek did pass,
It sing'd his nose, and burnt the grass.
The frighten'd nags began to prance,
And Nestor dropp'd into a trance,
But soon recover'd, and begun
To chatter: Zoons! says he, let's run;
To-day the thunder-clap director
Swears he will fight for none but Hector
So let's jog off; perhaps he may

* Yorkshire word for horses. † Don Quixote.

‡ They made thunder formerly at the play-houses in a great mustard-bowl.

Take Nestor's part another day:
But, spite of all our labour, still
You know he will do what he will.
  Says Diomede: Old Grizzle-beard,
I suck in ev'ry word I've heard.
But what the pox will Hector say,
If bold Tydides runs away?
Rot me! before it shall be said
I ran for't, he shall break my head.
  Nestor replies: O sad! O sad!
The man is surely drunk or mad!
Why what the plague can Hector say?
He never made you run away:
That whelp is sensible enough,
You've dusted many a Trojan's buff;
But the most wicked sons of plunder
With lightning dare not fight, nor thunder.
  He said no more, but crack'd his whip,
And gave the Trojan chief the slip:
The horses run along the coast,
As fast as country priests ride post,
When death, assisted by good liquor,
Has seiz'd some neighb'ring guzzling vicar:
The Trojans shout, as well they might,
To see them in such hellish fright:
When Hector calls to Diomede,
You've special heels in time of need;
For this th' Argives will give their chief
For his own share a rump of beef.
Tho' Hector's self you dare not face,
You beat him hollow in the race;
I find you are, when blows you're shunning,
The devil of a hand at running.
You see to what your bragging comes;
You shake our walls! *then beat your drums:*
Tho' yet, perhaps, I'll dust your coat
Before you reach your crazy boat.

The Grecian bully could not bear
Such cutting kind of jokes to hear.
Thrice the bold chief his horses stopp'd,
And thrice the bold proposal dropp'd;
For Thunder, in the shape of Fear,
Whisper'd the warrior in the ear:
For what the devil should you stay?
I'm sure, if you don't run away,
You'll get your hide well drubb'd to-day.
This council by the chief was taken,
Who smok'd along and sav'd his bacon.
Great Hector, with no little glee,
The lightning saw as well as he,
But to his sense each thunder crack
Felt like a cheering clap o' th' back.
Then to his trusty Trojans spoke:
Ye backs of steel, and hearts of oak,
Remember what our grandames tell us,
That all our dads were clever fellows,
And not a man but what would scorn
To flinch from duty night and morn;
Therefore dismiss all needless fears,
Because Jove's rumbling thunder swears
We now shall lug the Grecians' ears.
Advance then quick, we'll surely end 'em;
Yon muddy walls shall ne'er defend 'em.
Soon as we've drove them down their hatches,
Lug out your tinder-box and matches,
And strike a light; we first will swinge 'em
With broomstaves, then with links we'll singe 'em.
He spoke; and bid his horses go
In words like these, Gee up! gee ho!
Ball, Jolly, Driver, hi! gee hi!
Old Dobbing, zoons! why don't you fly?
Perform your journey well this day,
You ne'er shall want both corn and hay.
You know my dame, when I return,

Is always ready with your corn :
You're sure good measure there will be,
No cheating ostler keeps the key ;
Run till I catch that Diom's buff coat,
Or Nestor's potlid and his rough coat.
Gain me but these before ye tire,
And then I'll set their boats on fire.
  This Juno heard, that scolding witch,
And gave her buttocks such a twitch,
It shook her three-legg'd milking-stool,
Which shook the stars from pole to pole.
  Neptune ! says she, I vow and swear
To me it seems a little queer
That you should see those Grecians beaten,
Whose victuals you so oft have eaten,
Those Greeks, by whom you're daily fed
With bullock's liver and sheep's head.
Both Egœ and Helice too
An ordinary keep for you,
And stuff your *self* three times a week
With fry'd cow-heel and bak'd ox-cheek,
At their own proper charge and cost ;
Yet you sit still and see 'em lost.
Would their own gods take heart and stand,
With all my soul I'd lend a hand ;
Nor could that cross-grain'd surly elf,
My precious husband, help himself,
But, whilst he saw the Trojans tumble,
Sit still and hear his own guts grumble.
  The water God, in great surprise,
First shakes his noddle, then replies :
I ken your jade's trick mighty well,
You'd have me like yourself rebel ;
But I know better : you're his wife,
And therefore may rebel for life ;
Wives for rebellion plead old custom,
And they will keep it up, I trust 'em :

We're sensible 'tis nothing more
Than what their mothers did before:
Content I'll keep the way I'm in,
And slumber in a whole calf's skin.
  And now the mighty mob of Troy,
By Hector led, the Greeks annoy:
Close by the ditch they threat'ning stand,
With flaming hedge-stakes in their hand:
Poor Agamemnon, in a *funk*
Of fear, was very nigh *half drunk.*
But Juno help'd him with a touch
To some small courage, though not much:
He ran, and carried in his hand
The royal ensign of command,
An old red flannel petticoat,
That once belong'd a dame of note,
But happening in her trade to fail,
Atrides bought it at her sale.
The back part and the sides, to view,
Appear'd almost as good as new;
But, notwithstanding all her care,
The breadth before was worn thread-bare.
Mounted upon Ulysses' boat,
He wav'd this flaming petticoat,
And thus began to tune his throat;
But roar'd so loud, and was so scar'd,
Both Ajax and Ulysses heard,
Tho' separated by the fleet,
'Tis thought, at least, five hundred feet:
  O all ye Grecian paltry dogs!
(The vessels echo'd back, Damn'd rogues!)
Where are your mighty boasts at dinner
'Gainst Troy! each single Greek would win her!
Whilst your ungodly *selves* ye fill,
You all look fierce as Bobadil:
Now I'm convinc'd each single glutton,
If Troy's strong walls were made of mutton,

Would eat his way into the town,
And quickly pull their houses down;
Yet now, tho' driven on a heap,
Dare all as well be d——d as peep
Across the ditch to look at Hector,
Who will in less, as I conjecture,
Than half an hour quite o'erturn us,
And in our rotten scullers burn us:—
O Jupiter! whose strength is mickle,
Was ever man in such a pickle!
My limbs impair'd with *aches and gout*,
And curs'd with rogues *all round about;*
But they, the battle once begun,
Don't stoutly fight, but stoutly run;
For thee I've broil'd ten thousand cuts
Of bullocks' hearts and pecks of guts,
Then only ask'd a slender boon,
Leave to demolish that damn'd town:
But since you won't give leave, we pray
You'll let us drub the dogs to-day,
Just to get time to run away.
  Thus roar'd the king, in doleful dumps,
Then on the sandy shore he jumps.
To hear this melancholy ditty,
Jove could not help a little pity;
From off his three-legg'd stool he starts up,
And sent a sign to cheer their hearts up.
Behold, a hungry carrion crow
Had got within his beak, or claw,
A frog; but some way out it popp'd,
And 'mongst the hungry Grecians dropp'd.
To Frenchmen this, instead of beating,
Had been a sign of rare good eating;
They would have jump'd, if from the bogs
The crows had brought ten thousand frogs -
It even rais'd the Grecians' courage
More than a bellyful of porridge

They on a sudden turn about,
And strive who first shall sally out,
That bullying, noisy, scolding bitch
Call'd Diomede first leap'd the ditch,
And dealt such furious strokes to rout 'em,
He made the Trojans look about 'em.
The first that ply'd his heels to run
Was Agelaüs, Phradmon's son—
A noted broker in the Alley—
He saw this furious Grecian sally;
On which he nimbly limp'd along,
As brokers do when things go wrong;
But the bold Grecian mark'd him soon,
And with a broomstick fetch'd him down:
(This Diom. had a wondrous knack
Of hitting folks behind their back):
As down he tumbled in a sweat,
His potlid and his noddle met;
And made between 'em such a hum,
It sounded like a kettle-drum.
Now that a passage once was made,
The Greeks, tho' woefully afraid,
Seem'd quite asham'd to let that elf
Tydides box it by himself:
On which th' Atridæ shew'd their faces,
And after them the bold Ajaces:
Meriones was next, and then
Appear'd the bruiser Idomen;
Ulysses thrust his long neck out,
To peep with caution round about,
And saw all safe, so ventur'd out:
Which when the archer Teucer saw,
He ventur'd to bring out his bow,
Then with a gimblet bor'd a hole
Through Ajax' potlid, whence he stole
A peep to see what kind of spark
Stood most convenient for his mark;

On which he shot a dart, and plump
Behind the targe again did jump.
Thus rats and mice, by danger prest,
Skip nimbly back into their nest:
And honest Ajax lugg'd, in troth,
A potlid big enough for both.
My dear, Miss Muse, pray let us know,
Who tumbled first by this long bow.
I will, my ragged friend, says she,
Because you ask so prettily:
Orsilochus, a friend to Venus,
First fell, and after him Ormenus.
One kept a dram-shop in the Strand;
T' other sold clothes at second hand
In Monmouth-street; where if you've been, Sir,
You must have heard him cry, Walk in, Sir!
Then Lycophron a taylor fell,
And went to mend old clothes in hell:
Unlucky dog! the Fates did twist his
Small thread of life with Ophelestes,
A button-maker, who was shot,
And then poor Chromius went to pot.
Scarce was he down upon his back,
When Dacer fell with such a whack
Upon his ribs, it made 'em crack.
This Dacer was a penny barber,
That us'd both *pimps* and rogues to harbor;
So got his living within doors,
By shaving culls and curling whores.
Bold Hamopaon next he handles,
A famous maker of wax candles;
Altho' of late he grew but shallow,
And mix'd his wax with *dirty* tallow.
Fierce Melenippus could not keep
His feet, but tumbled on the heap:
He in the Borough kept a slop-shop,
Exactly o'er against a hop-shop:

From Teucer's bow an arrow pops,
And bump'd his guts through all his slops.
Besides all these, this *son of a gun*
Reports he fell'd *first ten, then one:*
But I can't think much credit's due
To one that shoots so long a bow.
When Agamemnon saw this whelp
Knocking folks down without his help,
He jump'd and skipp'd, and cried, Huzza!
I wish my boy, that ev'ry day
You'd shewn us this same sort of play:
Of mighty service it had been
To keep the Grecians' *record* clean.
Since thou canst shoot with such a smack,
Well may thy good old daddy crack,
Than his true-born he loves thee more,
Because thy mother *kept a store.*
He quickly saw thy early worth,
And from the Foundling brought thee forth;
Where hadst thou staid, thou'dst been a taylor,
Or else a blacksmith, or a nailer;
But proud to find he'd such a son,
He paid the charge and brought thee home.
Now hear a Brentford monarch speak:
If Troy should tumble down next week,
First for myself, you may be sure,
I shall provide a buxom *wife,*
Or three or four, *upon my life!*
But when my proper share is reckon'd,
Depend upon't, you shall be second.
Besides a noble piece of gold,
And twenty shillings three times told,
I'll answer that the sons of Greece
Will let you choose the next best piece.
The youth replies: I would have you, Sir,
Know that your bribes are lost on Teucer
I neither fight for ale nor cake,

But drub the dogs for mischief's sake;
I hate the Trojans, and would eat 'em,
Was there no other way to beat 'em;
Eight darts I sent, and aim'd 'em full
At bully Hector's knotty skull;
They hit eight *birds of note*, 'tis granted,
But Hector was the *black*-bird wanted:
Some damn'd old Lapland witch incog.
Defends that blust'ring Trojan dog.
Just as the words were out he straight
Let fly again at Hector's pate.
Again the arrow miss'd its mark,
But hit another Trojan spark,
Gorgythio call'd, of royal blood:
Old Priam got him when he could
Stand stiffly to't; then all on fire-a
He kiss'd his mother Castianira,
And got this youth, as fine a boy
As ever broke a lamp in Troy.
Have you not, at the taylor's feast,
Beheld by chance a weak-brain'd guest,
Who is to drink no longer able,
But rests his head upon the table?
Just so this luckless lad did rest
His heavy nob upon his breast.
Another dart this spark hap-hazard
Let fly once more at Hector's mazzard:
It miss'd; which made the Greek conjecture
Apollo turn'd the shaft from Hector—
Altho' it did not miss so far,
But brought the driver off the car;
Poor Archeptolemus's jaws,
The coachman with the copper nose,
It hit; his leather jacket rumbled
So loud, as on the ground he tumbled,
That all the horses in the cart
Could not refrain a sudden start.

When Hector saw his coachman fall,
It vex'd his liver, *and his gall.*
Cebriones, a country lout,
By chance was gaping round about,
To him the bully Hec. calls out:
Here, you, sir, come and drive this cart;
And if you find the horses start,
Keep a tight hand and proper check,
Or else, by Jove, they'll break your neck.
Then out he jumps, and, stooping down,
Took up a fine Scotch paving-stone;
Just as the Grecian's bow was bent,
Hector this hard Scotch paving sent
With such a force, it broke the bow,
And snapp'd the catgut string in two,
Then smack'd his *ribs* with such a thump,
He fell'd him flat upon his rump:
Alastor and Mecisteus bore him,
And Ajax clapp'd his potlid o'er him:
In this *bad state*, *in full retreat*,
They lugg'd him to the Grecian fleet.
And now old father Jove we find,
Began to think he'd chang'd his mind
Too soon; on which he fac'd about,
To help the drooping Trojans out.
The Greeks again forsook the fray,
And like brave fellows ran away:
Hard at their tails bold Hector keeps,
And drives them into th' ditch on heaps,
Pelted their Dutch-made heavy rumps,
And ply'd 'em off with kicks and thumps.
Thus I a farmer's cur have seen,
When sheep are driven o'er the green,
A constant waughing does he keep,
But only bites the hindmost sheep:
Thus did this fiery son of Mars
Kick the last knave *till he saw stars;*

And now when out of breath for haste,
With loss of men the ditch they'd pass'd,
These fighting fellows, all so stout,
Just made a shift to turn about;
There they saw Hector's cart-wheels reach
The very edge of this great ditch,
And there he stood the Grecians fright'ning
So much, they swore his eyes were lightning.
Some of their wise old soakers said
His noddle was a Gorgon's head:
But one deep-learn'd north-country elf
Swore 'twas the muckle de'il himself;
For oft' before his face he'd seen,
And ken'd him by his saucer eyne.
  Juno, whose nose was mighty tickle,
Soon smelt their most unsavoury pickle,
And, calling out to Pallas, cries,
Smite my black muff, and blast my eyes,
If all my patience is not gone
To see the Grecians so run down!
Help me to save 'em now or never,
Or else the dogs are lost for ever,
But how, we scarce have time to think;
See you not how the rascals *drink?*
Gods! shall one scoundrel do this evil,
And drive such numbers to the devil?
That son of a *poor* Trojan bitch,
See how he scares them 'cross the ditch!
  Pallas replies, I see as well
As you or any one can tell
What yon infernal rascal's doing;
But how to save our rogues from ruin
I can't devise; your surly mate
Won't let me break that Hector's pate:
In vain to crack his skull I strive,
Your Jove will neither lead nor drive:
Th' immortal rogues forget us soon

As mortal rogues a favour done:
To me he came, and made great moan,
Begging that I would save his son,
The mighty kill-cow Hercules—
A clumsier dog one seldom sees;
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
I whipp'd me down to lend him help,
And often sav'd the clumsy whelp;
But had I known his dad so well,
When last he took a trip to hell,
His journey should have been in vain,
I ne'er had help'd him back again:
The stumbling block that lay i' th' way
To hinder his return to-day,
I'd have been stuck before I'd lift it,
But left the devil and him to shift it.
I've a good mind to go and beat his
Beloved minx, that goody Thetis;
If e'er again she strokes his thighs,
I'll give the brimstone two black eyes;
To humour her curs'd bastard's freaks,
He'll quite demolish all our Greeks;
When 'tis too late, this face of gallows
Will call me his beloved Pallas.
Zounds! don't stand here to wink and pink,
But get your chariot in a twink;
Spite of the Thund'rer and his punk,
We'll make those Trojan scoundrels funk;
Let us but land upon the shore,
Hector will hector them no more;
When I and Juno come to fight 'em;
The devil's in't if we can't fright 'em;
And ten to one, but in a crack
We'll lay this Broughton on his back.
But if, in spite of all our cracks,
He lays us both upon our backs,

As things go now, the swagg'ring devil
Will scarce have time to be uncivil:
And if he has, his *ugly* sconce
Can only trim us one at once;
So whilst one gets her bus'ness done,
The other will have time to run.
Her voice then ceas'd thro' rage and spleen,
Whilst Jove's eternal scolding queen
Lent the poor Trojans fifty curses,
Before she went to fetch her horses;
But yet, tho' pinch'd for time, took pains
To tie red ribbands to their manes:
When Pallas instantly threw down
Her daggled petticoat and gown,
Nor staid to fold her ragged placket,
But whipp'd her on a buff-skin jacket,
So glaz'd with grease all o'er the stitches,
It shin'd like Ashley's greasy breeches.
Upon the car she took her stand,
And shook a broomstaff in her hand,
So large, that, tie a proper heap
Of broom o' th' end on't, it would sweep
All London streets, I'm pretty sure,
Quite clean in less than half an hour,
And sowse into the Thames drive all
The rubbish, aldermen and all.
Juno soon got upon the box,
And drives the geldings with *hard knocks:*
The Hours, as they had done before,
Stood on the watch to ope the door.
Eager to crack poor Hector's crown,
They gallop'd neck or nothing down:
But Jove, who kept a sharp look-out,
Saw what the brimstones were about,
On which he calls for Kitty Iris:
Kitty, says he, my pluck on fire is,
And every toe about me itches



To have a kick at yon *two* bitches,
Because so impudently they
My strict commands dare disobey:
Fly, meet the brimstones both, and tell 'em
A thousand fathom deep I'll fell 'em,
Kill both their nags, and break their wheels,
And tie the beldames neck and heels,
And, spite of all that they can say,
Whether they scold, or swear, or pray,
Expose their brawny *limbs* together
For ten long years to wind and weather,
Where every passenger that comes
Shall take a slap at both their bums!
But speak you to Minerva first,
Because, at present, she's the worst:
As for my rib, tho' shame to tell,
She pleads old custom to rebel:
But now I mind her noise no more
Than Fielding minds a scolding whore.
  On this the rainbow Goddess strides
Her broomshaft, and away she rides
(By Homer's own account, we find
At any time she'd beat the wind).
She met the chariot on the slope,
Plague on you both! says Iris, stop:
Such foolish journeys why begin ye?
Jove thinks the devil must be in ye;
And so do I: he bid me tell ye,
A thousand fathoms deep he'll fell ye,
Kill both your nags, and break your wheels,
And tie you by the neck and heels,
And, spite of all that you can say,
Whether you scold, or swear, or pray,
Expose your brawny *limbs* together,
For ten long years to wind and weather,
Where every passenger that comes,
Shall take a slap at both your bums:

To you, Minerva, I speak first,
Because he thinks you're now the worst:
As for his rib, 'tis shame to tell,
She pleads old custom to rebel:
But much he wonders what bewitches
Your busy pate, you bitch of bitches! *
Like lightning then away she flew;
Her speech tho' made 'em both look blue:
They star'd like honest Johnny Wade,
When he one evening with the maid
A game *of kissing* had begun,
And madam came before he'd done!
But Juno, tho' her *heart* and mazzard
Work'd like a guile-fat, yet no hazard
She chose to run, so curb'd her swell,
And seem'd to take it mighty well,
But could not help from wriggling hard,
Like mother * * * *, when a card
Goes very cross, and cuts her soul
By losing a sans prendre vole.
Our rage, my crony, with a pox,
Has brought us in a *curst* wrong box;
I've just found out, it strange and odd is,
That each of us, a powerful goddess,
Should with our crusty Thund'rer squabble,
And all for what?—A mortal rabble.
E'en let 'em live with custard cramm'd,
Or die all placemen and be damn'd;

* The reader, perhaps, may think I make Iris abuse the goddess of wisdom too much in the Billingsgate style; but if he will peruse Homer, he will find Iris ten times more abusive in Greek than I could make her in English. Homer, l. 8. lin. 423; Αιvοτάτη κύον ἀδδεες. This part of Iris' abuse is not in commission from Jove: it naturally arises from the petulant malignity of the messenger. Gentle reader, if you would avoid endless quarrels, never employ an ill-natured female to deliver an angry message to one of her own sex; for it must be a very angry message indeed that a woman cannot make an addition to.—*Bridges.*

Let Jove give victory, or rout 'em,
No more I'll fret *myself* about 'em.
  On this she gave her tits a smack,
And pull'd the reins to keep 'em back
But all the while they turn'd 'em, she
Kept crying Gee, plague rot ye, gee!
When they were fairly turn'd about,
Full speed once more the tits set out,
And gallop'd up the hill as soon
Within an ace as they came down:
The Hours unloos'd 'em, rubb'd their coats,
And gave 'em half a peck of oats;
Then fetch'd clean straw to make their bed,
And put the chariot in a shed;
Whilst the two brims, with bashful faces,
Sneak'd off, and went to take their places.
  And now old Jove was tir'd of Ida,
And up to heaven he took a ride-a;
But drove his geldings with such ire,
For want of grease his wheels took fire.
Lest they should burn the horses' bums,
In a great splutter Neptune comes:
With an old sail he call'd his fish clout,
Which serv'd for table-cloth and dish-clout,
Th' old soaker in an instant reels out,
And smothers both the burning wheels out.
Away walk'd Jove, and took his seat
I' th' hall where all their godships meet;
But with such weight he mov'd his toe,
It made an earthquake here below,
And in a wicked Popish town
Tumbled a hundred convents down,
And sent inquisitors and friars,
With shoals of other holy liars,
Smoothly, without a single rub,
To see their patron Beelzebub,
Into whose territories tho'

They all were certain they must go,
Yet at that time you may be sure
They thought it rather premature.
  But to the point. Like our lord mayor,
With solemn phiz, Jove took the chair;
Juno and Pallas in the hall
Both look'd as if they'd something stole:
They squinted up, and saw he frown'd,
So whipp'd their eyes upon the ground,
And seem'd as gravely to be list'ning
As harlots at a country christ'ning:
He smil'd to find this lucky push
For once had made the brimstones blush;
So instantly began to chatter:
Juno and Pallas, what's the matter?
What made ye both return so soon!
I thought you'd ta'en a trip to town
To pull some bawdy-houses down,
For Juno's sake, who can't endure
The sight of either rogue or whore;
And therefore I expected soon
To see the bagnio's tumbling down,
And noseless rogues, *from Poodle Dock*,
And *jades* in nothing but their smocks,
Running, like devils, helter skelter
To wine and brandy shops for shelter.
Pray give me leave tho' to enquire,
Is Troy demolish'd, or on fire?
But know, ye vixens, I shall make
Your grumbling *hearts* and gizzards ache,
If e'er again ye dare to fratch
With him who is your overmatch;
For all the underlings o' the sky
When I begin to kick must fly.
Therefore, I say, beware your mazzards,
And run no more such foolish hazards:

If my enchanted wand I shake,
You'll feel your *sides* and livers quake:
Whoever dares my wrath oppose,
With red-hot tongs I'll pinch his nose,
And make him caper, roar, and snivel
As great St. Dunstan did the Devil.
  The moment that he did begin
This speech, the gipsies dropp'd their chin,
And ere he made an end o' th' song,
Their faces grew a full yard long;
But yet their comfort was, that all
The race of *wicked* Troy would fall.
Pallas so much with wrath was gor'd,
She could not speak a single word:
But Juno's passion was so strong
She could not hold her noisy tongue;
So, scolding at her usual rate,
She thus attack'd her loving mate:
  You know you're stronger far than all us,
Or else such names you durst not call us,
But split me if I don't believe
You swinge the Greeks to make us grieve!
'Tis not strict justice guides your rod,
'Tis contradiction all, by G–d!
And yet you can pretend that no man
Is half so positive as woman;
But 'tis a base invented fiction:
Man taught poor woman contradiction:
For Greece you sit and see us grieve,
And wo'n't an inch of comfort give;
By your cross surly face we're snubb'd,
And forc'd to see the Grecians drubb'd;
But let us give 'em counsel *sage*,
Or every soul *in war engage*.
  To Jove she chatter'd at this rate,
And thus reply'd old Surly-pate:
Vulcan my thunderbolts is bright'ning,

And store of rosin's ground for lightning:*
Therefore to-morrow morn with thunder
I'll scare 'em so, you need not wonder
If half the ragged sons of bitches
With downright fear *will crack* their breeches.
Nor let your restless gizzards grumble
Tho' you see dozens of 'em tumble;
Hector sha'n't cease o' th' bum to kick 'em,
Or with his old cheese-toaster stick 'em,
Till he shall lay his luckless paws
Across Pelides' fav'rite's jaws;
Then in a passion shall Achilles
Fight like a devil—such my will is:
Nor shall it alter, tho' you stay
And scold for ever and a day:
To Lapland go, where witches dwell,
Or Strombello, the mouth of Hell;
There arm both conjurors and witches,
I'll smoke the dogs, and burn *their breeches.*
Mean time the Sun, with phiz so bright,
Walk'd off, and up came madam Night:
The Grecians thought her mighty civil;
The Trojans wish'd her at the devil:
But as the Greeks were forc'd to yield,
The bully Trojans kept the field.
Hector, resolv'd the dogs to maul,
Doth instantly a council call,
That he might have their sanction to
Perform what he design'd to do—
A trick, I've heard some people say,
Our gen'rals practise to this day.
But as the Grecians lay so near,
That they perhaps his speech might hear,
He led 'em to Scamander's banks,
Where down they sat to ease their shanks.

* They make lightning at [illegible]y-house with rosin pounded very small, and thrown thr[illegible]me of a candle.

His quarterstaff in his right hand
He fix'd, to help to make him stand,
On which he lean'd when he thought fit
(You know a speaker ne'er should sit
Till his oration's at an end,
Whether they do or not attend) :
This staff, which he in battle bore,
Was three yards long, or rather more,
With bladders tied each end thereon,
To scare folks as he knock'd 'em down.
Forward the chief his body bends,
Like Gl-ver, and began, My friends,
If you will yield me due attention,
Some thoughts that just occur, I'll mention :
This day we hop'd the Grecian boats
To burn, and steal their thread-bare coats ;
But, to our great and grievous sorrow,
We cannot do it till to-morrow,
Because that black-guard Mrs. Night
Came in and drove away the light.
Howe'er, 'tis fit, by beat of drum,
To let her know we see she's come,
And that, come when she will, 'tis proper
For thinking men to think of supper.
After we've eat our cheese and bread,
Let all men see their horses fed ;
For never was that ostler born
That would not cheat 'em of their corn
Unless you keep a sharp look-out ;
And I, depend upon't, will do't.
The town will send us in, of course,
Both provender for man and horse ;
To stop our drunken knaves from sleeping,
A thousand bonfires let us keep in ;
These fires will shine as bright as day,
And then the Greeks can't run away :
But if they do, the rogues shall find most

Confounded doings for the hindmost;
For, should they pop away i' th' dark,
We'll give 'em every man a mark,
Such as may last each man his life,
To shew his roaring brats and wife,
And warn the thieving sons of Tartars
How they again beat up our quarters.
Next, to the town, if you think well,
We'll send the bellman with his bell,
Who with his rusty voice may call
The hobbling watchmen to the wall:
And to prevent all needless frights,
Let the old women hang out lights,
Lest, whilst the shades of night are on us,
The Grecians steal a march upon us,
And, slily entering the town,
Trim all our wives both up and down.
To-night these orders are enough,
To-morrow we will work their buff:
I've a great notion that we may
Drive these infernal rogues away,
Or tie the rascals to a stake fast,
To give our dogs and cats a breakfast.
Therefore this single night let's watch;
And when the morning streaks you catch,
Get all the link-boys you can hire,
And set their huts and boats on fire:
Then shall myself and Diomede
Decide whose nose shall soonest bleed,
And whose propitious fate prevails,
When weigh'd in Justice Cox's scales.
Soon as to-morrow's dawn appears,
I'll dust his cap about his ears;
This good oak stick shall crack his crown,
And knock his rogues by dozens down:
As sure as I perform this t[illegible]
May I obtain whate'er [illegible]

With my lord-mayor to dine on Sundays,
Or common-council-men on Mondays,
To cram *myself* with tart and custard,
And goose with apple-sauce and mustard,
Or guttle down six pound of turtle,
And drink the glorious and immortal:
In joy thus eat, or fast in sorrow,
As I shall drub the rogues to-morrow!
He ceas'd, and all the captains praise
This noble speech with three huzzas.
After they'd loos'd from off the yoke
The horses, wet with sweat and smoke,
And tied, to keep the nags apart,
Each tit behind his owner's cart;
Then came fat bacon from the town,
With bread (but ev'ry loaf was brown),
And a good stock of mild and stale,
Tho' not one cask of Yorkshire ale:
The victuals they began to cook;
But for their gods, to make a smoke,
They bought some *tripe*; but all that night
Their godships had no appetite,
Puff'd the smoke from them in a sputter,
And quarrel'd with their bread and butter.
Juno, that fratching quean, pretended
Her sense of smelling was offended:
Jove said he felt a queerish funk,
And Pallas swore the *tripe* all stunk.
Thus did Troy find, to all their cost,
A very handsome supper lost,
Tho' their great courage did not droop,
Because good liquor kept it up.
As, when a show'r in London streets
By rubbish thrown a stoppage meets,
A ragged blackguard with his link
Attends your steps across the sink,
The link directs you where to get

To save your shoes from dirt and wet;
So, by the help of blazing fires,
You'd see the Trojans' wooden spires;
And twice five hundred fires as bright
As those that grace the annual night
That sav'd us from the Powder-plot,
These roaring sons of Troy had got;
Each fire did fifty Trojans view,
So drunk *they were not one man knew:*
The horses shew their cart-horse breeding,
And kick each other whilst they're feeding.



THE NINTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.



ARGUMENT.

THIS book begins with Atreus' son
Persuading all his Greeks to run;
Let's haste, says he, and save our lives,
And like good husbands kiss our wives;
For, if we stay, be sure Old Nick
Will play us some damn'd slipp'ry trick;
Nor hope the sooty-fac'd old boy
Will e'er desert his fav'rite Troy.
  At this fine speech Tydides swore
Worse than he'd ever done before,
And spoke his mind, because he reckon'd
Old Chatterbags would be his second:
Here he was right: th' old cock begun,
And d—d his eyes if he would run.
They then consult to know which way
They can with any safety stay.
Old Square-toes in the humour still is
To try and reconcile Achilles;
Then adds, I think it not amiss is
To send both Ajax and Ulysses.
As he propos'd, they both are sent,
And with them goody Phœnix went.
Now, tho' it plain appears, that each
Made in his turn a pretty speech,
And did with as much cunning plead
As *Murray*, when he's double-feed,
Achilles turn'd it all to *fun*,
And *swore that they had better run.*







Book IX. Page 261.

As they were bid, they found their legs,
But walk'd as if they trod on eggs;
Their near approach the chief espying,
Rose up, to shew 'em he was crying.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

WHILST Troy's bold sons with shouts get drunk,
The conquer'd Grecians sweat and funk.
As when a taylor's boy has got
His master's goose almost red hot,
The coat it singes; straight the fire
The bloody taylor fills with ire:
He thumps the lad with all his might,
First with his left hand, then his right;
The bastard's head, on both sides beat,
Can neither stay, nor yet retreat;
No chance for his escape appears,
Whilst double storms attack his ears:
Just so it far'd with Greece; away
They could not run, nor durst they stay:
Poor Agamemnon was distress'd
Nine times as much as all the rest
(You'll say, perhaps, How could he choose?
For he'd nine times as much to lose);
Howe'er, he calls his man, to send him
To beg the captains would attend him;
But charges him before he goes
To bid 'em tread upon their toes.
As they were bid, they found their legs,
But walk'd as if they trod on eggs.
Their near approach the chief espying,
Rose up to shew 'em he was crying;
And ere his doleful tale began,
He sobb'd and blubber'd like a man.
They found him in this piteous case,

Tears running down his dirty face:
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
At length he spoke: Good lack-a-day!
In these hard times what can we say?
Of Jove we all complain with justice,
For in his royal word no trust is:
The oracles of wise Apollo
Have likewise been a little hollow;
Betwixt 'em both we're finely nick'd
And get most tightly thump'd and kick'd:
They promis'd we our fobs should cram,
But now you see 'tis all a flam;
For Jove, if ever he design'd
To do us good, has chang'd his mind:
Altho' so much concern he feels,
He gives us leave to trust our heels.
Therefore I vote that ev'ry man
Trot home as fast as e'er he can,
Nor hope that we shall e'er destroy
This heaven-defended *wasp's* nest, Troy.
He spoke; and each bold Grecian son
Look'd as he'd neither lost nor won,
But gaping stood till Diomede
Began to speak, and speak he did:
You told me, Sir, I late begun
To fight, but rot me if I run!
No cause of quarrel Diom. seeks,
But we are lost if no man speaks:
You bawl'd so loud, tho' I was near you,
You made our raggamuffins hear you:
Tho' then I thought it good to wink on't,
Seal up my day-lights, but I'll think on't!
Great Jove, whose power all power surpasses,
Who makes great men of calves and asses.
Witness the English house of peers,
And commons too of later years,

Witness the ministers of state,
And privy councils *too* of late,
Witness their treaties with the French,
Witness their judges on the bench,
Witness their bishops, priests, and deacons,
All pious souls, but very weak ones;
Witness their justices of peace,
And lawyers too; but let me cease
To chatter more this kind of stuff,
I think there's witnesses enough:
So to my text, as parsons say;
The Gods, when they mix'd up thy clay,
Put half and half, and let thee pass
Half a great booby, half an ass;
But I am sure they could not then
Design thee to command brave men,
Because to give thee they thought fit
A soul no bigger than a knit!
Would any bold commander, pray,
Persuade his rogues to run away?
And then 'tis ten to one you'll swear
The raggamuffins ran for fear.
You and your sneaking crew may run;
But take my word, since I've begun
To kick and cuff, you may depend on't
I'll tarry here, and see the end on't.
Then don't this fair occasion slip,
But get on board thy rotten ship;
The rest, I hope, will scorn to mog off,
And dim my day-lights, if I'll jog off!
But stay to fire yon *wicked* town,
And pull their barns and cocklofts down.
But if they all should chuse to fly,
Stenny will stay, and so will I.
When once I've enter'd, know I am
As steady as a Rockingham,
Whose country's cause will ever be

His object to eternity.
Like him I'll knaves and fools oppose,
But join both heart and hand with those
Whose words as well as actions shew
They love their king and country too
In such a cause I'll never flinch,
And smite me if I stir an inch!
With heaven we came when we begun,
And hell itself sha'n't make us run.
He ended here; and all the crowd
Began to shout so very loud,
You'd think each man would burst his liver
With roaring, Diomede for ever!
When up the rev'rend figure rear'd
Of chatt'ring Nestor's grizzle beard,
And spoke; the chiefs all silent sit
As members when they're humm'd by Pitt.
Thus he begins: My trusty knight,
Stick to your text, by G— you're right!
I like a man that never starves it,
But blames king George, if he deserves it;
And yet before you gave it o'er
You might have said a little more:
I'll speak, nor do I think the thing
Will vex the people or the king.
Damnation seize and overtake
The man that fights for fighting sake!
Such rogues the world would over-run,
And break good people's heads for fun;
But we, tho' under feet we're trod,
Have justice on our side, by G–d!
Therefore to-night let sentries watch us,
Lest these confounded rascals catch us
All fast asleep. But first 'tis proper
To give these sentinels some supper:
Then thou, whose pow'r no man controls,
To council call the grave old

Before the bus'ness you begin,
Give each old buff a dram of gin;
'Twill cheer their hearts, with age quite shrunk,
But don't you make th' old firelocks drunk;
For counsel good no honest fellow
Can give, if he is more than mellow:
With mod'rate share of meat and drink
They'll freely chatter what they think,
And, like a City congregation
Who meet sometimes for the good o' th' nation,
Some one, before the close of night,
May blunder on a thing that's right.
See but yon Trojan fires so near us!
If we but sneeze, they overhear us;
Whilst then so nigh our boats they keep,
The devil fetch me if I'll sleep!
To-morrow morn begins the jumble,
Where Troy must fall, or Greece must tumble.
'Twas thus old Grey-beard spoke; and straight
Each sentry posted to his gate:
The son * the father first obey'd,
To shew he minded what he said:
(For in those times a son would do
Things that are out of fashion now):
Ascalaphus, the son of Mars,
Follow'd this hero *with his cars*,
Along with bold Ialmen, who
Was bully Mars's bastard too;
Merion and Diepyrus
Went next, and then Aphereus;
Last came the valiant Lycomede;
A hardy whelp of Creon's breed.
Twice fifty constables, all knaves,
Guarded each bully with their staves;
Not one durst sit upon his crupper,

* Thrasymede.

But standing mump'd his crust for supper.
The chief, both hungry and afraid,
Had in his tent a supper made ;
Tho' matters wore no pleasing looks,
He had not yet discharg'd his cooks ;
'Tis true, he oft had thought upon
A proper reformation,
And taken good advice from all but
The very man he should, Lord Talbot,
Who soon would bring that scheme to pass,
And send his drunken cooks to grass.
But as there's nought on earth can look
So dismal as a half-starv'd cook,
I hope, for these poor devils' sake,
He won't such sneaking methods take,
But let each honest red-nos'd cook
Die as he's liv'd, in fire and smoke.
All the old cocks were bidden to
This melancholy supper, who
Were capable at this bad bout
By good advice to help them out :
They ate a deal, but drank much more,
Nor stopp'd till they were half seas o'er ;
Nestor, who on this weighty summons
(Like speakers in the house of commons)
First penn'd a speech, then got it off,
Began to hawk, and spit, and cough,
Then spoke : Thou monarch, who, in troth,
Exceed'st the kings of Brentford both !
Thou powerful chief, bedeck'd with ermine,
Who, as thy fancy shall determine,
Canst pull down men, and set up vermin,
A thing you did some time ago,
To shew the folks what you could do
Upon a pinch ; but if again
You do it, Nestor tells yo
All honest men will so r

They'll give you reason to repent it.
Tho' you are honest we are sure,
Yet if you give to rascals power,
The wrongs you suffer them to do
Will all be justly laid on you,
And, spite of all that you can say for't,
The folks at last will make you pay for't.
In matters of this kind you'll find me
Much older than yourself, so mind me;
Cares that o'erload my upper shelf
Belong to you, and not myself;
In weighty matters don't be nice,
But always jump at good advice:
Tho' I'm the man of sense to make it,
Yet if you've sense enough to take it,
The gaping crowd will all agree
That you're as wise a man as me:
To seem exceeding wise, we know,
Is half as good as being so.
A noodle with a well-tim'd shrug
May any time the world humbug;
Then hear me, for I'll utter nought
But what I think, and always thought:
I told you, when you made such gabbling,
When Thetis' son and you were squabbling,
And like two blackguard scoundrels swore,
And curs'd, and *quarrelled 'bout* a whore,
That through my spectacles I saw,
Like Winchelsea, how things would go;
I saw the bully would resent it,
And told you who would first repent it;
And to your cost you find out now
I told you nought but what was true.
But as that matter's done and o'er,
And can't be help'd, I'll say no more:
The man's a puppy that begins
To kick his neighbour's broken shins;

Only 'tis time you strive to please him ;
You vex'd him, and you must appease him.
  The chief then answers to the knight,
Flux me, old buff, but you are right !
I see as plain as in a glass,
You're a wise man and I'm an ass.
Too late I find that great strong elf
Is half an army of himself ;
For him, that water-witch his mother
Drives us on heaps o'er one another :
Fain would I alter what I've done,
And strive to please both witch and son ;
A bribe must fetch him, or he can,
I'll take my oath, be no great man
For never yet of all that tribe
Could any one resist a bribe.
A star and ribband, or a pension,
Will overset the best intention ;
Make patriots, like the courtiers, civil
And sell their country to the devil.
Therefore, bear witness all around,
I hereby offer him ten pound,
Seven iron pans to boil his fish in,
And twenty *colored pots to mess* in ;
I'll likewise add a dozen nags,
That soon will fill his empty bags
By winning plates ; not one is idle,
But ev'ry horse has won his bridle—
Nay, some have won a saddle too—
But of that sort there's very few.
Their pedigrees are all so good,
That few their equals are in blood :
Out of the twelve, he'll find eleven
Have got a ring-bone or a spavin,
Which is the surest sign indeed
They're of the very tip-top bre
Besides, I'll give him seven

With fists so hard, they've kept their trenches
From being storm'd ; if any clown
Offer'd to touch, they'd knock him down—
'Twould do him good if he would stop
And see how well they twirl a mop,
And spin so fine, they weekly earn
Their sixteen pence in spinning yarn—
All these I'll give him out and out,
And add the wench we fratch'd about ;
For his broad back doth so bewitch her,
She never yet would let me *touch* her.
Besides all this, when we have taken
The town, with all their eggs and bacon,
Of guttling stuff he shall have store,
Besides full twenty wenches more ;
Himself shall be the first who chooses,
And what on trial he refuses
We'll take ourselves ; then he shall go
To Greece, and be my son-in-law ;
The farm that I have under care,
Orestes and himself shall share :
Lastly, three daughters I can boast,
All taught to bake, and boil, and roast ;
Girls, that, besides plain work and stitching,
Can do the business of the kitchen,
Can make a pudding or a pie,
Or toss you up a lambstone fry ;
Laodice and Iphigene,*
Two tighter girls are seldom seen ;
In the sun's rays there not a beam is
So bright as red-hair'd Chrysothemis ;
All three are dev'lish sprightly jades,
And sore against their will are maids.
These in their Sunday's yard-wide stuff,

* This is wrong unless he had two daughters of that name—Iphigene was sacrificed at Aulis—on the starting of the expedition.

Or, if he pleases, dress'd in buff,
I'll let him see to take his choice,
Like which he will, he has my voice;
And for her portion I'll give more
Than . . . . . spends upon his whore;
The mayor of Garrat shall not be
So great a man by half as he,
Because, those mighty gifts to crown,
I'll make him bailiff of a town,
With six fine villages about it—
And keep my word, he need not doubt it.
He shall command Enope's people,
And Cardamyle without a steeple;
Pheræ and Pedasus, whose trees
Produce so many gooseberries,
That I am told they yearly bottle
No less than fifteen hundred pottle,
And every pottle in the year
Brings them at least five farthings clear;
Hira's good pastures and Epea,
And special fields about Anthea,
Where all the farmers fill their purses
By grazing brewers' founder'd horses:—
These, standing on the salt-sea beach,
Almost as far as Pylos reach,
Where bulls, and cows, and oxen roar,
And men get drunk, *until they snore.*
See what I offer to appease him,
The devil's in't if this don't please him:
By pray'rs the hardest thing relaxes:
Nothing stands fix'd, but death and taxes.
  Nestor, whose silence gave him pain,
Starts up to chatter once again:
Now, by my soul, 'tis bravely offer'd!
Singe my old beard if I'd h[illegible]er'd
'Bove half as much! This[illegible]ince
The man, that you're a no[illegible]

And now we've talk'd the matter fully,
Let's send and tell this stiff-rump'd bully
Your princely offer; I will warrant
To find men proper for the errand,
Men that can strut it, and look big,
With store of *fat* as well as wig.
In such-like cases, when we can,
We mostly send an alderman;
But since none came in our old lighters,
(Few aldermen, God knows, are fighters),
We'll send some people in their places,
With aldermanic *forms* and faces.
There's Phœnix, like myself, grown wise,
He knows the use of well-plac'd lies;
Then Ajax, with a head so big,
If we can fit him with a wig,
He'll quickly make Achilles stare,
And think we've sent my good lord-mayor.
But I'm afraid we cannot get him
A busby large enough to fit him;
Because, when we set out, I know,
He look'd all over middle-Row,
But could not find one, up or down,
Half deep enough to fit his crown;
Which is the cause he's forced to wear
His old thrum night-cap all the year.
Ulysses too, to mend the job,
Must help 'em with his fudging nob:
He'll tell more lies for half a crown
Than any shopkeeper in the town.
And then, to close the farce, and make
It look like bus'ness, let 'em take
Two beadles with their brass-nobb'd staves,
I hate to see things done by halves.
When they are gone, let us prepare
To whisper every man a prayer:
But do not let the Trojans hear,

Lest they should think we pray for fear;
Tho', if they can but nose it well,
They'll guess our pickle by the smell.
And now, as usual, his oration
Receiv'd a gen'ral approbation:
The messengers soon left their places;
But first they wash'd their dirty faces,
And with an old tin dredging-box
Scatter'd some meal upon their locks,
Then from a swinging pitcher full
Of ale each took a hearty pull.
Now Nestor had a sort of dread
This ale might get into their head;
And they, perhaps, might chatter then
Like drunken common-council men,
And tell the king to whom they're sent,
They came to pay a compliment,
But end their message with a spice
Of drunken hickuping advice;
So follow'd of his own accord,
And begg'd that not one angry word
Might 'scape their jaws, and that Ulyss,
Whose roguish tricks did seldom miss,
Would see the greatest care was taken,
In this great strait to save their bacon.
Away they trudg'd in dreadful plight,
Because it was so dark a night
They could not see a spark of light;
But they could hear the billows roar
As they came rumbling on the shore,
Which made 'em, whilst their way they kept on,
Lug out a prayer or two to Neptune:
Neptune, quoth they, we all could wish
That you would help us to a dish
Of sprats or smelts, or any fish,
Or, what will likeliest do the thing,
A little handful of old ling;







Book IX. Pages 273, 274.

Achilles seiz'd them by their hands,
And begg'd to know their best commands:
"Welcome, old friends, to me yet dear!
Pray, what the devil brought you here?"

For that's an article will melt
A judge's heart, unless he's gelt.
But they might pray, and pray, and pray,
Neptune was out of luck that day;
Tho' he had fish'd from morn to night,
He had not got a single bite;
Nor (should their souls depend on that)
Could he assist them with a sprat,
Or e'en a shrimp; but as for ling,
Th' old fisherman had no such thing:
As fast as honest Neptune cur'd it,
That *greedy* rogue, *great* Jove, secur'd it;
For, tho' a god in ev'rything,
He was a devil at old ling.
But be that matter as it may,
By great good luck they grop'd their way;
When they came near this son of Mars,
They saw him sitting *near* his *cars*,
Making such ugly faces that
They thought him grinning for a hat;
But he, good man, upon his rump,
Was playing on a brass jew-trump,
And 'cause the music pleas'd him much,
He gap'd and grinn'd at ev'ry touch;
Only Patroclus tarried near him,
No mortal else would stay to hear him—
Rather than stay to hear him play
The very rats *they* run away.
Just in the middle of his airs
They stole upon him unawares;
But, when he peep'd and saw them come,
He whipp'd him up from off his bum,
And clapp'd the trump into his pocket,
So quick, Ulysses thinks he broke it:
Patroclus too was on his rump,
And like him gave a sudden jump:
Achilles seiz'd 'em by their hands,

And begg'd to know their best commands:
  Welcome, old friends, to me yet dear!
Pray, what the devil brought you here?
If you are come to me for help,
From that infernal noisy whelp,
And hither trudg'd to ask my aid,
You must be hellishly afraid;
And that ye are, *you* need *confess*,
Because, to speak the truth, I *guess*.
  At this he pointed to his tent;
They made a leg, and in they went,
Where down the heroes clapp'd their docks
On woollen cushions stuff'd with flocks.
  Patroclus, says Achilles, you
Must know, of all the Grecian crew
I like these cocks; so do not fail
To get a pot of mild and stale
Of Dolly Pumplenose, and tell her
To send the best in all the cellar.
  Patroclus ran and fetch'd the beer,
And then prepar'd for better cheer:
With a cow-heel he first began,
And fry'd it in an old brass pan;
But first he soak'd an offal piece,
To suck up all the verdigrise—
Had he not ta'en such care, he might
Have poison'd all his friends outright,
Because from hist'ry it appears
The pan had not been us'd some years.
Automedon soon fetch'd a candle,
Then held the frying-pan by th' handle,
Whilst great Achilles fell to work
To cut some steaks of beef and pork:
Patroclus, at his friend's desire,
Made what we call a roaring fire,
At which the steaks were nicely cook'd,
Except a few a little smok'd;



Tho' his sharp hungry guests would not
Believe 'em smok'd, but smoking hot.
For table-cloth Pelides spread
A sheet he took from off his bed,
Then gave each man a cake of bread;
And, that the gods might have their due,
The fat into the fire he threw;
For heathen gods, if you'll enquire,
Are pleas'd when all the fat's i' th' fire.
Then they fell on their meat and cakes,
And gobbled up the heel and steaks.
After they'd ta'en some time to drink,
To Phœnix Ajax tipp'd the wink;
Ulysses soon the signal spies
(For he kept watch with both his eyes),
Then pours a glass of ale by stealth,
And cries, Achilles, Sir, your health,
With forty thousand thanks, d'ye see,
For this your kind civility,
Great Agamemnon, smite my crupper!
Could not have cook'd a better supper.
But, tho' you've filled our skins so full
Of meat and drink, yet still we're dull,
Because the day is hardly pass'd,
That saw us all so tightly thrash'd;
And now we stand upon the brink
Of ruin, and shall surely sink
If you don't come; for I'm mistaken
If aught alive can save our bacon,
Unless you kindly will assist
And let 'em feel your mutton fist.
Peep out, you'll see the Trojans keep
Us all coop'd up like Smithfield sheep;
They talk of singeing all our tails,
And burning both our masts and sails:
Great Jove himself, or else the devil,
Has been so very kind and civil,

As box all day on Hector's side,
And lend him strength to trim our hide—
That Hector who the world defies,
And carries lightning in his eyes;
His stomach is so full of ire,
That when he rifts he belches fire;
'We heard him plain his comrades tell
I' th' morn he'll ring our passing bell,
And send both men and boats to hell:
It gave me such a twitch o' th' gripes
To see the rascal deal his stripes,
I've hardly got quite clear on't yet,
And still I'm in a reeking sweat,
Lest he to-morrow morn come out,
And once more kick us all about.
Is it not very hard we must
Lay all our nobs in Trojan dust,
Because at present you don't list
To help us with your *valiant* fist?
But, dear Achilles, now or never
Jump up, and smite *at* Hector's liver,
And you'll oblige your friends for ever:
But if you let us all be slain,
Sink me, if e'er we fight again!
No steps, my friend, that you can tread
Will help us when we're knock'd o' th' head;
Therefore in time observe, I pray,
What your old daddy us'd to say:
My son, said he, and strok'd thy locks,
Thou'rt strong enough to fell an ox;
But, for all that, keep clear of brabbling,
Or else you'll get a name for squabbling,
And then depend high words and high blows
Will bring you nought but kicks and dry blows;
But quiet dealings and good nature
Will please folks so, that ev'ry creature
Will say, in spite of your thick jowl,

'Tis a good-natur'd honest soul.
But, in your wrath, if you perhaps
Should lend a man a slap o' th' chaps,
Your mutton fist will bruise his jaw,
(Remember that I told you so)
For which, if you don't run away,
You'll have the surgeon's bill to pay.
If any blust'ring son of Mars
Affront you, bid him *scan the stars!*
Whether he tarries then or goes off,
Don't strike him, lest you knock his nose off.
Pray do not, like a graceless knave,
Despise th' advice your daddy gave;
But, if you'll grant Atrides' prayer,
He'll give you——stop and you shall hear
What a great gainer you'll be by't;
I have it down in black and white:
Before the elders seated round,
He nobly offers you ten pound,
Seven iron pans to boil your fish in,
And twenty *plates your meat to dish* in;
He'll likewise add a dozen nags,
That soon will fill your empty bags,
By winning plates, they ha'n't been idle,
But ev'ry nag has won his bridle,
Nay some have won a saddle too,
But of that sort there's very few;
Their pedigrees are all so good,
That few their equals are in blood;
Out of the twelve you'll find eleven
Have got a ring-bone or a spavin,
Which is the surest sign indeed
They're of the very tip-top breed:
For sev'ral of 'em you may trace
From that fam'd horse that won the race
For great Darius, when the state
Decreed a kingdom for a plate;

And, if you sell them, Pond for you
Shall swear the pedigree is true.
Besides all this, he'll throw you in,
Of hard-*hamm'd* wenches that can spin,
The very lucky number seven,
Odd numbers always beat the even ;
Their spinning will good money earn,
And you'll grow rich by selling yarn—
All these he'll give you out and out,
And add the wench you fratch'd about,
And swears you someway so bewitch her,
She never yet would let him *touch* her.
Besides all this, when we have taken
The town, with all their eggs and bacon,
Of belly-timber you'll have plenty,
And a round dozen, if not twenty,
Plump girls; and, if on leap and trial
(Which they must take without denial)
You like 'em not, you need not choose 'em,
We'll snap 'em up, tho' you refuse 'em ;
Then try again, if that will ease you,
Till you can find a score to please you :
And, when this job of jobs is done,
Which must I think be special fun,
He'll take you home and call you son :
Of all his lands the farm that best is
He'll split 'twixt you and Orestes.
Lastly, three daughters he can boast,
All taught to bake, and boil, and roast,
Useful i' th' parlour, hall, or kitchen,
And notable fine girls at stitching—
Your shirts I mean, the wrists or neck,
Whether your linen's plain or check,
Which, my good friend, will be to you,
Of use, and profitable too,
Because you need not then go swapping
Your smuggled tea for shirts in Wapping.

Where ware that's sound cannot be gotten,
And all their stitching-tackle rotten.
Laodice and Iphigene
Are two of these fine girls I mean;
In the sun's rays there not a beam is
So bright as red-hair'd Chrysothemis;
All three are sprightly buxom jades,
And, what's a rarity, they're maids!
These in their Sunday's yard-wide stuff,
Or, if you like 'em best, in buff,
He'll let you see, to take your choice,
Take which you will you have his voice,
And for her portion you'll have more
Than * * * * * * spent upon his ——:
Further, these mighty gifts to crown,
He'll make you bailiff of a town,
Where on a grand election year,
If you are careful, you may clear
Ten pounds, as sure as you were born,
Or twenty, for a false return:
But let this caution be your guide,
That you return the strongest side,
Else you may chance to find your pate
O' th' wrong side of an iron grate.
Likewise six villages do lie
Within this borough's liberty,
Of which, if I may gain belief,
You shall be constable in chief;
Both Pherœ and Enope too
Must then pull off their caps to you,
And you, when you think 't worth the while,
May kiss the girls of Cardamyle;
With Pedasus, whose stock of trees
Bear an estate in gooseberries.
These, join'd with Hira and Epea,
And special fields about Anthea,
All stretch along the salt beach,

And very near to Pylos reach,
Where bulls, and cows, and oxen roar,
And men and women drink and *splore*,
And where they still continue *snoring*,
In spite of squinting Whitfield's roaring,
Altho' he deals to ev'ry station
Such thumping doses of damnation,
You'd swear he had a patent got
(As folks have done for pills and shot)
That none but Wesley, he, and Grimstone *
May deal in burning pitch and brimstone.
See what he offers to appease you!
The devil's in't, if he don't please you:
By prayers the hardest thing relaxes,
Nothing stands fix'd, but death and taxes.
You see, Achilles, what he proffers,
And troth I thought 'em handsome offers;
But if you turn a flat deaf ear
To our petition, folks will swear
Your liver is grown white with *skulking*,
And now you're good for nought but *sulking;*
From whence they fairly must conjecture
You dare not face that rascal Hector,
Who, I am hopeful, kicks us now
Only to be rekick'd by you.
  Achilles answers: Surely this is
A rare long speech, my friend Ulysses!
And in return I'll give you for't
A speech that, be it long or short,
Shall speak my mind—for may I sink,
If I'll say aught but what I think!
Tho', if your friends expect to see
A single grain of help from me,
Tell 'em, as sure as there you sit,

* This Grimstone is a preaching shoemaker, and as fine a fellow as either of the other two brimstone-merchants, but less known, because he is confined to a small circle in the country.

They're most abominably bit.
Who one thing speaks and thinks another,
Tho' he were born of my own mother,
Should I not use him right, I ask all,
To d—n him for a scoundrel rascal?
And therefore all the Greeks you'll find
Will hardly make me change my mind.
On their account when Troy I spank'd
You see how finely I got thank'd,
Your scoundrel chief must get a-stride on
The only tit I had to ride on,
But on a Bible-book I've swore
Never to do so any more;
Ev'ry poor heartless rogue you'll stand by,
Rather than Monckton, Hawke, or Granby;
For, when a brave man tumbles down,
You'll help a scoundrel up as soon.
Pray what the devil have I got
For all the rogues I've sent to rot?
Just like that careful bird the tit,
Who never tastes a single bit,
But still keeps picking worms and scraping
Till ev'ry tit gives over gaping:
Such pains for thankless Greece I've taken,
And sav'd their measly *streaky* bacon;
Kept all their loving spouses' plackets
From being trimm'd by Trojan jackets;
Watch'd all the night in heavy buff,
And work'd all day at kick and cuff;
Twelve farmers' huts and barns I plunder'd,
And should, if there had been a hundred:
That thick-skull'd whelp, Gen'ral Blunder,
Came in of course for all the plunder,
Began to fill his paunch the first,
And guttled cheese-cakes till he burst:
Two dozen down his throat he switches,
Then ramm'd two dozen in his breech

Besides, he ev'ry kettle got,
Except one *paltry* porridge pot,
And one fat wench so rarely fed,
Her cheeks as well as hair were red.
My men that fought, and won the stake,
Like those that did th' Havanna take,
Receiv'd from this great chief of Greece
'Bout twelve or fifteen pence apiece;
He likewise gave, with much ado,
A little to the captains too,
But not so much, by far, as will
Pay half their sneaking taylor's bill;
The rest, like A * * * *, he sent
To his own hoard; yet, not content,
His idle hours he could not pass
Without my carrot-pated lass.
Let him the buxom dame enjoy;
But what's our quarrel then with Troy?*
You all were sensible *till now*,
We're only fighting for a *row*:
Don't wonder then, if for a harlot
You see me drub that thieving varlet.
Must Atreus' sons all wenches seize,
And trim 'em when and where they please,
Whilst we, who all their prizes won,
Must thank 'em for a butter'd bun?
Mean sneaking scrubs may go on still,
But seal my day-lights if I will!
A heart that's made of standard bullion
Will love his wench altho' a scullion;
Nay, tho' he takes a rag-mop squeezer,
He ought to do his best to please her.
I lik'd the girl, and, on my life,
Us'd her as tho' she'd been my wife;
And, may I never drub the French,

* Pope.

If I'd have parted with the wench,
But Pallas came down stairs, you know,
And order'd me to let her go!
But, once deceiv'd, I'll tell you plain
I'll never trust a king again:
He's wrong'd me in the dearest part,
And from my soul L—d d—n his heart!
This is my mind; to mend the job
Let him consult your busy nob;
Where you can't lend a helping hand,
The devil would be at a stand.
But why the *deuce* should he want me,
When I such mighty works can see,
With wondrous ramparts and a trench?
Surely his engineers were French!
The Greeks could never raise such works,
They'd baffle a whole host of Turks,
And yet he fears, as I conjecture,
They cannot keep out swagg'ring Hector:
When I along with Ajax steer'd,
Then no such bullying work appear'd;
These fighting Trojans kept their gates up
And very seldom popp'd their pates up
Above their wall, but then were fain
To pop 'em quickly down again.
The mighty Hector ventur'd once
Without the gates, but sav'd his sconce
By running back into the town,
Or, by my soul, I'd crack'd his crown!
And had I still look'd sharp about,
He ne'er again had ventur'd out.
Now we no more shall think of fighting,
But soon as th' morning brings some light in
If we can catch a leading gale,
You'll spy my lighters under sail,
And the third day, by three o'clock,
Don't fear to reach to Puddle Dock,

Where there's no doubt but we shall find
The heaps of goods I left behind,
Some rusty kettles, pots, and pans,
And half a dozen copper cans.
To these I'll add what I got here,
Earn'd by my labor plaguy dear,
With all my square-stern'd thumping jades,
By people here call'd country maids.
I lik'd but one above them all,
And that your scoundrel Gen'ral stole:
Then tell him thus, and do not fear ye
To speak that all the Greeks may hear ye,
Let them all hear I call their chief
A *dirty*, pilf'ring, blackguard thief!
Had he but his deserts, I know
He would have swung five years ago,
And yet I've hopes to see him still
Ride in a cart—up Holborn-Hill;*
For, by my soul, the rascal's knav'ry
Designs you wooden shoes and slavery.
Keep you but honest, and I'm sure
The scoundrel dog will keep you poor;
Altho' the rascal dare as well
Fetch my Lord B—th's black soul from hell,
As venture into any place
Where I may see his ugly face—
For, if he does, by G-d, I'll fell him!
And that, Ulysses, you may tell him;
And add, I neither will collogue
Nor fight along with such a rogue.
Let the poor dog, since Jove deprives him
Of sense, run where the devil drives him:
A man may be bamboozled once,
As I was, by a thick-skull'd dunce;

* From Newgate to Tyburn the malefactors were wont to be carted up Holborn-Hill, London.

But if again I let it pass,
Tho' he's the rogue, yet I'm the ass;
From sneaking rascals full of shifts,
Tell him Achilles scorns all gifts;
Nay, tho' he promis'd me the whole
His rogu'ry has from others stole,
I'd rather stand to see him undone
Than have the running cash of London,
Whose money, judg'd by what they spend,
Can surely never have an end;
Yet could the sneaking scoundrel ask all
That running cash for me, the rascal
Shall ne'er have my assistance, d—n me!
Nor any chance again to flam me.
Nor will I ever kiss his daughter,
Tho' H * * * herself had taught her
The very motions maids at court
All know will make the finest sport—
Nay, was she all in di'monds dress'd,
And had of things the very best,
Yet rather than with him agree,
The second best shall serve for me;
Sooner than he my pate shall flam,
I'll marry with the devil's dam,
For I'm resolv'd to sow no seed
On such bad ground; I hate the breed!
When I go home, if God spare life,
I'll get my dad to choose a wife;
My back and parts, I'm pretty certain,
Will recommend me to a fortune;
There's scarce a girl of Thessaly
But will be glad to jump at me.
With one of these I'll join my hand,
And stay at home and plow my land
On Sundays a good dinner cook,
Then sit and read a godly book—
The book where Solomon the wise

A girl from ev'ry nation tries,
And found, when all his strength was past,
It was but vanity at last.
Here I can likewise mend my writing,
And leave to fools the trade of fighting.
Pray, of what use are all our cattle
If once we're knock'd o' th' head in battle?
Not the best purl that e'er was drank,
Nor all the money in the Bank,
Not *Childs' great chest, with all that's in it,
Will save your life a single minute.
We may recover money lost,
Or nags when stole, on paying cost;
But if your breath you once let slip,
The devil gets you on the hip,
And he was never known to let
A sinner once escape his net,
Except a fiddler † of the town,
That took a hurdigurdy down,
And made such cursed noise below,
Satan was glad to let him go;
Which gave old Handel * room to crack,
The devil soon would send him back:
But as we've never seen him yet,
'Tis ten to one th' old fellow's bit.
Long since a gipsy told my fortune,
That I should be demolish'd certain;
If I stay here my life 'twill curtail,
But then my fame will be immortal;
Ballads in print shall spread my fame,
And ballad-singers roar my name·
If I go home I change my fate,
And spin out life a longer date.
Like country 'squires lie warm and snug,

*Child's, the London banker. †Orpheus.

†Handel, to make as much noise as possible, introduced cannon into a concert.

And snore a hundred years incog.
This course, my friends, will I pursue,
And so, if you are wise, will you.
Seek your own homes without delay,
Nor longer here for dry blows stay,
Where nothing can be got but raps
Upon your pates, or slaps o' th' chaps;
For Jove, I'll speak it to his face,
Defends this *dirty* Trojan race,
Heartens them on our boats to plunder,
But scares our shabby rogues with thunder.
And now I've told you all my mind,
Pray let your loggerheads be join'd
In consultation how to 'scape
Your present most unlucky scrape.
This string has snapp'd, but you, I know,
Have always two strings to your bow,
And yet you'll find, I don't dispute,
Some auger-hole to wriggle out:
This is the answer you may carry,
So march! but let old Phœnix tarry;
I think that he should have a tomb
To lay his grizzle beard at home,
Altho' the old curmudgeon may,
Just as he pleases, go or stay.
  This speech of speeches ending here,
Like three stuck pigs it made 'em stare;
When Phœnix rose, but first he cried,
Then wip'd his *beard*, before he tried
A few persuasive words to speak;
But his old pipe was grown so weak,
He did not seem to talk, but squeak:
  O, great Achilles! wilt thou fly,
And leave the Greeks like rats to die?
If you in anger trudge away,
How shall your old schoolmaster stay?
When thy good daddy Peleus sent

Thee first to join the regiment,
And bid thee stay upon condition
I bought the very first commission
(For, to our scandal be it told,
Commissions are both bought and sold),
He sent me with thee, that I might
Teach thee to bully, *play*, and fight—
Three card'nal virtues, which a brave
And jolly captain ought to have;
Which, added to a little drinking,
Will always keep his nob from thinking;
For soldiers, if they thought aright,
Would sooner far be d—d than fight
For rogues, who, when they've lost a leg,
Will hardly give them leave to beg.
But yet I always did pursue
Your father's plan in teaching you,
And flux me if I leave you now!
Not if the gods would lend their mill
To grind me young, or Doctor Hill
Would promise to keep off old age
With the grand tincture of red sage.
Then would you hear me thrice a week
Make chambermaids by dozens squeak.
My dad so old, he scarce could move,
Yet with a *fad* must fall in love;
My mam. begg'd hard that I'd outwit him:
I did, and got the girl—so bit him.
But the old Heathen swore and curs'd
As if his very gall would burst;
So far his passion crack'd his brain,
He pray'd I ne'er might stand again;
And sure I am, as you are there,
The devil help'd his wicked prayer.
I was damn'd vex'd, a man may swear,
To find myself so very queer,
That tho' I did on jellies sup,

I ne'er could make affairs look up,
And thought, so prone are we to evil,
To send th' old rascal to the devil;
But some kind goblin stay'd that thought,
So all my anger came to nought.
Then I would fly, aye that I would,
Let all my friends do what they could:
Nine suns they watch'd me night and day;
On the tenth eve I ran away
With a blind tinker, whose good metal
Had mended many a crazy kettle,
But grown less able now to trudge it,
I undertook to lug the budget,
And thus with eighteen-pence a-piece,
We took our travels through all Greece.
Many a merry day we pass'd,
And weather'd many a bitter blast,
And many a merry night, when tipsy,
We pigg'd in straw with each a gipsy:
At last, without a single *shilling*,
We reach'd your daddy's *noble dwelling*,
Who did to stay with him persuade me,
And dry nurse to his son he made me;
Gave me a sal'ry for my keeping,
And patch'd the calf-crib up to sleep in.
Finding I had a taste to rule,
He made me master of a school,
To teach, as I could do it well,
The farmers' chub-fac'd boys to spell.
And 'faith your dad I amply paid
By making you so fine a blade—
Tho' you cut such a puff, d'ye see,
You'd been a noodle but for me.
That I my time could ne'er employ
On a more hopeful loving boy
Is true, and naught but truth I'll say;
It made me chuckle ev'ry day

To hear the little varlet mutter,
Unless I cut his bread and butter;
Often upon my knee he'd doze,
And puke his milk upon my clothes,
Which I rubb'd off as soon as done,
As if the lad had been my son:
I thought, or may the dry pox rot me!
The devil had at last forgot me,
And, spite of my old father's curse,
I was thy dad, and not thy nurse:
You'll hardly think the joy I had
In rearing such a hopeful lad.
Come, don't be cross, but dry our tears,
A valiant heart no malice bears;
When man repents and turns from evils,
He moves all hearts except the devil's;
Therefore, if you don't take our part,
You've got the devil of a heart.
The wicked Jews themselves once sent
Such prayers as made their god repent—
Prayers made him do it, thó' he knew
They were a cursed wicked crew,
And would, before the week was spent,
Make him on t'other side repent:
Our prayers are slow because they're lame,
For which the parsons are to blame,
Who might have taught us to repeat
Prayers with much better legs and feet,
Howe'er they make a shift to follow
Injustice with a whoop and hollow.
Altho' this fiery headlong madam,
Injustice, 'mongst the sons of Adam
Makes cursed work, yet prayers can heal
The mischiefs that she makes them feel:
And he that won't their voices hear,
Jove often makes him pay full dear;
For then at private man or king

He lets Injustice take her swing,
And, that no mortal may resist her,
Lends her a lawyer to assist her.
Then cease, my boy, to curse and swear,
And hear our lamentable prayer:
Had not the gen'ral made submission,
May I be sous'd to all perdition,
If I'd have spoke a single sentence,
In hopes to bring thee to repentance!
For, had not Fortune, ever fickle,
Now left him in a *stringent* pickle,
Not twenty guineas, I assure you,
Should make me plead against your fury;
But since he offers you so fairly,
And decks his presents out so rarely,
And since these curious things, d'ye see,
Are sent by no less man than me,
I would not have you shun the offer,
You'll ne'er refuse a better proffer;
And, lest you fail to nick the joint,
I'll just relate a case in point:
  Upon a steep and rocky mountain
Stands Calydon, beside a fountain;
Th' Ætolians strove to take the rock,
And warded many a bitter knock
From the Curetians; thus they hourly
Kept basting one another purely:
'Twas Cynthia's doing all: but whether
She set 'em by the ears together
For cheating her of some good suppers,
Or bumping one another's cruppers,
Like Sodom's sons, I can't, I vow,
Explain that matter clearly now;
But something set her so agig,
She sent a monstrous great he-pig,
That swallow'd ev'ry thing he found
Either above or under ground,

Tore their potatoes up by th' root,
And all their apple-trees to boot,
And made no bones of sheep or geese,
But swallow'd feathers, horns, and fleece—
This pig, no matter where 'twas bred,
Dick Meleager knock'd o' th' head ;
Then all the bumpkins round came in,
And box'd like devils for the skin,
Brought out their pokers, spits, and ladles,
To gain the skin to make 'em saddles.
The bold Curetes, who had fully
Resolv'd to baste this kill-pig bully,
Got rarely 'nointed ; then he swore
A bloody oath he'd fight no more,
But go and lead a quiet life
With dame Alcyone his wife.
Idas, her father, tho' a civil
And well-bred man, would box the devil ;
Marpasa was her mother's name,
A handsome jolly country dame.
Now that trim singing rogue Apollo,
This Idas' handsome wife did follow,
And one dark foggy night, when all
The family were out of call,
Jumbled her *out* against a wall.
Finding no help was nigh her, she
For that time took it patiently :
But, because Idas did not choose
To be a quiet Cheapside spouse,
And let him round his freehold range
To do his bus'ness whilst at 'Change—
I mean the bus'ness of his wife—
He plagu'd poor Idas all his life.
Very fine principles, you'll say,
Their godships had that time o' day ;
For, bad as we are all, 'tis true,
They're thought vile rogues that do so now.

But Alethea, tho' his mother,
Because he chanc'd to kill her brother,
With cursing such a noise did keep,
He could not get a wink of sleep;
Legions of fiends her curses drew,
She curs'd till all the ground look'd blue,
And set up such a shrill-ton'd yell,
They plainly heard her voice in hell;
Her curses gave him such a diz'ness,
It made him quite neglect his bus'ness,
And spend his mornings, noons, and nights,
At Mother Welch's,* or at White's.*
Etolia, woefully oppress'd,
And to the last degree distress'd
By foes all round, entreats his aid,
And sent a swingeing long parade
Of aldermanic wigs and gowns,
Collected from the neighb'ring towns;
And, for a wonder, he that led
This sweeping train had got a head:
They begg'd he'd come, with piteous tones,
And break their adversaries' bones,
And would he prove a good peace-maker,
They'd freely give him fifty acre
Of as brave land as ever bore
A pile of grass, or crow flew o'er:
But in these times they durst not mention
So vile an epithet as pension.
His father came and made a bow,
And all his sisters curtsy'd too:
The cursing dame before him stood;
But, as for her, he damn'd her blood,
As any man of spirit would:
His wife came last, and rubb'd her eye,

* Two noted places in London, 1765, the latter a gambling club.

Then turn'd her pipe, and join'd the cry;
Told him, if he won't come away,
The devil soon must be to pay—
So fast, says she, the ruin spreads,
There soon must be a smash of heads;
For when the men's hard heads are smack'd,
The maidens' heads will soon be crack'd,
And all the virgins in the town
Expect they shall be ravish'd soon:
If therefore you'll this time preserve 'em,
At any time they'll let you serve 'em,
And promise that they will not squeak,
Tho' you should *work* ten a-week:
But they would have you take great care,
You do not touch a single hair
Of Polly W-dc-k, lest some quack,
With brazen face and conscience black,
Should swear that he can tell by th' mark,
Whether you kiss'd her in the dark,
Or by broad day-light, and if she
Kick'd hard, or took it patiently.
  At this he grasp'd his stick, and soon
Broke all their bones, and sav'd the town.
But 'cause his coming was so tardy,
These same Etolians grew fool-hardy;
And tho' he sav'd both priest and church,
They left their saviour in the lurch,
Just as the bishops left their maker,
And shunn'd the passage through Long Acre.
'Tis dang'rous, cries each wary chap,
To venture through the Devil's Gap,*
The houses on both sides are all
So old, that like the Duke they'll fall,
And crush, perhaps, each reverend sot

* Through the Devil's Gap was the way to the Duke of Newcastle's.

That runs where nothing's to be got;
And Satan, always on the watch
The sons of any church to catch,
Dines rarely when his cook can dish up
A rev'rend brawny well-fed bishop.
  But to return: From this great strait
Pray help us ere it be too late;
Your arm will stand us in no stead
After we all are knock'd o' th' head;
Assist us therefore ere we faint,
And you shall be a popish saint.
I ask'd the Pope if he knew where
To find a day from saintship clear.
He answer'd No, but he would make
Some shift or other for your sake;
Not doubting but amongst the crew
To find a bigger rogue than you—
If so, says he, 'twill be no sin
To kick him out, and put you in.
  Achilles then returns this answer;
My ever-honoured nurse and grandsire,
You know I'm us'd to make a shift,
And therefore want no bribe or gift:
If Jove and I are cater-cozens,
The Greeks may hang themselves by dozens!
If he thinks fit, I here will lag
As long as I a toe can wag,
Or go wherever he shall lug me,
But your old pate shall ne'er humbug me;
Therefore no more attempt to bubble
Your loving friend, and give him trouble,
For such a rogue as that Atrides,
A scoundrel dog, whose greatest pride is
To cheat and pilfer all he can,
And plunder every honest man!
I little thought, old friend, not I,
You could for such a rascal cry:

Whether small beer or ale we drink,
My friend like me should always think;
In this 'tis honest to collogue
To hate a dirty sneaking rogue;
The very fellow that would do
Mischief to me, would hamstring you,
Because, when Peleus dies, he knows
Half of my farm and cattle goes
To you by promise.—So, Ulysses,
Go tell your spitfire gen'ral this is
My firm resolve, at break of day
Either to stay or go away.—
  Then orders, as these words he said,
A pan of coals for Phœnix' bed.
  Now, you must know, this fine oration
Put Ajax in a bitter passion;
Blast my old boots, says he, but this is
A mighty pretty job, Ulysses!
We're sent by our wise-looking owls,
Only to make us April fools:
See what we've got for all our pain!
Rot me if e'er I'll cringe again!
No speech that we can make will stir him,
Were we to stay till doomsday for him:
Therefore 'tis proper we should go,
Whether they like his words or no,
And tell our friends the fine pallabber
That we just now have heard him jabber—
I'm sure that they, this foggy morn,
Are gaping hard for our return;
You see he is on mischief bent—
Such harden'd sinners ne'er repent:
His cronies and old secret-keepers
He minds no more than chimney-sweepers;
Yet, smite my eyes! if any other
Should in a squabble lose a brother,
All the amends that's in folks' power

Is made, and people ask no more!
If an own father lose his son,
As very oft, God knows, is done,
Should the damn'd rogue who did the deed
Chance to be rich enough to bleed
A good round sum, and comes to shake it,
The people make the father take it.
The hardest hearts but thine relent,
And money makes a judge repent;
But Jove has given thee a heart
Made of a plank of Pharaoh's cart:
One wench was stole, but what of that?
He offers seven full as fat,
And fatter too, for all these wenches
Have broader buttocks by some inches,
With flesh so firm, without a hum,
I'd undertake upon the bum
Of any of those girls (d'ye see?)
To beat a march, or crack a flea.
Come then, and be of better temper,
And don't be cross and sulky semper,
Else we shall say you give a bit
Of roast, and baste us with the spit;
Which sure must vex us to the heart,
Because we always take your part—
So much, that when poor scoundrels rail
At your cross phiz, we seldom fail
Either to knock the rascals down,
Or with a broomstick crack their crown—
A rare short method I found out
To finish any long dispute.
Achilles *says:* My bully rock,
Of all the Greeks the boldest cock,
In a bad cause you beat by far
Pitt's speeches for a German war:
But it won't do, a man that's wise
Will never be humbugg'd by lies,

Such lies as from his tongue were sent
To hum the British Parliament.
Besides, there's nought can vex me worse
Than to refuse my good old nurse:
But when that fellow's name I hear,
Spite of my *ribs* my tongue will swear,
So much the rascal does provoke me,
My passion rises fit to choak me,
And would, but that we Grecians are
Such sons of freedom that we dare,
Like English mob, do any thing,
Blaspheme our God, or d—n our king.
The usage I have had much worse is
Than Oxford scholars use hack-horses:
Cheated, because he chose to rob me,
And now sends you, my friends, to bob me.
But flux my hide if you shall do it!
I knew the dog would live to rue it!
Then tell the whelp, and tell him plain,
I'll never lift my hand again
Till Hector and his roaring crew
Have thump'd your sides all black and blue;
When all your boats in flames are crackling,
I'll stir to save my own old tackling;
And whilst with joy the Trojan chuckles,
Just then I'll make him feel my knuckles.
  At this he put the mug about,
And begg'd they'd see the liquor out.
To keep their souls from growing dull
Each took a pretty hearty pull;
Then swash'd the leavings of that round
For a libation on the ground—
A method I have heard folks say
Our chairmen use to this good day.
This done, they made a bow, and went
Full speed to find the gen'ral's tent.
  In the mean time a strapping jade,

Achilles call'd his chamber-maid,
Spread on the ground for this old sinner
Some sheep-skins borrow'd from a skinner,
Of blankets then she bought a pair
Full of great holes, and quite thread-bare,
But yet they were, tho' bitter bad,
The very best Achilles had;
Howe'er, to keep the old Grecian snug,
From her own bed she spar'd a rug,
With bugs, and grease, and sweat so full,
It kept th' old soul as warm as wool;
For he, in less than half an hour
Began to crack, and snort, and snore
So loud, I'll take my oath the sound
Was heard at least a furlong round.
  Achilles, maugre all his roaring,
Kept the best room himself to snore in,
Where stripping off his clothes with speed he
Whipp'd into bed to Diomedé,
A Yorkshire girl, whose awkward motion
So pleas'd the whelp, that I've a notion
He better lik'd to sleep with her
Than the fat jade they squabbled for.
Patroclus' bed was warm'd the last,
And he his nights in pleasure pass'd
By a fair maiden's side call'd Iphis,
Where no such jars as with a wife is:
This girl was well content to share it,
And took it just as he could spare it;
For early in the morn she never
Cry'd, Lord! my dear, you'll sleep for ever!
  Now Ajax and Ulysses put
The best leg forward to the hut
Where the old soakers still kept drinking
To drown all cares—care comes by thinking:
Each man with glass in hand they found,
Standing to drink one bumper round;

One bumper more to crown the rest,
In English call'd the very best;
But, tho' the meaning is the same,
In Greek it bears another name;
I think my master, Doctor Busby,
Us'd to pronounce it polioflusby.
Great Agamemnon 'spy'd 'em coming,
And bid 'em speak, and not stand humming.
On this sly Ithacus replies,
Smite all my limbs, and blast my eyes,
If such a fellow e'er was seen
As yon queer fellow where we've been!
The more we pray, the more he swears,
And grins to see us hang our ears.
Because you said we should not want
His aid, he vow'd he would not grant
To such a noisy brangling whelp
As you, a single grain of help;
And swore, unless it was your brother,
On earth there was not such another
D—d blackguard scoundrel left alive—
The rest were hang'd in forty-five:
But what need he for help to call,
Whose clapper can outscold them all?
For when his tongue has once begun,
He'll make a Thames-street fish-wife run.
King Solomon himself doth say
A scolding woman any day
Can drive an enemy away:
Now he that can in any weather
Outscold a dozen brims together,
Can surely make that Trojan whelp,
That Hector, run without my help;
Therefore i' th' morn when up you get,
Depend you'll see my mainsail set,
And if you've any prudence, you
Will hoist your lighter's mainsail too;

For Jove, I speak it to his face,
Defends this *unclean* Trojan race;
He'll save these rascals from a scouring,
Because they, like himself, love whoring.
These were his words, what more appear'd
Both Ajax and the beadles heard;
But Phœnix in his tent he keeps,
Where for this night th' old fellow sleeps,
Tho' in the morn, he told us so,
He'll give him leave to stay or go:
Then added, tho' you should escape
Without his help from this d—d scrape,
And save your hide from being bang'd,
He hopes to live to see you hang'd.
Ulysses ceas'd: the congregation
Seem'd in a dreadful consternation;
Their eyes shew'd nothing but the whites,
Like Wesley and his Culamites;
A look of horror spread all o'er 'em,
As if they saw hell-fire before 'em,
And Satan with a sable pack
Of long-tailed devils at their back,
Ready with pitchforks to begin
To push them all by dozens in;—
When up the bold Tydides sprung,
And in a twinkling found his tongue
(No stamm'ring orator would do,
A nimble tongue was wanting now):
So wild the Greeks began to stare,
He saw there was no time to spare;
So sprang up nimbly from his seat,
And found at once his tongue and feet:
Why should we sneak, and beg, and pray,
As if we had no other way?
This man with pride will crack his guts,
To him our prayers are eggs and nuts;
And to proud puppies, I am clear,

The more you pray, the more they swear.
Have you not done, Sir, all you can do,
And pray what more can Ferdinando?
Let him, since so much wrath attends him,
Sit sulky till the devil mends him;
Let him, since it belikes him well,
Stay where he is, or go to hell!
We have it in our power to shew
We'll do as much as men can do!
Therefore to put us in good plight
For boxing, let us drink all night,
Boose it about to drown all sorrow,
Boxing will make us cool to-morrow.
Soon as the sun the welkin graces,
He'll find a sun in all our faces,
Painted so red with humming ale,
We'll make his fiery face look pale;
The god will stand amaz'd to think
Such virtue lies in mortal drink;
Nor shall he catch us without coats,
But looking sharp before the boats:
And you, Atrides, in the front
For once must stand and bear the brunt;
For once, I say, we hope you'll do't,
It is not oft we put you to't.
  This speech produc'd a mighty shout,
Whilst Diom. push'd the mug about:
They drank; then, rolling on the floor,
Began like aldermen to snore.

THE TENTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

FINDING that no Achilles comes
Poor Agamemnon bites his thumbs;
And though his heavy eyes kept winking,
He could not steal a nod for thinking
How he from this unlucky scrape
Might with his ragged rogues escape;
For as, says he, our woeful pickle
Requires that ev'ry man should stickle,
Why should our Grecian lazy dogs
Keep snoring like distillers' hogs,
Whilst I for gen'ral good am watching,
And flaying all my rump with scratching?
So up he gets, sans more ado,
And sends the cuckold Menelau
To bring their comrades all together,
That they might club their noddles whether
They ought in this great strait to stay,
Or take good start and run away.
A council call'd, they send from thence
Two spies to *steal* intelligence;
And *steal* they did—for by their prize
You'd swear he sent two Yorkshire spies;
For, after stealing sev'ral purses,
They stole a special pair of horses.



HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK X.

THE Greeks, tho' sorely drubb'd all day,
Asleep before their scullers lay—
All but poor Agamemnon, who
Could only nod a spell or so.
Distracted with a thousand fears
How to get off and save his ears,
His fears did such a rumbling keep
Within his guts, he could not sleep.
As when a barrel of small beer,
No matter whether foul or clear,
Begins to leak, drop follows drop
As fast as wanton schoolboys hop:
So quick this valiant Greek kept sighing,
At last he fairly fell a-crying;
Then with a face of rueful length
Peep'd up to 'spy the Trojans' strength;
When to his wondrous great amaze,
He saw a thousand bonfires blaze,
And heard so plain the Trojans *snore*,
It vex'd him to *his heart the more*
To think the rogues were got so near,
That he their very *snores* could hear;
Which sound he hated full as much
As Britons do the belching Dutch.
Whilst he was grunting in dispute
To hang himself or fight it out,
He almost lugg'd, at one smart pull,
A pound of carrots from his skull;
But finding that did little good,

He fell to praying as he stood.
Just as his second prayer begun,
Thinks he, by G–d, we're all undone,
If Nestor can't the Trojans nick
By some old square-toed slipp'ry trick!
On which he wrapp'd his calf's-hide in
A jacket made of lion's skin,
And then put on a pair of shoes,
Such as St. Giles' statesmen use,
With scarce a sole to keep out weather,
And forty holes i' th' upper leather.
His brother likewise found his tripes
Most sorely twisted with the gripes,
Because the very Greeks that came
To fetch away his light-heel'd dame
Were drawn into so bad a lay
They could not fetch themselves away—
To think they'd got in such a trap,
Disturb'd the honest Spartan's nap:
So out of bed in haste he got,
And quickly found the chamber-pot,
And whilst he made a little water,
Took time to think about the matter;
For his schoolmaster, Peter Ashley,
Had taught him to do nothing rashly.
When this important job was done,
He put his greasy breeches on;
Next button'd underneath his chin
A very fierce-look'd leopard-skin;
Then took a broomstick in his hand,
And trudg'd away along the strand
To call his elder brother up;
When, lo! he found the squabbling tup
Rear'd up against his lighter's side
Twisting a string, with which he tied
A rusty hanger to his side.
To him the Spartan thus begun:

What makes you put your dudgeon on?
D' you think of sending out some spy
This dark and dismal night, to try
Whether the Trojans watch are keeping,
Or pay great idle whelps for sleeping?
But who the pox d'ye think will move
This dismal night? Not I, by Jove!
The hardiest rogue in Fielding's gang *
At such a task *his ears* would hang.
The king replies: O Menelaus,
I fear these Trojan rogues will pay us
Both scot and lot for all our tricks,
And baste us with their crabtree sticks.
When cases, like our case, are bad,
The best of counsel must be had:
Therefore, besides both Hart and Moon,
Above all things secure us Neptune:
Unless he's for us, d—n my blood
If Beelzebub can do us good!
For if on t'other side you place him,
You know the devil cannot face him:
And Jove, you see, denies us help,
But lends it to that Trojan whelp.
Would ever man believe that one
Could smoke us all as he has done?
But yesterday that blust'ring scrub,
What heaps of serjeants did he drub!
The Sun, before his link went out,
Saw how he kick'd us all about;
And yet, like yours and mine, the bitch
His dam was never thought a witch;
Nor is his dad, that queer old cur,
A wizard, or a conjurer:
Yet unborn Greeks, before they're gotten,
Shall wish the rascal dead and rotten,

* Fielding's gang of Bow Street policemen or detectives.

Because his laming all our nation
Will make a limping generation.
Don't stand a moment to consider,
But send me bully Ajax hither;
Next hasten to Idomeneus,
And hurry him away to see us:
To Nestor I will go before ye;
He's telling some long trimtram story,
Such as at any time he'll make
To keep the drunken watchmen 'wake;
For that's his task to-night, and there
I'm sure th' old cock will shew his care;
But more especially that entry
Where Merion and his son stand sentry.
Thus spoke the king; and Menelau
Replies: Pray, brother, when I go,
And all your orders safely carry,
Must I return, or must I tarry?
Tarry, be sure, replies the brother,
We else shall miss of one another;
The night is rather thick than clear,
And candles are excessive dear;
The very last half-pound we bought
You fetch'd yourself, and paid a groat.
Besides, our lanthorns were, you know,
All broke to shatters long ago:
But we must shift without 'em. Now
What I would recommend to you,
Is, all our ragged rogues to cheer,
Tell 'em what whelps their fathers were:
For us, since things so bad are got,
We e'en must work, or go to pot;
Jove has decreed that man must labor,
And kings by chance must help their neighbor:
In former days 'twas often done,
But now as often let alone:
Necessity has driv'n me to't.

Or I'd as soon be hang'd as do't.
Away then Agamemnon goes;
But first he clapp'd within his jaws
A plug of Hobson's best tobacco,
Then found old Nestor in a cracko;
Stretch'd in his hammock snug he found him,
With clubs, oak-sticks, and broomstaves round him:
Like an old coachman, who, unable
To drive, yet loves the smell o' th' stable,
Th' old firelock on his guard did keep,
A sprite, call'd Fear, prevented sleep;
He lean'd his head upon his hand,
And call'd aloud, Plague on you, stand!
Say, who the *deuce* are you that keep
Strolling about whilst folks should sleep?
Perhaps you're some poor hungry thief,
Whose nose has smelt my leg of beef:
If so, you've nos'd it mighty soon,
'Twas only bak'd this afternoon.
Or do you hunt some other prey,
Or seek some sentry run away?
Be who you will, it would undo ye
If I should make the moon shine thro' ye.
Then Agamemnon thus replies:
I'll tell thee all without disguise;
And thou, in whom our nation glories
For telling Canterbury stories,
Shalt hear a tale as lamentable
As any thou thyself art able
To find in all thy endless budget:
With patience listen then, and judge it:
For curs'd ill fortune now astride is
Across the back of poor Atrides;
And Jove resolves, tho' e'er so stout,
With rubs and cuffs to wear him out;
On my tir'd knees my body rocks,
My heart against my liver knocks;

On fifty things I poring keep,
But cannot get a wink of sleep,
And find myself so plaguy queer,
I'm neither easy here nor there,
But dying with the mullygrubs
Because the Greeks have met such rubs.
Now if thy cunning nob should teem
With any pretty likely scheme
How to repair this last day's scrubbing,
And save us such another drubbing,
Give us your good advice with speed—
A friend in need's a friend indeed—
And then, old buff, we'll go together
To hearten those who're watching whether
These damn'd infernal Trojan tartars
May not by night beat up our quarters.
Th' old cock replies, I've often said it,
You must give Jove a little credit;
He's sometimes cross, but altogether
He best can rule both wind and weather:
This Hector, tho' he hector now,
God help his soul! what will he do
When bold Achilles comes to fight him?
I'll answer for't he soon *will smite* him.
Be that as't may, just here I stand
Your humble servant at command;
But let us summon for this bout
Some other bucks to help us out;
That canting lying rogue Ulysses,
At such a woeful pinch as this is,
Will help us greatly with his cunning;
Then bold Oileus, fam'd for running;
There's Meges too, a strong-back'd whelp,
With Diomede, will lend us help.
But let some other spark, d'ye see,
With nimbler heels than you or me,
Run to the other end o' th' fleet,

And call the constable of Crete,
With bully Ajax, or some other:
I'll rouse that drowsy whelp your brother,
And hear what lame excuse he'll make
For snoring when he should awake.
Now, as these broils were of his brewing,
He ought to do what you are doing,
Should keep himself upon the peep,
And share in work as well as sleep;
For, at this dreadful pinch of pinches,
We all are lost if one man flinches.
To whom the king: Without dispute
You're often right, but now you're out;
My brother is, to speak the truth,
A very modest harmless youth,
And ne'er presumes to take the lead,
Because he knows that I'm the head:
But when his leader shews the way,
He's always ready to obey.
You blame him oft, which you are right in,
For loving *play far* more than fighting,
Altho' 'tis what we all delight in.
But yesterday's confounded scramble
So made his great and small guts wamble,
He could not lie in bed, not he,
So up he got, and call'd on me;
Then posted forward with intention
To rouse the very whelps you mention;
And whilst we idly here are prating,
I'll hold a tester they are waiting
At th' alehouse underneath the wall,
Where I a council bade them call,
And 'speak some hot-pots for us all.
There they may sit secure and snug;
The watchmen for a single mug
Will look so sharp, you need not fear 'em,
They'll let no Trojan rogues come near 'em.

Hot-pots! says Nestor. By Apollo,
If that's the case, we'll quickly follow:
I'll in a twinkling put my coat on:
These jobs, the moment they are thought on
Should be perform'd as soon as told,
Or else the hot-pots may grow cold.
With that his gummy eyes he washes,
And cas'd his legs in spatterdashes,
Then on his arms began to pull
An old red waistcoat lin'd with wool;
And ere he left the tent he took
A sapling of the toughest oak.
Then thro' the drowsy crowd he pass'd,
And call'd Ulysses out in haste;
Ulysses starting heard his voice,
And ran to see who made such noise.
Old dad, says Ithacus, I'm sorry
To find your beard in such a hurry;
You must be in a woeful fright
To wander out so late at night;
Those scoundrel rogues of reformation,
The pest of ours and ev'ry nation,
Durst hardly, tho' so vile a crew,
Disturb so grave a man as you.
When Nestor answers; Our bad station
Requires indeed a reformation:
But tho' thy cunning pate, Ulysses,
To trace out knowledge seldom misses,
In whatsoever shape she dwells,
As folks guess eggs by seeing shells;
Yet now you're plaguy wide o' th' mark:
For, let me tell you, ev'ry spark
Of rogu'ry in your crafty nob
We want to mend this last day's job;
All the calves' brains that Jove e'er gave us
Must be employed this night to save us.
We must, 'fore George! before 'tis day,

Resolve to fight, or run away :
And if it should be found, upon
A consultation, we should run,
As I am fearful we must mog off,
The sooner then, my friends, we jog off
The better ; for when folks depart
Incog. they always choose good start.
  The moment that Ulysses heard
This speech from honest grizzle-beard,
He turn'd upon his heel, and went
To fetch his potlid from his tent,
Made of a curious old coach pannel,
Painted without, and lin'd with flannel ;
Then join'd the noble captains twain,
And trotted with them o'er the plain.
Quickly bold Diomede they found
Close by his tent, upon the ground,
With all his bloods and bucks around :
But that no man would trust him much,
The figure of his crew was such,
You'd think the chief had got a pack
Of bailiff's followers at his back.
In spite of fear they slept secure,
A mile at least you'd hear 'em snore ;
Around the circle stood a row
Of broomstaves, stuck upright for show.
The honest Grecian, void of pride,
Lay snug upon an old cow-hide,
And for a pillow roll'd a piece
Of linsey-woolsey brought from Greece ;
Old goody Nestor with his foot
Gave him a hard kick *in* th' gut
To wake him, but could hardly do't ;
Then halloos to the snoring tup :
For God's sake fall a-getting up !
How can you lie, you sleepy dog,
Snoring like Farmer Blake's fat hog?

Whilst all your comrades, tho' they're drunk so,
Can't get a wink of sleep they funk so
Because Troy's rogues on yonder hill
Can lug your ears just when they will.
  Tydides, in a mighty pother,
Pull'd one eye open, then the other;
Then to old grey-beard 'gan to swear,
D—n your old soul! what brought you here?
If 'tis resolv'd no man shall sleep,
But ev'ry buck on guard must keep,
Send younger puppies to awake 'em,
Your gouty legs can't undertake 'em;
They sleep so sound that you must kick 'em,
Or take a corking pin to prick 'em.
  Nestor replies: My friend, d'ye see,
I thank you for your care of me:
I might, I know, have got my son
To do what I've at present done,
Or, if no better could be had,
They offer'd me the butcher's lad;
But matters now so bad are grown,
That we no noddles but our own
Can trust; affairs are out of joint,
We stand upon a needle's point,
And therefore each in this disaster
Must shew himself a balance-master,
Like Prussia's king; for in this jumble
If we don't stand we're sure to tumble.
Yet, as you think I'm grown too old
To trudge about in nights so cold,
So soon as you have donn'd your brogues
Jog off, and rouse the other rogues:
Thy nimbler heels may useful be;
Serving the state, is serving me.
By different roads men serve the state,
Some ply their heels, and some their pate:
When jobs are doing for the court,



Book X. Page 317.

Away to Meges' tent he steers,
And laid fast hold on both his ears,
Gave his cod's-head a hearty shake,
Then kick'd the lesser Ajax 'wake.

And statesmen fear that ayes run short,
Some loon's employ'd t' amuse the house
With a fine speech not worth a louse,
Asks if the king bestow'd that post on
A proper man, to make the most on
The pious canting knaves at Boston;
Or if the India Company
This year must pay another fee;
Whilst S—l—n's nimble heels begin
To fetch the ayes by dozens in,
Searches all holes, you need not fear him,
And ev'ry *fancy*-house that's near him,
Takes no excuse, but makes them limp in,
And leave all bus'ness, tho' they're *drinking*.
He said; when lo! the valiant knight
Jump'd from his cow-skin bolt upright;
Then with a wooden skewer did pin
Across his back a shaggy skin,
Which he had plunder'd in great wrath
From an old lion starv'd to death;
Then grasp'd a cudgel in his hand,
And scour'd full speed along the strand.
Away to Meges' tent he steers,
And laid fast hold on both his ears,
Gave his cod's head a hearty shake,
Then kick'd the lesser Ajax 'wake,
Help'd 'em to fumble on their shoes,
Then hied to the place of rendezvous,
A penny pot-house, known by all,
And by 'em call'd the Hole i' th' Wall.
And now the chiefs approach'd the gate
Where twenty ragged sentries sat,
A sharp look-out the knaves did keep,
Fear would not let them fall asleep.
Thus have I seen, if right I judge it,
A cur-dog guard a tinker's budget;
The thief to steal the budget tries,

Yet cannot gain the weighty prize:
Turn as he may, do what he will,
The mongrel guards the budget still:
Just so these loons at ev'ry sound
Would whip their eyes and ears around:
Tho' the least noise did so *bescare* 'em,
It made the better half *despair* 'em.
Old Nestor joy'd to find 'em wake,
And each man by the hand did shake;
Tho', had his *eyes* been worth the keeping,
He soon had *seen* what barr'd their sleeping:
However, at his usual rate
The good old soul began to prate:
My boys, says he, if thus you watch,
These Trojan rogues will meet their match:
But if you slack your hands a jot,
I'll venture to be hang'd or shot
If ev'ry soul don't go to pot!
Just as he spoke, this queer old bitch
Gave a great jump across the ditch;
His comrades follow'd on a heap,
Some straddled o'er, but most did leap—
All but great Ajax, slow and stout,
He tumbled in, then rumbled out:
Last Merion came in mighty fuss,
Join'd with that whelp Antilochus.
A place they found, which all that day
Had shar'd but little cudgel play,
The very spot, as we conjecture,
Where Mistress Night stopp'd bully Hector;
And had he not been so o'ertaken,
Nought could have sav'd the Grecians' bacon.
Nor would he, since he'd got his hand in,
Have left a single Grecian standing—
No other spot on all the plains
Was free from blood, and mud, and brains.
Here they sat down; when Nestor's tongue

Its usual kind of 'larum rung.
Is there, says he, an heart of oak
'Mongst us, is there a bully rock
Dares steal into the Trojan camp,
Without the aid of link or lamp,
To seize some straggler in the dark,
Or listen, and their council mark,
Whether they think we've got enough,
Or still design to work our buff?
This could he learn, and tell our peers,
And safe return with both his ears,
What an amazing share of glory
Would fall to him in future story,
When good old wives shall tell the tale
O'er roasted eggs and butter'd ale!
Beside, his country would bestow
A quarter guinea, if not two;
And he should always have th' first cut on
Our Sunday's leg of *primest* mutton.
He spoke; when lo! the goddess Fear
Did with so pale a face appear,
It made 'em look confounded queer,
All but the bold Tydides, who
Brawls out, By Jupiter I'll go,
In spite of your pale phiz, and try
What weighty matters I can spy:
Within my breast a spirit lies
That tells me I shall steal some prize—
Not such a spright as moves the quaker
To preach to sister Ruth, then take her
Into some private place and shake her—
Mine is a knowing honest spright,
As true as Highland second sight.
But tho' I'm not afraid, yet mind me,
A trusty comrade you must find me,
Because, by ev'ry fool 'tis known,
Two heads are twice as good as one:

When one stands forward, one abaft,
They spy all matters fore and aft:
What's right a-head I need but mind,
My friend looks sharp to all behind.
Then if we fall into a scrape,
We help each other to escape;
When one poor thief goes out alone,
I've known him like a devil run,
And burst himself, before he feels
There's nought but conscience at his heels:
But when there's two, we know for certain
A scoundrel can a scoundrel hearten.
If that's the case with thieves, pray then,
What won't it do for honest men?
The moment this harangue was done,
Up jump'd the captains ev'ry one:
For, as one man was only wanted,
That each would 'scape they took for granted,
I'll go, says bully Ajax, d—n me!
And I, says little Ajax, slam me!
Cries Merion, with a furious nod,
I'll venture my calf-skin, by G—d!
Then roar'd out chatt'ring Nestor's son,
Sowse my old pluck but I'll make one!
At which the cuckold Menelau
Shrugg'd up his breeks, and swore he'd go.
That crafty dog, Ulysses, knowing
Great odds would be against his going.
Puts on his fighting face, and cries,
I'll take my chance, boys, smite my eyes!
When thus great Agamemnon bellows,
Now, by my soul, you're clever fellows!
But the bold Diomede himself
Must point us out what sturdy elf
Will likeliest be to stand the test,
And back his knotty pate the best.
Therefore, sans favor and affection,

Take thou, my boy, thy own selection;
'Twixt man and man, pay thou no def'rence,
Nor give to any lord the pref'rence,
Unless it suit thy own accord,
But not because he is a lord;
For you, as well as I, can scan
Ribbands and stars can't make a man;
A lord will never prove your friend,
Unless you can yourself defend;
If you're in want of help, he's sure
To bid his porter shut the door.
The gen'ral thus his fears did smother,
Lest he should choose his loving brother.
Then thus says Diomede the steady,
My lord, I've made my choice already,
Nor think my judgment much amiss is,
When I declare I choose Ulysses.
They tell me I have spunk enough,
But he can plot as well as cuff,
Which makes the Trojans more afraid
Of his queer noddle than his blade.
Guarded by such a bold defender
I'll face Old Nick, or, if he'll send her,
Get twins upon the witch of Endor.
Ulysses cries, My friend, hush! hush!
You'd make a modest fellow blush;
None but a courtier, or his Grace,
Can bear such praising to his face.
But whilst we chatter thus and prate,
We never dream it grows so late;
White streaks the blueish sky do wrinkle,
And the north star begins to twinkle;
If any thing we think of doing,
'Tis time, by Jove, we should be going.
No sooner was it said than done:
They whipp'd their greasy buff-coats on;
Then Thrasymede, a man of note,

A potlid and a broomstick brought,
Which he the varlet Diom. lent;
Then for an old church-bucket sent,
With dirt and mouldy grease o'erspread;
This serv'd to case his leather head.
Ulysses next was fitted out
With a tough broomshaft for this bout;
When Merion, that he nought might lack,
Hung him a bow upon his back;
And then, to guard his paper skull,
Lent him a cap well lin'd with wool,
A cap made wondrous fine before,
With two grim tushes of a boar—
This skull-cap, tho' not worth a *cuss*,
Was stole by one Autolycus
From rich Amyntor, and the knave
The prize to Amphidamus gave;
To Molus, Amphidamus lent it,
And he to valiant Merion sent it;
By Merion it was given now
To guard this sly old soaker's brow.
  Away they went, *with courage bless'd*,
And trotted through a thick Scotch mist;
When from the middle of a bush,
With noise and flutter, out did rush
A bird, so large and fierce, it made
This pair of bully Greeks afraid;
Tho' 'twas so dark they could not 'spy
What bird it was by th' naked eye,
Yet quickly by the voice they heard
'Twas a Scotch nightingale that scar'd
Their valiant hearts so much, that they
Had turn'd about to run away;
When sly Ulysses, vex'd to th' soul
To be so frighten'd by an owl,
Like a queer rogue did quickly start up,
A special scheme to keep his heart up,



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When from the middle of a bush,
With noise and flutter, out did rush
A bird, so large and fierce it made
This pair of bully Greeks afraid.

Swore it would be a lucky night,
Because she took a turn to the right—
Had she to the left hand made a ring,
He still had sworn the self-same thing.
But here we do not find he stopp'd,
For on his knappers down he dropp'd;
Then, like a canting knave in town,
Cock'd one eye up and t'other down.
Daughter, says he, of thund'ring Jove,
Who holds you all in awe above
(For, did he not the scales keep even,
You'd out o' th' windows throw all heaven),
Thou who hast aided my escape
From many a bitter bang and scrape,
Assist us, whilst this night we roam
To steal and carry something home!
That Trojans yet unborn may rue
The loss of goods they never knew.
Then Diomede began to pray,
But spoke just as a man may say:
Daughter of Jove, began he too,
Why may'nt I say my prayers to you,
As well as this queer dog Ulysses?
Who, I've a notion, never misses
To pray for aught that he may want,
Because you seldom fail to grant;
And therefore, as he leads the way,
I'll try a spell how I can pray,
Tho', being us'd so little to't,
I shall be damn'd hard switch'd to do't;
And would much rather, you are sure,
Box a whole week than pray an hour.
But stop—a-hem, I have it now:
Daughter of thund'ring Jove, as you
Did often help my little dad,
I hope you won't forsake his lad;
For when to Thebes he took a walk

With their chief constables to talk—
He went Ambassador from Greece
To make or else to patch a peace ;
For in those days our records shew
Peace might be patch'd as well as now ;
But tho' he spoke in peaceful fashion,
They quickly put him in a passion,
On which he drubb'd those foes to Greece,
And gave them two black eyes a-piece—
Now as thou didst my father help,
Prithee assist his hopeful whelp,
And by my soul, as I'm a sinner,
I'll ask you to a handsome dinner ;
I'll kill a cow both fat and good,
And you shall have the *heart* and blood !
  Thus Diomede, tho' hard put to't,
A middling prayer at last made out ;
And Pallas, as it plain appears,
Listen'd to both with both her ears.
Then like two hungry half-starv'd cats,
Who long to be amongst the rats,
They crept, as if they trod on eggs,
Through heaps of mangled arms and legs.
  Now Hector from the close of day
Was looking sharp as well as they,
And would sleep none, you need not doubt him,
And call'd his bloods and bucks about him ;
When thus the mighty Trojan Broughton *
Began a speech they little thought on :
My lads, says he, I would not wrong ye,
But I'm afraid there's not among ye
A brave bold-hearted buck that's willing
To risque his ears, and earn a shilling
By looking sharp among these fighters,
And learn what's doing in thei[illegible]rs ;

* Broughton, the priz[illegible]

'Spy if a proper watch they keep,
Or like good city watchmen sleep;
What resolution is begun,
Whether the rogues will stand or run?
By him that rolls the rumbling thunder!
I'll give him choice of all the plunder:
Himself shall choose from all the rest
The cart that suits his fancy best.
Just as he spoke, their eyes were all on
A simple youngster fix'd, call'd Dolon,
Who was, they say, the only lad
The usurer Eumedes had;
But he had five fine girls beside,
As any man would wish to *hide*.—
The boy had carts and horses store,
And yet the bastard wanted more:
Tho' he was not so handsome quite
As Molly ——'s catamite,
Yet he had got (I scorn to wrong 'em)
The longest pair of legs among 'em.
Hector, says he, and puff'd his cheeks,
I'll go among these sweaty Greeks:
But hold your broomstaff in your hand,
And swear to grant me my demand;
For you must know, good Sir, my will is
To have the horses of Achilles,
And his fine cart with painted rails,
All stuck with spanking great brass nails:
Say but the word they shall be mine,
I'll quickly smoke out their design;
I'll steal, by such temptations led,
Under their gen'ral's truckle-bed.
His broomstaff then above his head
Great Hector flourish'd, whilst he said:
Be witness thou, whose rumbling thunder
Makes wicked reprobates knock under,
[illegible]ives the vile scoundrels helter skelter

To ale and cyder vaults for shelter,
I promise, ere the Greeks we fall on,
To give these nags to honest Dolon.
  Thus Hector swore: but Jove, they say,
Was looking then another way;
Whether some bullock's *hearts* were burning,
And he that way his head was turning;
Or saw some ruddy country lass
That took his eye *as she did pass.*

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Be that as't may, his chuckle head
Heard not a word that Hector said.
  Howe'er, the lad prepar'd to pack,
So slung his bow across his back,
Then o'er his narrow shoulders tied,
To keep him warm, a grey wolf's hide
A brown fur cap, well lin'd within
With rabbit or else weazle's skin,
Serv'd his misshapen pate to grace,
And cover'd half his weazle face:
With an oak stick he grop'd the track,
And went—but never yet came back.
  A mile he walk'd not, nor three-quarters,
Before he met this pair of tartars:
Ulysses, that sly lurching dog,
Heard first, and gave a gentle jog
To Diomede; then whisp'ring cries,
Flux me! but both my ears tell lies
If I don't hear a pair of feet
Come paddling this way to the fleet,
Some peeping whelp, like us, a-going
To see what t'other side are doing,
Or pilf'ring rogue stole out of bed
To pick the pockets of the dead.
Be what he will, we'll here lie snug,
Let him but pass, we have him rug;

For when we've got the heedless whelp
So far, he can't roar out for help:
If he should run, do you but follow,
I'll answer for't you'll beat him hollow:
But if he slips you in the track,
I'll stay and catch him coming back.
At this they stepp'd among the grass,
And stoop'd to let poor Dolon pass;
Go where he would, these sharpers mind him,
And follow pretty close behind him;
There was not, could the eye have seen 'em,
Above a rood of land between 'em.
Now Dolon heard a sort of humming,
But thought some messenger was coming
To fetch him back: but soon the lout
Began to smell the rascals out—
Smell 'em, I say, because they tell us
The Greeks were dev'lish sweaty fellows,
Therefore no wonder he so well
Could nose 'em by their frowsy smell—
On which a strong desire he feels
To trust his good old friends, his heels.
Away the long-legg'd varlet flew,
Whilst they, like staunch old hounds, pursue;
Cut short the ground he scamper'd over,
And met him as he made to cover;
And thus, in spite of all his heels,
They drove him 'mongst the Grecian keels.
When Pallas came to Diomede—
Says she, You run a *pretty* speed:
But this same spark, if I speak true, can
Run half as fast again as you can,
And, if a race you longer hazard,
Split me but he will burst your mazzard!
Then, when you've almost run him down,
Some other Greek will crack his crown.
At this he roars with threat'ning hand:

You cursed dog, if you don't stand,
The moment that your long legs fail ye,
Blast my old slippers but I'll nail ye!
His trusty broomstaff then he threw,
Which over Dolon's shoulder flew,
But whizz'd so as it pass'd his ear,
It staked him to the ground with fear.
Trembling he stood a *minute still*,
Whilst his teeth chatter'd *'gainst his will;*
The bullies, almost burst with trying
T' outrun him, came and seiz'd him crying.
Blubb'ring he roars, You see I won't
Run any more; so pray ye don't
Hurt a poor hopeful harmless lad,
And I can tell you my old dad
Will give you each an half-peck hopper
Brimful of excellent good copper—
None of your Birmingham affairs,
Nor any such-like shabrag wares,
But good new half-pence from the mint,
With honest George's face in print.
My daddy all the copper handles
That we receive for soap and candles,
Picks out the good ones from the pack,
And turns the Birminghams all back;
Or if by chance a few are taken,
He pops 'em off for cheese and bacon.
Uly, whose ears would bear no stopper
When money chink'd, altho' but copper,
At present makes this queer reply:
Be bold, my cock, don't fear to die:
But tell us why, instead of sleeping,
You choose to spend your time in peeping.
Did Hector's bribes set you a-going
To find what business we were doing?
Or by yourself, whilst all are snoring,
You're got upon some scheme of *scoring?*

Or are you some poor lousy soul,
Sprung up from Hockley in the Hole,*
Come to steal waistcoats from the dead,
To pawn for porter, cheese, and bread?
Tell us, my boy, and tell us true,
And then you'll see what we shall do.
  Whilst Dolon took some time to pause,
His grinders rattling in his jaws,
With doleful phiz at last he speaks:
I'll tell you all, thrice worthy Greeks!
'Twas Hector, curse his pimpled face!
That sent me to this luckless place;
He promis'd me, confound his brags!
That pair of flaming pye-bald nags
Achilles bought of Farmer Saul:
He promised me the cart and all.
Those *rich* brass lacquer'd nails that shine,
And made his cart so flaming fine,
Tempted my loggerhead to come
And leave a good warm bed at home,
Only to find if Madam Fear
Had made you run, or kept you here;
Or if there was a chance of snapping
A proper time to catch you napping.
  Body o' me! Ulysses cries,
You ask'd the devil of a prize;
How couldst thou be so strangely flamm'd?
Thou drive his horses? thou be d—d!
Did you not know, you stupid elf,
No man alive, except himself,
Can either drive his tits, or catch 'em?
Bever himself could never match 'em.
But he can stop 'em with a twitch,
'Cause got upon a water-witch;
Had he been mortal man, I know,

* "The Five Points" of Birmingham.

They'd broke his neck some years ago.
But, if you'd have me your protector,
Say where the great kill-devil Hector
Goes ev'ry night to drink a pot;
How many geldings has he got?
For, whilst the drunken ostlers nod,
We'll steal 'em if we can, by G–d!
Where do the other captains sleep?
How many watchmen do they keep?
But tell us truly, whilst you're doing,
What kind of mischief they are brewing;
Whether they'll stay to cut our throats,
And burn our crazy rotten boats,
Or think 'tis better to employ
Their strength to guard their *wasp's* nest Troy.
  Thus spake Ulysses; and this Dolon,
Whom these two rogues design'd to fall on,
Cries, like a coward, *with a roar*,
I'll tell you all the truth and more:
Upon a grave-stone near you farm,
Kicking their heels to keep them warm,
I left the captains all with Hector,
Clubbing their pates, as I conjecture,
How they may rid the Trojan shores
Of all you Grecians *and your stores:*
As to the watchmen, a small share
Are thinly scatter'd here and there,
And e'en those few that watch should keep,
Like city watchmen, soundly sleep,
The Trojans guard the sentry boxes,
For fear the Greeks should *steal* their doxies;
But all the foreigners, who're come
To help us, left their wives at home;
For, as one woman caus'd the rout
That all this mischief is about,
Should we our wenches bring, think they,
The devil then will be to pay;

For mischief's never in perfection,
Unless when under their direction:
Therefore in leaving them, we find,
They left their greatest plagues behind,
And now they sleep as free from care
As if your Greekships were not near.
  Then, says Ulysses, tell, I pray,
Where do these sleeping fellows lay;
Amongst the Trojans do they snore,
Or by themselves along the shore?
  I'll tell you all, replies the spy,
And how their raggamuffins lie:
The Peons first, who shoot their arrows
So true, they hit tom-tits or sparrows;
The Carians, sharp as wolves or falcons
At beef and pudding; then the Caucons
With the Pelasgians, hardy mortals
At drinking punch, and eating turtles—
A task that they perform so well,
All corporations they excel;
By them great * * * * would be beat in
Both guzzling punch, and turtle-eating.
As for the Leleges, they lie
Along the shore; and pretty nigh,
A little higher, snores the Lycian,
With the Mæonian, and the Mycian.
Quite snug, near Thymbra's old mud wall,
The Phrygian horse are there; and all
The Thracians pig in by themselves,
A set of roaring, sturdy elves,
That came last night, led on by Rhesus,
A fellow twice as rich as Crœsus:
In your born days you never saw
Such milk-white tits, they beat the snow;
With silver all his cart is grac'd,
And his buff jacket double lac'd.
Now you have heard my mournful ditty,

I hope you'll spare a little pity;
Keep me in limbo till you try
If I don't scorn to tell a lie.
When bully Diomede replies:
May Hector knock out both my eyes
If I've a grain of pity now
For such a sneaking rogue as you!
Should you escape us both to-night,
Such rogues as you will never fight,
But sure as eggs, whilst folks are sleeping,
We both again should catch thee peeping.
The moment that these words he said,
He from his shoulders whipp'd his head,
Which at that time for grace was seeking,
So as it fell continued speaking,
And even on the ground lay mutt'ring,
And for a minute good kept sputt'ring;
But chang'd its tone, and with an oath
Bid the great devil fetch them both.
Quickly these champions made a snap
At both the grey wolf's skin and cap:
Whilst Diom. seiz'd his bow and stick,
Ulysses did his pocket pick,
In which he found a silver penny,
But, 'stead of owning he found any,
He set his roguish plotting head
To work, to cheat poor Diomede.
Tydides, says this face of gallows,
One day as I held chat with Pallas,
She told me, maugre all her care
Her goat-skin coat was worn thread-bare,
She therefore would be much my debtor
If I another coat could get her.
As for her part, she does not care
Whether I get it in Rag-Fair,
Or Monmouth-Street, or [illegible]ny where,
So it comes cheap, for [illegible]e now

As hard above stairs as below;
Not one of all the royal pages
But wants six quarters of his wages,
Occasion'd by a thriving band,
Who keep the money in their hand.
Now, since the goddess is hard set
A coat of any kind to get,
What better can she have than these?
Which we'll present her, if you please.
  Then, without waiting a reply,
He pray'd, and upward cock'd his eye:
Broughtonian * queen! receive these goods,
And do not leave us in the suds,
But help us now to mind our hits,
And boldly steal these Thracian tits,
Nor suffer any Trojan scrub
Thy true and trusty 'squires to drub.
If they should come before we've done
The bus'ness we are now upon,
Do you but keep the whelps in play,
And we'll take care to run away.
'Twill only be a grateful deed
To help us in this time of need,
Because of all the sky-bred crew
We say our prayers the first to you.
  With sapient face, so saying, he
Hung the wolf's hide upon a tree,
Tho' not so high but he could reach it—
Pallas he knew would never fetch it;
Then scatter'd reeds along the track,
To help to guide their rogueships back.
  Now o'er the field they skulk away,
Like bailiffs hunting for their prey:
They found the Thracians in a trench,
Snoring like judges on the bench:

* Prize-fighting queen.

A broomstaff lay at each man's side,
And to their carts their nags were tied.
The luckless Rhesus soon they spy
Amongst his raggamuffins lie;
His two brave geldings, fit to start
For thousands, stood behind his cart.
Ulysses, ever quick of sight,
Was first to see th' unlucky wight;
Then, pointing to his comrogue, cries,
See there, my boy, a tempting prize!
Rhesus, the cart and horses too,
Are planted fair within your view:
Besides the jerkin lac'd with gold,
Of which we were by Dolon told,
I'm pretty sure, before we part,
That one of us may steal the cart:
If you don't feel your courage lags,
Kill you the loons, I'll steal the nags.
He said; and Pallas, never slack
At mischief, clapp'd the whelp o' th' back;
On which the rascal fell to kicking,
Slashing, and cutting throats, and sticking,
With a long Dutchman's knife, that he
Had bought to play at snickersnee:
Where'er the varlet walk'd or stood,
He made the ground all wet with blood.
Just so the cat that guards the house,
Leaps from the dresser on a mouse,
Pots, pans, and kettles, all give way,
Till puss has seiz'd the trembling prey;
Just so this dog pursu'd his luck,
Till he'd a dozen Thracians stuck.
Ulysses, as his friend did stick 'em,
Behind a cock of hay did kick 'em,
For fear, he said, the horses might
At dead men's bodies take a fright;
But the true reason was, the elf

Could pick their pockets by himself—
And that he did; but, by the bye,
'Tis only known to you and I.
Now, having murder'd twelve, at last
They found poor Rhesus snoring fast;
Pallas had sent an ugly dream,
Wherein a Dutch-built thief did seem
To shake a snickersneeing knife
And swear he'd have his purse and life:
All this he dream'd, old Homer knew,
But never wak'd to find it true.
  Ulysses quickly seiz'd the bits,
And bridled both the flaming tits;
Leading them out, to make 'em go
He smack'd their buttocks with his bow:
Tho' the whip hung where he might reach it,
He durst as well be hang'd as fetch it,
But tipp'd the sign to Diomede
To come away with all his speed.
  Now he was standing to consider,
And think about the matter, whether
To stick more men, which he could do,
Or steal the cart and jacket too.
Pallas, who saw him thus dispute
Within himself, in haste roars out,
Pray what the pox are you about?
Enough in conscience have you done,
And split me but 'tis time to run!
In jobs like these the man that lingers
Is sure at last to burn his fingers.
  When Diom. heard Minerva say
That she would have him run away,
He knew she scorn'd her friends to banter,
So mounts, and pops into a canter;
For wise men oft exert their might in
Running away as well as fighting.
Ulysses with his bow-string flogging

Took care to keep these *white*-tits jogging.
  Apollo, who was Hector's friend,
Had seen this jade from heav'n descend,
And guess'd it was for no good end:
He saw the bitch, by mischief led,
Help this *Greek* rogue, this Diomede,
To murder honest folks in bed;
Which vex'd him so, he whipp'd him down,
And wak'd the trusty Hippocoon,
Who came on Rhesus to attend,
And was his coz. as well as friend.
The moment that this loving cousin
Awak'd, he saw a baker's dozen
Of Thracians kill'd, and, what much worse is,
The rogues had carried off the horses.
At this poor Hip. began to cry,
And wring his hands most bitterly;
For all he sobb'd, but Rhesus long
Remain'd the burthen of his song:
Had the damn'd dogs that came to fleece us,
Says he, but spar'd my cousin Rhesus,
I'd not have lent 'em twenty curses
For stealing half a hundred horses;
But since they have my cousin struck,
May all their schemes have damn'd bad luck!
And to spin out their life in pain,
Pray God they ne'er may *sleep* again!
  Whilst Hippy mumbles out this prayer,
The Trojans flock about and stare,
Wond'ring what rascals had been there.
In the mean while these Yorkshire dealers,
By London juries call'd horse-stealers,
Kept flogging both their tits away,
To reach the place where Dolon lay:
Ulysses stopp'd, and begg'd Tydide
Would 'light, and fetch the grey wolf's hide,
With arrows, bow, and staff, and all

They had from long-legg'd Dolon stole.
This done, their nags away they sprang,
Like thieves pursu'd by Fielding's gang.
Old Nestor was in woeful doubt,
And therefore kept a sharp look-out;
So, when the thieving rogues drew near 'em,
No wonder he was first to hear 'em:
And hear 'em Square-toed did for sure,
For thus th' old buff began to roar:
  Lay but your ears upon the ground,
And, if you do not hear the sound
Of horses galloping this road,
Call me a stupid queer old toad!
Some geldings they perhaps have stole,
(I wish they may with all my soul!)
And now perhaps are rattling come
In triumph with their booty home;
Tho' 'faith I can't help looking blue;
Pray, Jove, my fears don't prove too true!
But I'm afraid they may be watch'd,
And by that means be overmatch'd;
And then my fine-laid scheme's abolish'd;
And both their knotty pates demolish'd.
  These words old buff had hardly said,
But up the varlet Diomede
Came puffing, like the trainband guards
After a march of fifty yards;
Ulysses follow'd; off they jump
Upon the ground with such a bump,
They made it rattle with the thump.
Their comrogues shook 'em by the hand,
With, Well, and how do matters stand?
We funk'd a little 'faith and troth,
Lest we should lose you one or both,
And 'gan to look confounded blue,
Both for ourselves, as well as you.
  But silence call'd, the queer old Greek,

Who always claim'd first turn to speak,
Began this speech: Ye sons of thunder,
Pray tell us in the name of wonder
Where you purloin'd these nags, which I
Suspect ar'n't come at honestly?
As sure as Helen is a punk,
You've found some *Trojan* god dead-drunk,
Or fast asleep, so stole these nags,
Which beat Apollo's all to rags.
I'll take upon my oath to swear
He never yet had such a pair,
Tho' he's obliged, or lose his pay,
To run his hackney's ev'ry day;
And therefore in discretion ought
To have the best that can be bought.
Tho' I am old, ye strike me stiff,
And dry me for a mummy, if
In all the lands I've travell'd o'er
I ever saw such nags before!
But speak the truth, if on the road
You did not fudge 'em from some god,
As we all know, when once you're set
On thieving, nothing 'scapes your net,
And Jove himself and Pallas too
Have help'd your roguish tricks ere now.
When Ithacus begins to chatter:
Old dad, says he, 'tis no such matter.
God gives us grace, and that of course is
Much better for our souls than horses:
But these grey nags were born in Thrace;
Their master to a better place,
Or worse, is gone, I can't say whether:
But bold Tydides sent him thither;
And with him a round dozen went
Of scrubs, that for his guard were meant;
And they have prov'd so very civil,
As guard their master to the devil.

But at our lucky setting out
I should have told we seiz'd a scout,
So judg'd it would be for the best,
To hell to send this prying guest,
To 'speak warm places for the rest,
Which we design'd should quickly follow,
Unless prevented by Apollo.
So Diomede the scoundrel led off,
And in a moment whipp'd his head off.
  This said, he took him up a switch,
And spank'd the horses o'er the ditch.
The rabble follow'd all the way,
Roaring Huzza! huzza! huzza!
And ne'er could get their wide mouths shut
Until they reached the gen'ral's hut.
There his old tits, not worth a guinea,
Welcom'd the strangers with a whinney:
Then for a handsome sort of treat,
As oats were scarce, they gave 'em wheat.
  This done, Ulysses takes a trip
With Dolon's hide on board a ship,
Where on the stern-post did he stretch it,
Then bade Minerva come and fetch it.
By this rogue's trick, 'tis pretty clear,
He cheated Diom. of his share.
  Now in the sea, to keep 'em sweet,
They wash'd their dirty, sweaty feet,
And, to refresh them from their toil,
Their noses rubb'd with sallad oil;
And then, to give their stomachs ease,
Each cut a slice of bread and cheese:
But, as on Pallas first they think,
To her they fill th' first mug of drink,
Which gently on the ground they pour,
And bid her lick it off the floor.
But how she did, to me's a doubt
Which I could never yet make out.

And now these jovial lucky fellows
Chaunted Old Rose, and Burn the Bellows;
Having great reason to believe,
The next time they went out to thieve,
This scratching brim, without dispute,
Would stand their friend, and help 'em out.
Joyful they dance, and sing, and roar,
Till they can sing and dance no more;
Then smoke their pipes, and drink, and funk,
Till ev'ry soul got *roaring* drunk!

END OF BOOK X.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

THE Grecian chief his jacket put on,
Tho' there was not a single button,
Either of horn, or metal cast,
Remain'd upon't, to make it fast.
Yet as they could not do without him,
He tied it with a cord about him;
Not a grand swashy green or red cord,
But an old rotten piece of bed-cord;
Then don'd a pair of *dry*, *burnt* brogues on,
And went to lead his ragged rogues on;—
Whilst Hector, ever bold and steady,
Soon got his trusty Trojans ready.
For signal, two celestial strumpets
Employ their tongues instead of trumpets.
Jove thunder'd too, but all the sound
In their superior noise was drown'd;
For such a din they made at starting,
His thunder sounded like *rough carting*.
And now, whilst Agamemnon mauls 'em,
And with his crab-tree cudgel galls 'em,
Jove call'd for Iris, to direct her
To go and caution bully Hector
To let this Grecian bruiser roam
Till some chance knock should send him home.
Then Hector makes a woeful rout,
And kicks the Grecians all about;
Whome'er he hit, he surely dropp'd him,
Till Diom. and Ulysses stopp'd him;
Stopp'd for a while, but 'twas not much,
For Diomede soon got a touch,
Which made the bully limp away,
And leave Ulysses in the fray,
Who got, unless the poet lies,
A broken rib and two black eyes;
When Menelau, and Ajax stout,
Came apropos to help him out.
Hector for Ajax went to seek,
But found his nob too hard to break.

Whilst thus each other's bones they whack,
Paris had almost lam'd their quack;
Nestor at this, without delay,
Drives both himself and quack away.
Achilles, who was looking out
To see what work they were about,
Sends his companion to enquire
What made old grizzle-beard retire.
The threshold he had scarce set foot on,
When Nestor seiz'd him by the button;
In that condition did he hold him
Till he had two long stories told him,
How cocks and bulls, when he was young,
Would fight like devils all day long.
But still the aim of this old whelp
Was but to gain Achilles' help,
Or, if he would not come to blows,
To lend Patroclus his thick clothes.
Patroclus then his best legs put on,
Glad he'd so well releas'd his button,
And met Eurypylus as he went
Limping along to reach his tent;
Tho' he just then was running faster
Than penny-postman, this disaster
Stay'd him till he had spread a plaster.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

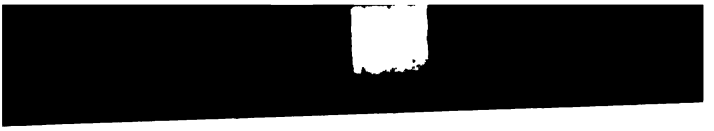
AND now the Morn, with yellow locks,
From Tithon's hammock stuff'd with flocks,
Arose, to shew both gods and men
That day was coming once again,
To glad the hearts of those with light
Whose conscience could not bear the night;
Lawyers, attorneys, bawds, and pimps,
Born to replenish hell with imps,
A race whose own reflection frets 'em,
And damns 'em ere the devil gets 'em;—
When Jove, the constable of heav'n,
Willing to keep things pretty even,
A scolding quean, one Eris, seeks,
And sends her down to help the Greeks;
Her tongue he knew there was no holding,
She storms and tempests rais'd with scolding.
Away then flies the noisy witch,
With a long roll well soak'd in pitch,
The torch of discord call'd by Jove,
And all the people else above;
But if to me you'll yield belief,
'Twas nothing but a lawyer's brief,
Drawn for the plaintiff, and at th' end on't
Was tied another for th' defendant.
This stuff the goddess Discord thinks
The best materials for her links;
So long ago has ceas'd to spin,
And buys her gear at Lincoln's-Inn.
One of these torches Eris drew

Along the sky as down she flew,
Which forty thousand sparkles shed,
And mark'd the road she came all red;
Then fix'd upon Ulysses' boat,
And there began to tune her throat,
Bawling a song to suit the case,
To which her *foot* play'd thorough-*pace*,
But made such thund'ring as she trump'd,
Both Ajax and Achilles jump'd,
Tho' their two boats could not be under
Three miles at least, or four, asunder.
Then through the fleet sh' inspires each chief,
And strews the ashes of the brief.
Such rancour now the varlets fills,
They all look'd fierce as Bobadils;
The rogues that readiest stood to run
As soon as slaps o' th' chaps begun,
Now d—n their eyes, and make a rout,
And strut, and kick their hats about.
Great Agamemnon first did start out,
And roar'd as if he'd roar his heart out;
Then set th' example, and begun
To put his fighting doublet on.
His legs he thought there were some doubts on,
So whipp'd a pair of large jack-boots on,
Borrow'd that morning by his surgeon
Of Foote's bold-hearted Major Sturgeon;*
Then went and fetch'd his basket hilt,
And o'er his bosom hung a quilt,
A *shabby* quilt, altho' the thing
Was given him by a brother king;
Tho' from a king, says Doctor Swift,
A man may get a *shabby* gift;
But being stuff'd with rags and flocks,
It kept his stomach free from knocks.

* Major Sturgeon was one of the characters represented by Foote, the comedian.

On it was painted such a dragon
As few sign-painters e'er could brag on ;
St. George's dragon on the sign
At Stamford, where they sell good wine,
Would, I am sure, compar'd to that,
Appear a common tabby cat.
O'er all he tied a belt of buff skin,
Or doe, or tup, or some such tough skin,
Such as our northern carriers fold
About their loins to keep out cold.
A potlid hung upon his arm
To guard his ribs from taking harm.
With brazen hoops and brazen centre,
That points of broomsticks might not enter ;
On which a frightful head did grin,
Almost as ugly as Miss *Flynn*,
And all around, in various places,
Were grinning chaps and wry-mouth'd faces.
But in the middle part, to make
The Trojans run, he plac'd a snake,
Gaping as wide as if he'd swallow
An ox, with horns, and guts, and tallow ;
Which made the folks, when he did meet 'em,
Scamper for fear the snake should eat 'em,
Whilst he pursu'd, and thought they fled
For fear of his great chuckle head.
His leathern skull-cap, worn thread-bare,
He furbish'd up with horse's hair ;
Then in his hand two broomstaves shook,
And look'd as fierce as he could look.
Thus arm'd complete, he march'd to fright 'em,
In hopes *they'd run, so need not fight* 'em.
That instant, to increase the strife,
Jove's daughter and his scolding wife
A cannon ball began to roll
In Jupiter's great mustard bowl.
Whilst the machine they both were holding,

To mend the noise they fell to scolding
This cleft the welkin quite asunder,
And made the Greeks believe 'twas thunder
Which fill'd 'em with such fighting rage,
They push'd like Britons to engage.
The foot first hasten'd to the battle,
And after them the carts did rattle ;
With such a roaring they begun,
Before his time they wak'd the Sun,
Who, hearing such a dreadful clatter,
Jump'd up and cried, Zoons ! what's the matter?
But both his eyes being clos'd with gum,
From whence this roaring noise did come
He could not spy, till fasting spittle
Had op'd his gummy eyes a little.
Jove thunder'd too, for he was mad
To see the dogs so bitter bad ;
And mix'd a shower of rain with rud,
To make 'em think it rain'd sheer blood ;
Nor would he longer tarry near 'em,
But fairly left Old Nick to steer 'em.
  Near Ilus' grave, upon the hill,
Was Hector drinking bumpers still ;
The grave-stone serv'd 'em for a table,
And there they drank till they weren't able
To stand, or, as our bard supposes,
To see each other's copper noses.
Polydamas partook the feast,
With a sly Presbyterian priest,
Eneas call'd—a rogue whose lights
Would shew you nothing but the whites,
Whene'er he wanted to deceive you,
And helpless in the suds to leave you ;
This he'd perform with such a grace,
You'd ne'er suspect his pious face.
Agenor with his second sight,
And Polybus, a simple knight





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And all around in various places
Were grinning chops and wry-mouth'd faces,
But in the middle part, to make
The Trojans run, he plac'd a snake.

Two brothers of Antenor's race,
Around the bottle took their place:
With Acamas, a boy that had
As few bad tricks as any lad
In all the town, altho' 'tis true
He was a Presbyterian Jew.
Pray what religion's that? say you.
I'll tell you, my good friend, anon:
A Presbyterian Jew is one
That likes engagements with the wenches,
But hates gunpowder and the trenches.
Hector a *cracked guitar* was thrumming
When first he heard the Grecians coming,
And tho' twelve bumpers he had sipp'd up,
He soon his shield and broomstick whipp'd up,
Then quickly 'mongst the Trojans goes out
To make 'em turn their sweaty toes out,
And square their elbows: here and there
He frisk'd about, and ev'ry where,
Whilst streaming sparkles, as he pass'd,
From his broad metal buttons flash'd.
On Sundays view our Farmer Gooding
When he attacks a suet-pudding,
Slice after slice you'll see him cut,
And stuff within his gundy gut;
Whilst on the other side his man
Slices as fast as e'er he can;
With eager haste they slice and eat,
Till both their knives i' th' centre meet
Thus Greeks and Trojans on a sudden
Tumble like slices of the pudding,
Give and receive most hearty thwacks,
Yet never think to turn their backs,
But scratch, and bite, and tear, and kick,
Like two *Tom*-cats hung 'cross a stick.
Discord, the wrangling lawyer's friend,
Did on this dreadful broil attend;

But all the rest above the moon,
Tho' they were willing, durst as soon
Run to Old Nick as venture down:
But tho' confin'd to keep their places
They made abominable faces,
Whilst all the time their *hearts* were grumbling
At Jove, for keeping Troy from tumbling.
Now he, good soul, was set alone
On his old cricket, call'd a throne,
Where, spite of all his wife could say,
He gave Miss Destiny her way;
Tho' now and then he squinted down
In great amaze, to see how soon
The varlets crack'd each other's crown.
Now, whilst the Sun was working still
To flog his hackneys up the hill,
Both parties fought with equal luck,
And furious blows on each side struck:
But at the time when sea-coal heavers,
With taylors' 'prentices and weavers,
Quit looms and boards, and leave their work
In search of scalded peas and pork—
Just at that time the Greeks begun
To make some straggling Trojans run.
Atrides seiz'd that crisis too,
To let 'em see what he could do.
Quickly he crack'd Bianor's crown,
A smart attorney of the town,
Then knock'd his clerk Oileus down,
Who, when he saw his loving master
Get hurt, was coming with a plaster.
Atrides, whilst his hands were full,
Like a brave fellow, crack'd his skull:
Then of their jackets he bereft 'em;
And naked to the weather left 'em;
For which, depend, these sons of faction
At proper time will bring an action.

Now, whilst his hand was in, he runs
And meets with two of Priam's sons:
One was a bastard, got upon
The Daughter of his ploughman John:
But, as we are inform'd, the other
Was got upon an honest mother,
Who would not let her maidenhead
Be touch'd till Christian grace was said;
But when that's done, e'en touch and touch,
No honest man can do too much.
These loving brothers, loth to part,
Had hir'd a Norfolk farmer's cart,
Where with great skill they did contrive
That one should fight, the other drive.
In former days they us'd to keep
On Sussex downs a flock of sheep.
Achilles, who, as you must note,
Commanded once a smuggling-boat,
To steal some sheep one night had landed;
And being then but slender-handed,
He went his thieving crew to call off,
And bid them bring the boys and all off;
Then made his dad for their release
Remit him three half-crowns a-piece—
Money ill war'd, since they so soon
Were knock'd by Agamemnon down!
On the pert bastard first he press'd,
And lent him such a punch o' th' breast,
It made him in a twinkling kick up
His heels, and belch, and *faint*, and hiccup;
Instant bestow'd he such a pat
Upon the brother's gold-lac'd hat,
That down he tumbled with a plump,
And bruis'd his thigh, and split his rump:
Then flat as on the ground they lay,
He stole their hats and coats away.
With aching hearts the Trojans spy him,

But dare not for their *lives* come nigh him
Thus shoplifts see their brothers taken,
But dare not stir to save their bacon.
Still furious on the foe he runs,
And mauls Antimachus' two sons—
A sneaking rascal, who had sold
His vote in parliament for gold;
From *pretty* Paris taking pay,
He made a speech for Nell to stay,
And humbugg'd all the senate so,
They bawl out Aye, instead of No.
Now these two lads Atrides caught,
And drubb'd 'em for the father's fault.
They got a hard-mouth'd resty horse,
They could not stop with all their force,
But he would run, aye, that he would,
Just where this fighting Grecian stood;
The lads had pull'd the resty tup
Till both were tir'd, so gave it up;
On which the Greek their noddles peppers,
Till down they dropp'd upon their kneppers,
And, in a dismal doleful ditty,
Begg'd for an ounce or two of pity:
Good Mr. Agamemnon, spare
Two harmless lads, and hear their pray'r,
For which Antimachus will make
Such presents you'll be glad to take.
You need but send him a short note
You've stow'd us safe in your old boat,
And if he doth not think it proper
To send a stone of brass and copper,
We then will give you leave to beat us,
Or, if you please, to hash and eat us.
Now, tho' the yonkers made no noise,
But talk'd like very hopeful boys,
This harden'd rogue, before they'd done,
In a great passion thus begun:

If you're Antimachus's blood,
I'll drub your hides, by all that's good!
That scurvy mangey rascal would
Have kill'd my brother if he could,
With sly Ulysses, when from Greece
They came to fetch that precious piece,
That Madam Helen, whose affair
Has cost more lives than she has hair
Upon her head, or any where.
No prayers that you can coin shall speed
With me, to save such scoundrel breed.
On this he with a crab-tree stump
Gave poor Philander such a thump,
It made him tumble from the cart out,
And spew his very *blood* and heart out.
The brother finding him so tart,
He leap'd head foremost from the cart:
There, as he lay upon the sands
The whelp disabled both his hands;
Then boldly seiz'd him by the snout,
And almost twined his neck about.
Whilst he continu'd these mad freaks,
He double distanc'd all the Greeks:
Still he kept cuffing on, and swearing,
Whilst they kept wondering and staring,
So when the mighty bowl doth sally
From th' corner of a nine-pin alley,
Pin after pin by him is thrown,
Till the whole nine are tumbled down;
Just so Atrides in his passion
Tumbled 'em down in nine-pin fashion,
And drove about with such a rumble,
Whole squadrons either run or tumble;
Many a Trojan made he smart,
And emptied many a higler's cart.
The cart-tits, when without a guide,
Ran like bewitch'd from side to side,

Started, and kick'd, and jump'd about—
In short, they made such dreadful rout,
They hurt their Trojan friends much more
Than they had done 'em good before.
Whilst the fierce Greek, where'er he flew,
Beat the poor devils black and blue,
Had Hector met this Grecian cock,
Depend upon't he'd got a knock;
But Jove took care he should not meet him,
Lest in his passion he should eat him,
But kept the Trojan's coat from stains
Of blood, and *dirt*, and scatter'd brains.
Now Jove took all this care, I ween,
'Cause Hector's coat was very clean,
Whilst ev'ry Greek in all the clan
Look'd like a butcher's journeyman.
And now this furious fighting knave
Drove 'em like smoke by Ilus' grave
Amongst some fig-trees, where for shelter
They ran like wild-fire helter skelter—
Not with design to turn and rally,
But there they knew a dark blind alley
That led directly to the town,
Through which they ran like devils down.
Atrides ran as fast as they,
Roaring and bawling all the way,
Till he had made himself as hot
As Fore-street Doll's pease-porridge pot
When, coming near the Scean gate,
He thought it would be best to wait
For further help; so held his stick up,
And stopp'd to take his wind and hiccup.
In the mean time the Trojans ply
Their clay-burnt heels most lustily.
As when the constable and watchmen
Are on a party sent to catch men
Who have the day before been dealing

In what the justices call stealing;
Their phiz the thieves no sooner spy,
But all to reach the window try;
Their haste occasions such a jumble,
Head over heels the scoundrels tumble,
And wedge themselves so very fast,
The hobbling watchmen seize the last;
So did Atrides bounce and fick,
And always lent the last a kick:
Thus did he play the de'il and all,
Until he reach'd the Trojan wall,
Which his great fury did design
To tumble down or undermine;
When Jove sent such a shower of rain
As won't be quickly seen again,
And would have added thunder to it,
But could not get his lightning through it.
At this he bawls, Come hither, Iris!
You see in rain so drench'd my fire is,
It cannot go as I design'd it,
To make yond roaring scoundrels mind it;
And as for thunder, tho' they fear it,
They make such noise they cannot hear it.
Therefore, my girl, do you descend
And tell my honest Trojan friend,
Whilst Agamemnon thus keeps puffing,
I would not have him think of cuffing;
Let other people stop his flouncing,
Bold Hector need not mind his bouncing:
Small captains may his waters watch;
For Hector he's no more a match
Than penny bleeders to a surgeon,
Or Jerry Sneak to Major Sturgeon.
Tell him, altho' he makes such rout,
And kicks the Trojans all about,
[illegible]alf an hour, I'll lay a groat,
[illegible]his teeth knock'd down his throat;

Then shall my bully Hector thwack 'em,
And I will lend a hand to whack 'em,
Till he has made them take long strides
On board their boats to save their hides—
Drub 'em he shall from place to place,
Till Night pops up her blackguard face.
At this the jade gave such a jump,
* * * * * *
She parted with a thund'ring trump:
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
Which being let *slip* so nigh
The sun, take fire as down they fly;
From whence 'tis evident that plain bow,
Which silly mortals call the rain-bow,
Is known by folks that view it nigher
To be a chain of *gas* on fire.
Hector she found amidst the fray,
Mounted upon a brewer's dray:
Hector, says she, perhaps you'll stare
To hear I come from Jupiter;
But so it is, believe it true,
He sends his compliments to you,
And says, while Atreus' son keeps puffing,
He would not have you think of cuffing;
Let other people stop his flouncing,
You need not mind his brags and bouncing;
Small captains may his waters watch;
For you the whelp's no more a match
Than penny bleeders to a surgeon,
Or Jerry Sneak to Major Sturgeon:
And adds, that tho' he makes such rout,
And kicks the Trojans all about,
In half an hour, he'll lay a groat,
He gets his teeth knock'd down his throat.



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Hector, says she, perhaps you'll stare
To hear I come from Jupiter;
But so it is, believe it true,
He sends his compliments to you.

Then Hector shall the Grecians whack,
And I will clap him on the back,
Till he has made each Grecian fighter
Scamper on board his rotten lighter:
Nor shall he cease the rogues to fright
Till they're relieved by Mrs. Night.
Then, in a cloud as black as pitch,
She vanish'd like a Lapland witch.
  Hector no sooner heard this speech,
But up he started off his breech,
Leap'd from the dray in haste, and then
Gave two-pence to the brewer's men
To get a pint of stale, or strong,
Because they let him ride so long;
Then, with a broomstick in each hand,
He bid the scamp'ring Trojans stand;
Tells them, if now they box, they may
Run where they please another day,
And he'll run too as well as they.
When they heard this, the Trojans stout
With one consent all fac'd about,
And seem'd resolv'd to box it out
The Greeks, who hop'd they'd all been gone,
Stared when they found 'em coming on,
Cock'd their wide jaws in great surprise,
And fain would disbelieve their eyes.
Both sides begin to fight it o'er,
As if they'd never fought before;
Whilst in his passion, Atreus' son
Kept driving like a devil on,
And gave *each* Trojan *while he roars*
Black eyes and broken pates by scores.
  Hopkins and Sternhold, lend me aid
To tell what work this *fighter* made;
You, who king David's psalms were able
To write in verse so lamentable,
As made the fornicating king

Cry, when you meant to make him sing;
Where he repents, indeed, most ably
You made him do it lamentably!
Help me to some of your rare pickings,
That I may sing Atrides' kickings,
That in re-mem-be-rance I may
Remain for ever and for aye:
Come on, old boys, and make it known
What shoals of scrubs he tumbled down,
And whether it was a peer or groom
That tasted first his stick of broom.
  Iphidamas it prov'd, a swain-o
Got by Antenor on Theano,
Whose pasture being stock'd before
So hard that it would bear no more,
He thought it best to send the lad
To Clifeus, the mother's dad,
Who farm'd on lease a little place
Upon a bleak hill side in Thrace,
For which he paid the landlord clear
Three, or perhaps four, pounds a year.
For twenty years the good old rock
There fed him like a fighting-cock;
And then, to use him to the strife
Man's born to bear, he for a wife
Gave him his daughter: but the boy,
Hearing of boxing-bouts at Troy,
Was seiz'd with such desire to fight,
He listed on his wedding night,
And left his wife, tho' thought a beauty,
Before he'd done *a husband's* duty;
By shipping to Percope went,
From thence by land to Troy was sent.
Thinking the time was now or never
For him to shew off something clever,
From out the foremost ranks he jumps,
Resolv'd to fight this king of trumps.

Atrides, who full well did know
That in the first good hearty blow
Lay often more than half the battle,
Let fly his broomstick with a rattle:
The Trojan stoop'd, and whiz it went,
But miss'd his nob, where it was meant.
The youth then with great fury puts
His cudgel 'cross the Grecian's guts,
Which stroke he had severely felt
But for his greasy currier's belt,
Tho' he so much of it did feel,
'Spite of his belt, it made him reel;
But when recover'd from the shock,
He lent him such a rare hard knock
Upon his crag, the luckless chap
Fell down and took an endless nap.
His wife, that such a fortune brought,
Two cows, six sheep, and one ram goat,
Thought hers a mighty grievous lot,
When she a *bridal bed* had got,
Neatly dish'd up as hands could make it,
Ready for him to come and take it;
But he, poor soul, was lying flat,
Whilst the Greek stole his coat and hat.
  Coon his bro. was pretty near,
And vex'd to th' heart, a man may swear;
It fill'd his liver with such sadness,
He roar'd and cried for very madness:
But tho' he wept full sore, we find
He did not weep himself quite blind;
But when the Grecian did not 'spy him
He edg'd till he got pretty nigh him,
Then at the bully aim'd a knock,
Which gave his elbow such a shock,
It made his metal buttons jingle,
And both his wrist and fingers tingle.
The Greek was stunn'd, tho' not with fear,

But knew not, or to cry or swear;
Then whilst poor Coon guards his brother,
And covers this side, then the other,
Damning the Grecian for a whelp,
And roaring like a man for help,
The wary Greek upon his crown
'Spy'd a soft spot, so knock'd him down–
Down with a bang he tumbled plump,
And lay across his brother's rump.
  Atrides, now more furious grown,
Drives like a madman up and down,
Using all weapons, clubs, or sticks,
Old broken pots, *and* stones, and bricks–
In this condition on he blunder'd,
And lam'd or frighten'd half a hundred.
Whilst he perform'd these pranks, his arm
Continu'd tolerably warm;
But when the blood began to settle,
And he was partly off his mettle,
The elbow stiffen'd with such pain
As made the bully grin again;
Knaves that are whipp'd for thieving cases
Could never coin such ugly faces.
With mighty pain and anguish fretting,
A dung-cart he was forc'd to get in:
But lest the foe should think he had cause,
He put a good face on a bad cause,
And bawls, O Grecian raggamuffins!
Stick stoutly to your kicks and cuffings!
I'll get a dram to ease my pain,
And in a twink be back again;
Jove will no longer let me fight,
But slam me if 'tis aught but spite!
  No sooner had he spoke, but smack
He heard the carter's whip go crack;
And crack it might, as these old hacks
For twice three steps requir'd six cracks;

Tho', by great luck, this Jehu got
His geldings smack'd into a trot;
But as they both were touch'd i' th' wind,
They puff'd out clouds of smoke behind,
Whilst from their sides a lather run
Would almost fill a brewer's tun;
At last, when tir'd, and almost spent,
They brought him to his ragged tent.
  Hector look'd sharp, and quickly saw
This huffing, cuffing varlet go;
Then to his Trojans and allies,
To raise their mettle, thus he cries:
  Ye roaring blades, that scorn all fear,
Ye Dardans, and ye Lycians, hear!
Now is the time, boys, now or never,
Roar Wilkes and Liberty for ever!
Yon leader of the Scotch court cards,
Call'd the third regiment of guards,
Has got some mischief in the fray:
I saw the rascal run away:
Besides, Dame Iris from above
Brought me some compliments from Jove:
Hector, says she, you must not shrink,
But pay the varlets till they stink;
Therefore you've nought to do but box,
I'll warm their jackets with a pox.
  The valiant Hec. with such like speeches,
Forth from the bottom of their breeches
Pluck'd up their hearts as fast as could be,
And fairly plac'd 'em where they should be,
So the poor gard'ner cheers his dog
To seize and sowl his neighbour's hog,
Claps him o' th' back until he tears off
The ugly grunting pilf'rer's ears off,
Boiling with rage, because the brute
Returns so oft to spoil his fruit:
Thus Hector bawls, nor alone,

But is the first to lead 'em on ;
On the deep file with might doth pour,
Like a black heavy city shower,
Which clears the streets, and into shops
Drives painted *dames* and brainless fops,
With fury from the pantiles rolls
Drenches the signs and barbers' poles,
Washes each dirty stinking street,
And for an hour the town is sweet.
O Churchill's Muse ! for once assist,
Whilst humbly I draw out a list
Of those that fell by Hector's cudgel,
When Jove, who now-and-then doth judge ill,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Bestow'd on him a day of glory.
To 'scape him there appear'd but small hopes—
He smash'd Assæus first, then Dolops ;
Assæus was a great book-binder,
And Dolops was a razor-grinder.
Just then the noted woollen-draper,
Autonous, began to vapour,
But Hector quickly made him caper.
He next began to grapple with
Opites, a great silver-smith ;
On his bread-basket such a thump
He lent him, down he tumbled plump.
Then flat as e'er you saw a flounder
He quickly fell'd the great bell-founder
Hipponous—as down he fell,
His noddle sounded like a bell.
Ophelthius next, a pastry-cook,
That made good pigeon-pie of rook,
Cut venison from Yorkshire hogs,*
And made rare mutton-pies of dogs,
From Hector's crab-tree stick of sticks

* In Yorkshire they call fat sheep, "hogs."

Got a reward for all rogue's tricks—
His hard-bak'd head was finely whack'd,
The skin all bruis'd, and crust all crack'd.
Orus, who kept a noted inn
Full on the road from York to Lynn,
A chatt'ring whelp, just like an ape,
Got in a most confounded scrape;
As Hector rapp'd the saucy dog's head,
It sounded like an empty hogshead.
Esymmus, a ship-biscuit baker,
Got pelted by this noddle-breaker—
His skull, as Hector's stick did whisk it,
Rattled just like a hard ship-biscuit.
Last the rope-maker, Agelau,
By a great knock upon his jaw,
Was sent to see his friends below;
The Trojan's broomstick, unresisted,
His slender thread of life untwisted.
  These, you must note, were no riff-raff,
But officers upon the staff:
As for your common country cousins,
He knock'd them down by pecks and dozens,
And, with a flourish of his stick,
Laid 'em all on their backs as quick
As gamblers thump their box and dice,
Or *dirty* taylors *kill their mice*.
Have you not seen a sort of twirlwind,
Which country people call a whirlwind,
Whip up a haycock from the ground,
And twist it round, and round, and round,
Whilst with their peepers fix'd in air,
And gaping mouths, the bumpkins stare?
Thus Hector whipp'd about, and soon
Kick'd up their heels, or knock'd 'em down.
  And now had Greece been overturn'd,
And all their keels and scullers burn'd;
But sly Ulysses ran with speed

To call his neighbour Diomede:
Diom. says he, why, what the pox,
We'd better both be set i' th' stocks
Than stand and stare whilst Hector keeps
Smoking the Grecians upon heaps:
Let's meet this fav'rite of the gods:
We're two to one, and that's brave odds.
Says Diomede, You know, Ulysses,
I'll fight with any man: but this is
Another case; I've suffer'd evils
For boxing both with gods and devils;
Jove helps this Hector from above,
And souse me if I'll box with Jove!
What boots it now, my friend, to stand,
If Jove won't lend a helping hand?
'Tis striving without spades to dig,
And whistling to a stone-dead pig.
Then as he spoke he gave a sigh,
And whiz he let his broomstick fly;
It hit a purse-proud fellow's crown,
A Wapping lawyer of renown,
Thymbræus call'd, and fetch'd him down.
Ulysses then, that cunning tartar,
Up with his club, and fell'd the carter.
When they had done this job of jobs,
They durst not stay to pick their fobs,
Hector was then so near them, they
Thought it was best to pop away.
Thus thieves, that wait the time to nick
When they can best your pockets pick,
Lurch till some bustle is begun,
Then run and thieve, and thieve and run.
  Merops' two sons, a hopeful pair,
Were seated in a one horse-chair;
Their father carried once a pack
Of caps and stockings on his back—
An honest plodding Highland wight,

And therefore born with second sight:
From fighting he had warn'd the lads,
But yonkers seldom mind their dads;
In spite of him these yonkers frisky
Went out and hired a timmy whisky;
To his advice they paid no heed,
But drove to meet this Diomede,
Who, maugre all that they could do,
Drubb'd 'em, and pick'd their pockets too.
Ulysses smash'd Hypirochus,
And the rich Jew Hippodamus,
And made him rue he e'er did sally
From that great den of thieves, the Alley,
Where had he staid, he might have bit
A thousand honest people yet.
But Satan always doth forecast
To lead rogues into scrapes at last.
Whilst things went on at six and seven,
Jove smok'd a serious pipe in heaven,
And let old Cox's scales hang even;
Nor did he seem a whit to care,
But let 'em scratch, fight dog fight bear.
On this the great Tydides strains out,
And knocks Agastrophus's brains out,
Who, busy fighting all the while,
Had left his cart above a mile;
But when the honest Trojan saw
This bully Greek, he fled. Yet tho'
He ran as if the devil split him,
This blackguard rascal's broomstick hit him:
Upon his wooden noddle falling,
It broke his skull, and laid him sprawling.
Great Hector saw this fearful rout,
For he was looking sharp about:
As he moved on he loud did bawl,
And with him brought the devil and all,
A gang of downright Teagues, all rare men,

With bludgeons arm'd like Brentford chairmen.
Brave Diomede himself, who never
Was us'd to fear, now felt his liver,
Spite of his mighty courage, start,
And give a knock against his heart:
When thus he speaks—Ulysses, mind,
A plaguy storm before the wind
Comes rolling on, and I conjecture
It can be nought but bully Hector,
Who throws about his pots and kettles,
As if his *back* was stung with nettles:
Let us resolve in this here place
To meet the rascal's ugly face.
Just as he spoke, to keep his fame up,
He flung his stick as Hector came up,
Which lent the Trojan's leather cap
A most confounded banging rap,
Bruis'd it, and sliding up, did lop
A tarnish'd tassel from the top:
But by the care of sage Apollo
It happen'd no great harm did follow;
Tho' 'twas so sound a knock it stunn'd him
So much, that Hector rather shunn'd him,
Mounted his cart, and whipp'd about
To try his luck another route.
Tydides shouts Huzza! huzza!
The hect'ring Hector's run away!
Well doth Apollo pay that thief
For all his knuckle-bones of beef;
If any witch would help a bit,
By G–d, I'd swinge that rascal yet!
But since he stoutly runs away for't,
I'll make his ragged scoundrels pay for't,
Then, tho' Agastrophus was dead,
He lent him t'other knock o' th' head,
To keep his hand in: now-and-then,
Like Falstaff, he could kill dead men.

Paris, the keeper of the fair,
Whose piece of brittle china ware
Had caus'd this rout, that wenching knave,
Was peeping from the well-known grave
Of Ilus, an old brown-bread baker,
Who being what we call a Quaker,
I' th' open fields his friends did leave him,
Because church-yards would not receive him—
Hearing this bully, what doth he
But whips behind a hollow tree,
And just as Diom. down did squat
To steal Agastrophus's hat,
Twang dang he let his arrow go off,
And almost knock'd the bully's toe off.
The rogue behind the hollow tree
Laugh'd till he split his sides, to see
The bully Grecian's odd grimaces,
He made such cursed ugly faces;
Then from his ambush leaping out,
Diom. says he, you seem to pout,
As if you'd got the *piles* or gout:
I've hit, I find, the gouty part,
But wish I'd reach'd your pluck or heart;
Then would our Trojan blood be free
From dread of thy damn'd face and thee,
Who tremble at thy phiz and run,
Faster than Paddy from a dun.
Diom. was marching off, but stopping,
Replies, Ho! ho! Miss Frizzle Topping!
I thought when pop-gun arrows flew
It could be none but such as you,
Rogues that will boldly face a *fox*,
But dare as well be hang'd as box.
What signifies thy slender touch?
Our cook-maid Doll could do as much,
Or more; her nails will reach the marrow
[redacted] again as thy poor arrow.

But this good broomstaff ne'er flies waste,
As I one day will let thee taste;
Some Trojan gets, whene'er it goes,
A broken pate or bloody nose:
Whilst all their doxies, when they hear
My name, begin to scold and swear,
Because I'm sure where'er I come
To send their husbands limping home.
  Whilst thus he prates, Ulysses, who
Was much concern'd for his great toe,
Pulls out the dart, and then doth *wrap*
What offer'd first, *for this mishap.*
Then laid his patient in a cart,
And bid 'em drive him pretty smart.
Now, when this bully-back was gone,
Ulysses found himself alone;
Whilst he was busy with the toe,
He never thought how things mihgt go;
But when the Trojans up did walk,
He with himself began some talk:
I shall be smash'd if here I stay,
And yet I dare not run away;
For then they will not let me eat,
And I shall starve without my meat,
And soon be nought but skin and bone,
Like long Sir Thomas R——n.
Why should I longer then stand scrubbing?
Starving is ten times worse than drubbing.
Whilst he was weighing thus the matter,
He heard the Trojan broomsticks clatter;
Before this talk was done they found him,
And quickly made a circle round him.
Tho' his hard knocks did make 'em own
They'd better let his pate alone.
In Piccadilly thus I've seen
A drunken, ragged, scolding quean
By a large circle of the boys

Pursu'd with dirt, and mud, and noise:
Whilst she stands still, and only scolds,
Each hardy boy his station holds;
But when or here or there she reels,
The yonkers nimbly trust their heels.
Just such another matter this is
Betwixt the Trojans and Ulysses;
His cudgel first he level'd at
And laid the bold Deiopis flat,
A taller fellow and a fatter
You never saw, except the Hatter.
Next Ennomus, and Thoon too,
Dealers in stone and powder blue,
Felt what this sturdy Greek could do.
Chersidamas, a noted brewer,
Who in his time had poison'd fewer
Than any of the brewing trade,
Next on the clay-cold ground was laid;
Across the *belt* Ulysses wip'd him,
And brew'd him up a stroke that grip'd him.
Charops, the son of old Hippases,
Who sold Scotch snuff and farthing laces,
Under St. Dunstan's church, was nigh:
At him Ulysses soon let fly:
The broomstick quickly did his job,
And rung against his hollow-nob.
Soccus, his bro. a noted tanner,
And bailiff to the lord o' th' manor,
Was nigh, and saw this lurching whelp
Slinging his stick—so ran to help
His brother: but he found him tumbled;
At which be sure his gizzard grumbled.
Curse your sly pate, says he, Ulysses!
You *cunning* lurching scoundrel, this is
One of your old damn'd roguish tricks,
This laming folks by flinging sticks:
But you shall fairly knock me down,

Or rot me but I'll crack your crown !
This said, his crabtree stick he long
Rattled about his ears ding-dong :
But the sly Grecian's nob, so thick,
Bid bold defiance to his stick ;
On which the Trojan chang'd his stroke,
And with a Highland flourish broke
Two of his ribs—when Pallas put
Her hand between, and sav'd his gut.
Ulysses, tho' with pain it fill'd him,
Was pretty sure he had not kill'd him ;
So drawing back a step or two,
Soccus, says he, I think 'tis now
My turn to have a knock at you ;
And for the stroke you've been so civil
To give, I'll send you to the devil.
Whilst he was laying forth the case,
He grinn'd with such an ugly face,
That Soccus really thought the elf
Had been Sir Beelzebub himself,
Which scar'd him so, he durst not stay,
But whipp'd about and ran away.
The flying broomstick reach'd his back,
And fell'd him down with such a whack
Against a stone it cut his hat,
And beat his long sharp nose quite flat.
Then, as upon the ground they lay,
Ulysses thus was heard to say :
My Trojan friends, lie you two there
Till Christmas next, for aught I care ;
Your mam. will hardly hither pop,
Nor can your daddy leave his shop
To come your funeral to grace
With sable cloak, and crying face,
But leaves that task to coffin-makers,
Or rueful long-phizz'd undertakers.
Now, when I die, I know our vicar

Will make 'em bind my grave with wicker,
Where all my friends, if right I think,
Will drink and sob, and sob and drink.
  Whilst he was jabb'ring in this strain,
His bruise began to give him pain;
Then lifting up his *under* shirt,
He found he'd got a plaguy hurt,
And, the misfortune still to crown,
The Trojans saw his blood run down;
Which made 'em press so close, the whelp
Ran stoutly now, and roar'd for help.
Thrice did Atrides hear him further
Than fifty furlongs roar out Murder!
On which the Spartan bully cried
To Ajax, who was at his side,
I'm sure that something much amiss is,
For Murder! murder! roars Ulysses;
So wide his mouth would hardly gape
Where he not in some cursed scrape;
To bring him off we both must run,
Else, by my soul, we're all undone!
For tho' he's strong, yet Ferdinando
Can do no more than one man can do;
And if of him we are bereft,
There is but one good counsel left.
Tho' counsellors are understood
To do more harm thrice told than good,
Yet here the rule don't fully hold,
For he can box as well as scold:
But the damn'd knaves in Wranglers-Hall
Are good for nothing but to bawl;
And when you kick 'em for their jaw,
They take the kicks, and take the law.
  Then where the roaring came from they
With hasty strides direct their way;
'Twas lucky they so soon did stickle,
For he was in a grievous pickle;

The *row* was potent where he stood—
'Tis an ill wind blows no man good;
For by *the noise* they *found* him out,
Tho' compass'd by his foes about.
As yonkers at a country school,
When they've an heap of apples stole,
One youth, that he may fair divide,
Across the apples stands astride,
When lo the master, dreadful case!
Pops in his unexpected face;
At his approach they scour away,
And leave the undivided prey;
The pedant then asserts his claim,
And bears the apples to his dame:
Thus Ajax made 'em all run faster
Than the boys scamper'd from their master;
For when the late-exulting foe
His huge enormous broomstick saw,
Who should get first away they strove,
And ran as if the devil drove.
On this great Menelaus *hisses*,
Then went to help his friend Ulysses,
And part by strength, and part by art,
Got him shov'd up into a cart;
Whilst Ajax with his stick pursu'd
The flying, frighten'd, routed crowd,
Paid 'em about, but first begun
With Doryclus, old Priam's son,
A youth that often walk'd the Park
To pick up wenches in the dark.
Pandocus next he struck hap hazard,
And laid his stick across his mazzard
With so much force, it made his mouth ache,
And gave him a d—d fit o' th' tooth-ache.
The pimp at Haddock's bagnio,
Pyrasas, felt the next great blow;
Ajax a swingeing broomstick threw,

That bruis'd his rump all black and blue,
Which paid the rascal well for pimping,
And sent him to his brothel limping.
Lysander next, an Irish broker,
A mettled fellow and a joker,
Met with this clumsy Grecian cock,
And got a most infernal knock,
Made him so sick, he fell to bokeing,
And for a twelvemonth spoil'd his joking.
Palertes last, a freeborn Troyman,
A noted jeweller and toyman,
Got tumbled down, whilst all his toys
Made a confounded clatt'ring noise.
Thus, when you 'gin to smell a stink,
You pump away to clear the sink,
A deluge issues through the grates,
And drives down rotten shrimps and sprats,
Tumbles the garbage o'er and o'er,
Till it has reach'd the common shore:
Just so before him as he rumbled
Both carts, and men, and horses tumbled.
  Hector was to the left a mile,
Pelting the Grecians all the while,
Kicking the ragged sons of bitches
By dozens into muddy ditches:
There Nestor and the Cretan stood,
And stopp'd his kicking all they could:
But spite of them this furious loon
Kick'd the poor rogues like nine-pins down.
Paris, who rode Atrides' boot in,
Was practising the art of shooting,
That he might make his aim more certain
Than Wilkes himself, or even Martin,
Took opportunity i' th' nick
To lend the Grecian quack a prick:
The arrow made his shoulder smack,
And the Greeks trembled for their quack.

The Cretan then to Nestor spoke:
Come here, old weather-beaten rock,
I've better business far for you
Than aught you can by boxing do;
Go take your higler's cart, and lay on
The wounded doctor, Don Machaon,
And drive him off; if he is lost,
We all may feel it to our cost:
You know it well, nor you alone,
He cures more kinds of wounds than one;
And but for his great skill, you know
You had been *dead long*, long ago.
Nestor obeys, and sans delay
Convey'd the wounded quack away,
And with an almost fire-new thong
Dusted his raw-bon'd tits along;
And as his geldings lamely tripp'd,
He whipp'd and cough'd, and cough'd and whipp'd.
Now Hector's carter, who could see
Above as far again as he,
Looking the Trojan files along,
Soon saw where things were going wrong:
Whilst here we fight genteel and civil,
Quoth he, there's Ajax plays the devil;
Mind how the bully swears and curses,
And oversets both carts and horses;
I know the whelp by one sure sign,
His fist's as big as three of mine.
Then let's be jogging to assist
Our friends to 'scape his mutton fist,
Else, by our mighty Trojan founders!
He'll lay 'em all as flat as flounders.
He said no more, but quickly got
His geldings smack'd into a trot;
O'er legs and arms he drove so smart,
He sprink'd the foot-board of the cart,
And daub'd it rarely with the stains

Of blood and mud, and *dirt* and brains,
Which fill'd the axle-tree so full
The horses had a far worse pull
Than if they'd lugg'd a brewer's dray,
Or country waggon full of hay.
  The Grecians thought by standing close
To keep him out: but such a dose
With his oak stick the Trojan gave 'em,
They trusted to their heels to save 'em;
Whilst he their sides so nimbly switch'd,
They thought the fellow was bewitch'd.
Then from his cart he ply'd 'em thick,
With first a broomstick, then a brick,
And fell'd 'em down with just such knocks
As bumkins lend their Shrovetide cocks,
Flinging his sticks at such a rate,
He always broke a leg or pate.
By such hard knocks as these he made
The Greeks so horribly afraid,
That they employ'd their utmost might in
Running away, instead of fighting;
And Ajax felt such queerish twitches,
His courage jump'd into his breeches:
He therefore found, when folks begun for't,
His own thick legs dispos'd to run for't;
But taking care that none should say
Great Ajax ran, he walk'd away,
And, lest they should his rear attack,
He kept a constant peeping back.
Thus on an evening have I seen,
With pious face on Bethnal-Green,
An inspir'd cobler mount a tub,
And preach to ev'ry ragged scrub:
Tho' dirt and rotten eggs flew round,
Yet inspiration kept his ground,
Nor, till he'd preach'd his sermon out,
Would stir a step, and then did do't

With as much gravity as if
To be inspir'd was to be stiff:
Thus heavy Ajax bore the cuffings
Of all the Trojan raggamuffins,
And walk'd as slow as if he'd been
The preaching cobler of the Green:
In Spanish strides his knees he bent,
And grumbled all the way he went.
Thus have I seen a sand-cart ass
Devour a farmer's clover grass:
The farmer, with his wife and man,
To drive him out do all they can;
But tho' they pour a heavy tide
Of rattling hedgestakes on his side,
The beast, as patient as he's dull,
Eats till he crams his belly full,
And then, insensible of pain,
Deliberately walks off again.
Whilst Ajax strutted off demurely,
The Trojans bang'd his potlid purely;
Sometimes he turn'd about to swear
He'd break their bones if they came near;
Then march'd away, but as he trod
Threaten'd them with an angry nod;
Whilst they, to keep up this queer battle,
With brickbats made his potlid rattle.
  Euripylus, who saw them skelp him,
Resolv'd at any rate to help him,
And did his knotty broomstaff lay on
The Trojan hosier, Apisaon,
Whose nob he lent a knock that broke it,
At which he ran to pick his pocket.
Paris was ever on the watch
These low pick-pocket rogues to catch;
He hated all such dirty jobs,
As stealing hats, and picking fobs:
Not but the dog himself, 'twas said,

Would oft pick up—a maiden *trade*,
But then he thought no sin lay there,
Because 'twas perishable ware;
In other things he was in truth
A very good church-going youth,
Of th' catechize could read some part,
And say the whole Lord's prayer by heart—
He saw this pilf'ring Grecian lout
Turn Apisaon's pockets out,
On which he let an arrow fly
That tore his breeks, and cut his thigh,
Made the rogue sweat and grin with pain,
And sent him hobbling back again.
But yet before he stirr'd one bit,
He made a speech; and this is it:
O Greeks, I fear your courage fails ye,
In God's name, what the devil ails ye?
I've left poor Ajax in a sweat;
And if you do not quickly get
To his assistance, I'll be shot,
But his hard nob must go to pot!
The Trojans do so sorely pelt,
That if his potlid and his belt
Did not secure his rump so gummy,
His buttocks must be thrash'd to mummy:
And if you could but see 'em now,
I'll answer for't they're black and blue!
For God's sake, neighbours, run and help him,
You'd wonder how the rascals skelp him.
Whilst he was speaking, from the rout
About a dozen fellows stout
Took heart of grace, and ventured out;
Some held their leathern potlids o'er him,
And others clapp'd their staves before him.
Whilst thus their fainting friend they shroud,
Ajax struts up and joins the crowd;
Then on a sudden, growing stout,

He puff'd his cheeks, and fac'd about.
Thus things went on, and all the while
Nestor had jerked his tits a mile,
And with a wondrous deal of flogging
Made a hard shift to keep them jogging;
Smoking with sweat, amidst the throng,
They lugg'd the wounded quack along.
Just then Achilles, as 'tis said,
Was sitting at the main-mast head,
From whence he saw the Greeks all spent,
And cudgel'd to their hearts' content;
With joy he saw the Trojans lay on
The bones of all, except Machaon.
As for the doctor, 'cause that he
Once cur'd him of a *broken knee*,
Besides a hoarseness and a pthisic,
And charg'd but eighteen-pence for physic,
He therefore felt a little touch
Of pity, tho' it was not much;
When, casting down his eyes below,
Patroclus working hard he saw
Mending an old blue rusty jacket
So torn he'd much ado to tack it;
On which he to his chum below
Roars out, Halloo, my buff, halloo!
Patroclus then began to lug
From his left jaw a fine large plug,
Then clear'd his throat, and spit and cough'd,
And halloo'd out: Who calls aloft?
Stop, avast * heaving; is it you?
What have you got for me to do?
Whate'er you want by sea or land,
Keel-haul me but I'll lend a hand!
Achilles thus: Through various rubs
We two have long been loving scrubs!

* A sea-term.

With joy my very heart doth tickle
To find the Greeks in such a pickle!
Tho' their chub-headed chief did flout me,
I knew they could not do without me;
Soon they'll be here with sobs and moans,
And down upon their marrow-bones.
But I want you, my chum, to go
To Nestor's oyster-boat, to know
What made him flog his founder'd cattle
In such a splutter from the battle,
And if he did not lug some cock
Whose pate or ribs had got a knock.
I fear it is our trusty quack;
But I could only see his back,
Nor for my blood and *eyes* could I
A corner of his face espy
(Tho' I with all my eyes did look),
The horses did so puff and smoke.
  Patroclus then shook off his fleas,
And button'd both his breeches-knees,
Fetch'd his best hat, and then did scour—
But in a sad unlucky hour,
In a curs'd minute was he sent,
For Hector made him soon repent.
Howe'er that be, through all the throng
Of boats and huts he popp'd along,
And soon the queer old Grecian met,
Just 'lighted in a reeking sweat.
Eurymedon with care and art
Unloos'd his horses from the cart;
Nestor, who was confounded hot
With flogging, had a dishclout got,
Which serv'd to wipe his greasy face:
And ere he put it in its place,
Close by the wounded quack he stood,
And wip'd away both sweat and blood;
Then gap'd a while to catch a breeze

Was coming fresh from off the seas ;
But staid not long before they went
To seek for shelter in the tent.
Nestor then order'd Hecomede,
A red-hair'd wench of royal breed
(Which Greece to give th' old cock agreed,
To keep of girls his slender stock up,
And use when he could wind his clock up),
Without delay to fetch a cup,
And make a cooling mixture up.
But first this handmaid held it meet
Before they drank to make 'em eat,
So spread a table with blue feet
Made of good fir, which he had bought
In Broker's-Alley for a groat ;
Whereon she plac'd a spanking dish,
Then fill'd it full, but not with fish ;
Of better stuff she pour'd a flood in,
And that was smoking hasty pudding ;
With this she mix'd, for this old coney-
Catcher, an honest pint of honey,
Then rubb'd a salted garlic head
Upon a mouldy crust of bread,
This done, a bowl that formerly
Belong'd the taylors' company,
And giv'n the old Greek for his advice
'Bout cabbage, cucumbers, and *rice*,
Matters of great concern and weight
To this large body corporate
Of cross-legg'd thieves, who earn their bread
By buckram, staytapes, silk, and thread ;
To make it fine the taylors' beadles
Had stuck it full of ends of needles.
Now you must know this bowl of wood
Upon a pair of cross-legs stood ;
About a dozen wooden pegs
Fasten'd this pair of bandy legs ;

Four handles did the sides adorn,
Two made of wood and two of horn
(Two out of four of horn were made,
To shew the fate of half the trade);
O' th' top of each of which a pair
Of heads resembling snipes did stare,
With beaks so sharp, in many a case
Of bodkins they supply'd the place.
Three quarts it held, and yet when full
Could this old soaker at a pull
Drink it half off and never sob;
But few with him could bear a bob.
This bowl the nymph of high degree,
As handsome as a cook should be,
Fill'd with the drink of which I boasted,
Rare Yorkshire ale with apples roasted.
This for the quack did she prepare;
But Nestor got the better share:
'Twould do you good to see the pull
The old soaker took of this lamb's-wool;*
And all his life he did forecast,
To get the first tip and the last.
  Their thirst being partly quench'd, they chatter
Of this and that, and t'other matter;
And tho' Patroclus now drew near,
They made such din they could not hear
Nor see him, till he did present
His proper self before the tent.
Nestor then starting makes a stir,
And cries, Your humble servant, sir!
I'm mighty glad to see you here,
Please to walk in and take a chair.
  Patroclus thus: I cannot sit,
But with your leave will stand a bit;
For I have heard my granny say,

* Ale with roasted apples in it is called lamb's-wool.

That whilst you stand, you do not stay.
Achilles saw your cart go past,
And therefore sent me out post haste
To learn what Grecian your old cattle
Were lugging from the field of battle;
But to my grief I plainly view,
Old friend Machaon, it was you.
I know, altho' I am no wizard,
Achilles will be vex'd to th' gizzard,
To find your nags came puffing with
Our bold and learned p—— smith:
This news however I will carry
With speed, so ask me not to tarry,
I'll tell him what I see and hear;
But if I stay, you know he'll swear.
  Nestor replies: I fear Achilles
In a d—'d sulky humour still is:
But if he really asks about us,
And did not send you here to flout us,
I'll tell you all, for this misfortune
Is nought to what's behind the curtain.
This learned, skilful doctor's not
The only hero that has got
A broken shin or kick o' the *head*—
But many a fierce-look'd son *is dead*
And bold as Major Sturgeon's fled
To cure a broken shin or head.
Nay, several bruisers, men of note,
Have got their teeth knock'd down their throat;
Ulysses has got such a stroke
That half his ribs are almost broke,
And some damn'd heavy-footed foe
Has trod upon poor Diom's toe;
Besides, the blood by gallons flows
From great Eurypylus's nose.
But whether we are drubb'd or not,
Achilles doth not mind a jot;

Nay, should the Trojans burn our fleet,
I reckon he'll be glad to see't:
Greek after Greek gets rapp'd o' th' knuckles,
Whilst he sits still and grins and chuckles.
The devil fetch old Time, I say,
For stealing all my strength away!
O! that I was but half as strong
As when I drove the world along!
From Elis fetch'd a roaring bull,
And crack'd their general's thick skull;
Then drove th' Epeans all like thunder,
And got the Lord knows what of plunder;
Their herds of sheep when we did meet 'em,
We very seldom fail'd to eat 'em;
Then stole their breeding mares, all big
With foal, and many a goat and pig.
These things I did when but a boy,
And made my daddy jump for joy.
Elis, thus basted, hung their ears,
And grumbling paid their old arrears;
And Pylian knights, so special poor
They turn'd a farthing three times o'er
Before it went, now found their breeches'
Pockets too shallow for their riches.
When Elis first came out to dare us,
They thought they easily could scare us,
Because one Hercules, a bully,
Had almost done our business fully:
Twelve lads my father got, and he
Demolish'd ev'ry soul but me.
Howe'er, we ventur'd out to kick 'em,
Resolv'd to lose our lives, or lick 'em;
Which, 'faith! we did, and made 'em glad
To give to my old crusty dad
Three dozen ewes—they ow'd him that
For cheating him o' th' gold-lac'd hat
Which he had won at May-Day fair

proving the best cudgel-player;
h his lac'd hat and cudgel too
: constable detain'd, but now
made the rogues severely rue.
at more we got, myself dealt out
Amongst our jolly boys so stout.
But in three days they came again,
th horses, carts, and drunken men.
Actor's sons, two bullying roysters,
ose mother sells fine Welflit oysters
a b e—
se basta... nken train.
Th oessa, a pretty ;
Not fam'd, as you n nk, for tillage,
Because upon a roc ,
Was the last place we r- that way;
That little town, if you enquire,
Ended the bound of Pyl ' shire:
'Twas there the rascals ca ne to see us,
And cross'd a dyke they all Alpheus;
But Pallas came one foggy night,
Turn out, says she, my boys, and fight.
On which with speed we left our rock,
And march'd to give the dogs a knock.
I first got ready; but my dad,
Afraid lest they should hurt his lad,
Lock'd up my boots and jacket too,
And d—d his eyes if I should go!
But wilful I resolv'd to do't,
So tramp'd it all the way on foot.
By Minyas stream we push'd the bowl,
Whilst we look'd o'er the muster-roll;
And long before the day begun
All got their buff skin doublets on,
Except myself, for I had none:
And all our bucks were cloth'd so bare,
Not one had got a coat to spare—

Then trudg'd it to the very border
Of Alpheus stream in train-band order.
Quickly, to set all right above,
We cook'd a dinner up for Jove,
Of something very good and hot,
Tho' what it was I've quite forgot:
Minerva had a dinner too,
The udder of a rare old cow:
Alpheus came a meal to seek,
For him we stew'd a fine bull's cheek.
Neptune, we knew, was stall'd with fish,
We therefore cook'd him up a dish
Of lean bull beef with cabbage fried,
And a full pot of beer beside:
Bubble,* they call this dish, and squeak;
Our taylors dine on't thrice a week.
By th' water-side the men all kept,
And in their buff skin doublets slept,
All but poor me; but here I had
Borrow'd an itchy lousy plaid
Of a Scotch loon, from whom I bought
A rare good neckcloth for a groat—
Those plaids are special things to watch in,
They keep a man so warm with scratching.
Th' Epeans, with their loins all bound
In carriers' belts, our town surround.
Soon as the red-fac'd fiery Sun
Had curl'd his whiskers, and begun
To look about him, we to battle
March'd out, and made their noddles rattle.
And now I box'd it in my waistcoat,
Better than some that had a lac'd coat:
King Augeas' son I tumbled down,
And with a thumping knock o' th' crown,

* Fried beef and cabbage is a dish so well known by the name of bubble-and-squeak in town, that it is only for the sake of my country readers I insert this note.

Gave a confounded broken head
To this great spouse of Agamede,
A girl so skilful, that she knew,
Amongst all kind of herbs that grew,
None made such bitter drink as rue.
I seiz'd his cart when he was down,
And swore I'd keep it for my own.
My men huzza'd as I led on,
And made the drunken scoundrels run.
Just like a whirlwind which in town
Drives butchers' stalls and green-shops down.
I smok'd the rogues, my cudgel maul'd 'em,
And my sharp-pointed broomshaft gall'd 'em;
Full fifty carts that day I took—
'Tis true, my friends! for all you look
As much surpris'd as if that I,
Like statesmen, had a mind to try
To hum you with a thund'ring lie.
Now you must know each cart I got
Contain'd two bully-backs of note—
None of your wishy-washy sparks,
Attorneys' hacks and lawyers' clerks;
But farmers' sons, rare strong-back'd youths
With mutton-fists and flounder mouths:
But when we came to a dispute,
I kick'd the wide mouth'd scoundrels out.
Two in each cart, you say? Why then
You must have kick'd a hundred men
Out of their carts that day?—'Tis true, sir,
I've men alive will vouch it now, sir!
And Actor's sons, I would, as surely
As you stand there, have drubb'd 'em purely;
But Neptune saw the whole, and tried
With all his speed to take their side,
Because the mother of those roysters
Was a good customer for oysters.—
To save their bacon, what doth he

But pops a cloud 'twixt them and me,
So thick, one mouthful did I'm sure
Make me stand coughing half an hour!
And there you might have seen me stuck up,
Boaking as if I'd bring my pluck up:
And would have given any money
For Doctor Hill's balsamic honey.
But still I drove the rest in flocks
As far as the Olinian rocks:
Then, where Aliseum's waters drop,
Pallas call'd out, Plague on you! stop.
When you begin to kick and cuff,
You know not when you've done enough.
Yet even there I came i' th' nick
To lend the last a hearty kick:
Smite both my eyes! I scorn to puff,
But here 'twas I that work'd their buff!
On my strong toe this fray depended,
Nestor began, and Nestor ended.
Our parsons then, to crown this job,
Order'd long prayers to hum the mob
At Pyle; where the folks, d'ye see,
Thank'd Madam Pallas first, then me.
Thus, when a cub, my blood took fire,
And made me box it for my shire:
The passion of this chum of yours
Has kick'd his reason out of doors;
When they have sent us to the devil,
Who values then his being civil,
Unless the bully will agree
To hang himself for company?
The day I ever shall remember,
I think 'twas some time in December,
And blow'd a mack'rel gale, when we
To muster soldiers put to sea;
I and Ulysses landed where
His father kept the Old Black Bear;

found him with his handmaid Nelly,
paring timber for the belly.
ull upon a spit he puts,
l gave to *thundering* Jove the guts.
/ good old dad and thee were turning
: spit to keep the meat from burning;
hilles help'd to bear a bob,
ır troth it was a warmish job;
was the first of all to 'spy us,
ıd made a leg as he came nigh us,
lu us, if w a bit,
'd cut a e ı ıe spit.
e neither of us we ice
As stay to be entreat ce:
After twelve pots wer ly out
We mention'd what we ne about.
Strong beer will oft mak men, you know,
As loving as a Trinculo;
'Twas so with you two b ks, you kiss'd us,
And swore by Jove you would assist us:
Your dads spake words worth tons of gold;
Old Peleus said, My son, be bold!
I've heard a fellow talk an hour
In Stephen's chapel, yet I'm sure,
Nay, on occasion I would swear it,
He did not say so much, or near it.
Your father's speech was rather longer;
Quoth he, Tho' Peleus' son be stronger,
And for his mother had a witch,
Yet when upon too high a pitch
He raves and swears, mind you and cool him,
And then you easily may rule him.
Thus spake your dad; but you, I find,
Have quite forgot, or else don't mind;
Tho', if you will but try, you may
(A will can always find a way)
Persuade him to assist us now,

I know he'll do a deal for you :
But if some fortune-telling witch,
Some long-chinn'd, long-nos'd, ugly bitch
Of Mother Shipton's breed, has made
His mighty heart and pluck afraid,
Tell him, Troy's rogues will change their note,
If he'll but lend you his great coat.
Put on his bear-skin coat, and meet 'em,
If they don't run, by G— I'll eat 'em !
Back to their village will they scamper,
Nor longer thus our Grecians hamper ;
Each man his own dear self will mind most,
And bid the devil take the hindmost.
At hearing of this doleful ditty
The bold Thessalian, touch'd with pity,
Like a lamp-lighter, o'er the plain
Ran back with all his might and main.
It happen'd, as he cross'd a place
Where Cox, a justice of the peace,
Was sending little *jades* to jail
For want of pence as well as bail,
Just where Ulysses' cock-boats lay,
From whence, a very little way,
Their jolly parsons us'd to pray,
Eurypylus he chanc'd to spy,
As the great chief came hopping by,
With a sad prick upon his thigh,
Which gave the Greek such grievous pain,
It made him sweat and smoke again :
But I would have it understood,
Tho' he look'd blue, his heart was good.
Patroclus could not help from crying
To see him limp along ; when, sighing,
He thus begins : Now, by my soul,
You've got into a damn'd bad hole !
In an ill day ye sure set out,
To get so drubb'd and kick'd about !

THE TWELFTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

THE Grecian curl'd and knotty pates
Are driv'n behind their shabby gates.
Hector comes on in furious haste
Their mangey sides and ribs to baste;
But on a sudden as he goes,
Finds a small ditch across his nose;
On which Polydamas roars out,
Tho' carts and horses cannot do't,
On foot we'll quickly rumble through't;
For though what horses we have got
Can leap, we're sure the carts cannot.
This counsel, though it did not cost
A single tester, was not lost;
Both cut and long-tail, black and grey,
With all their carts they sent away;
Then fell by th' ears, when to their view
Appear'd a long-legg'd heron-sue
That *passed* an 'eel: at this dread sight
Polydamas, in woeful fright,
Comes to his brother Hector puffing,
And begg'd him to give over cuffing.
Hector, resolv'd to make 'em feel,
Damn'd both the heron-sue and eel;
And since he's got so far, he swears
He'll pull their wall about their ears.
Sarpedon too made dismal rout,
And threw their hedging-stakes about:
Pulling them from the wall so fast,
He made a swingeing gap at last.
Then Hector takes him up a stone,
Such as our miles are mark'd upon,
Or rather less, with this he batters
Their gates, and breaks them all to shatters;
Then rushing forward dusts their coats,
And drives them all on board their boats.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

Now whilst Patroclus play'd the quack,
The mob each other's bones did thwack,
Gave and receiv'd confounded raps
With many a dowsing slap o' th' chaps.
On Childermas, a luckless day,
Their shabby wall of mud, they say,
Was rais'd, which made it soon give way.
But Homer had a better reason,
Why it would hardly last a season
They hurried so to get it up,
They did not kill a single tup,
Or bull, or cow, to give their pack
Of wooden gods a little snack:
This made their hungry parsons grumble,
And swear by G–d the wall would tumble;
And such a case, I'm pretty clear,
Would make a Christian parson swear—
When people cease their gods to serve,
The jolly priests of course must starve.
For far less crimes the bulls of Rome
Have kick'd and scar'd all Christendom;
To every age and every station
Roaring perdition and damnation;
And had not one Sir Luther Martin
Found that their roaring was but *barking*,
To this good day our empty skulls
Had been humbugg'd by Peter's bulls.
They say, if God don't build the house,
Your labour is not worth a louse;

But if he builds, we surely then
Should keep, and pay, his journeymen.
His journeymen! Pray who are they,
That we must keep as well as pay?
Why, reverend priests, you head of cod!
They are the journeymen of God:
And rare good journeymen they make,
All kinds of work they undertake;
For, be it spoken to their praise,
They'll do their duty twenty ways;
And, rather than they'll live in strife,
Would patch your quarrel with your wife:
In short, a well-taught priest will try
To finger ev'ry mutton pye.
Howe'er, in spite of all their swearings,
This wall, till they were dead as herrings,
Stood on its legs, though thump'd about,
And liv'd to see both parties out.
But when the Trojan bones were rotten,
And all the Grecian rogues forgotten,
The neighb'ring streams did all they could
To undermine these walls of mud:
Their names were Rhesus and Scamander,
On which swam many a goose and gander;
Æsepus and Heptaporus,
With Simois and Grenicus;
Caresus full of guts and blood,
And Rhesus black with kennel mud:
They say, Apollo muster'd all
These streams to tumble down this wall;
And lest their labour should be vain,
Jove sent a thund'ring shower of rain;
Then Neptune seiz'd the time to work,
And play'd the devil with his fork,
Threw all the dirt about and sticks,
Old broken pots, and ends of bricks;
And, like our bumpkins spreading dung,

The mud and stones about he flung
So dextrously, he laid the shore
As level as it was before
(Which made th' next generation swear
The de'il a wall had e'er been there;
But Homer knew there was, and I
Am sure th' old fellow scorn'd to lie).
And now the rivers fac'd about
To find their ancient currents out;
Some to cross vales and drain out bogs,
Others to wash the sties of hogs.
But this would be some other term,
As yet it stood secure and firm;
Nor had the Trojans done it hurt,
Tho' they kept pelting stones and dirt;
And half the Greeks in woeful fright
Durst not so much as tarry by't:
For, thinking Hector very soon
Would knock their crazy bulwarks down,
And, not content to overturn 'em,
Go stave their rotten boats, or burn 'em,
The better half of these bold fighters
Ran like bewitch'd to launch their lighters.
For an excuse the cowards all
Swore Jove had had so great a call
For courage all that week, his store
Could not produce a spoonful more
To help the luckless Greeks this bout,
And their own brandy-cask was out.
Pale Fear, when brandy did not back 'em,
Was always ready to attack 'em;
Which now she did in Hector's shape,
And made the varlets run and gape;
For, just as school-boys kick a ball,
This furious Trojan kick'd 'em all:
Like a mad ox * from Smithfield driven

* I have heard this evil would long ago have been put a stop

By butcher's scoundrels, John and Stephen,
That gores and tosses in the air
The blind and lame that can't get clear.
Thus ev'ry Greek that wanted cunning,
Or heels to save himself by running,
Hector belabour'd with his switch,
Or kick'd him quite across the ditch:
But when the Trojans reach'd the side
Of this great ditch, full three feet wide,
It made a shift to stop their courses;
Ditches won't do for carts and horses.
The wise Polydamas soon saw
The cart tits could no further go,
So cock'd his mouth, and cry'd, Halloo,
Hip, brother Hector, hark, a word!
This ditch will stop us, by the Lord!
Unless with one consent we 'light,
And boldly march on foot to fight;
Therefore do you, and ev'ry friend
That came a helping hand to lend,
To this my good advice attend:
Our tits can do no more, I think,
Than bring us to the very brink
Where now we stand; but if we make 'em
Attempt to leap, 'tis odds we stake 'em
Upon a plaguy ugly row
Of bakers' billets there below:
Besides, betwixt the ditch and wall
There is not room for carts and all.
Tho' the great thund'rer Jove this bout
Has help'd the Trojans rarely out,
And made the Grecians fight so tardy,
Don't let it make our nobs fool-hardy.
If he these varlets will demolish,

to, and beasts not suffered to be driven through the city; but it was apprehended it would breed great confusion to take the freedom of the city from horned cattle.

And all their sweaty race abolish,
The only wish that I can lend 'em
Is, that he'll let the devil mend 'em
But should they see us in this job
Crowded just like an English mob,
Where we can neither fight nor run,
They'd smash us ev'ry mother's son;
Nor would the rogues one Trojan spare
To tell the world what fools we were.
Then gape with great attention, pray,
And swallow ev'ry word I say.
We must, to make these rascals mind us,
Send all our nags and carts behind us:
When Hector leads us on a-foot,
The odds are six to one we do't:
This is the only way to get 'em,
And this good day, please God, we'll sweat 'em.
  Hector was pleas'd within his heart
With this advice; so left his cart,
Jump'd on the ground with such a bang,
It made his metal buttons twang;
Which when the other bloods did see,
They all jump'd down as well as he,
And bid their drunken carters file off,
And wait i' th' rear about a mile off:
Then into five good sturdy packs
Divided all their bully backs.
The first, a race of bucks to stand by,
Were headed by the Trojan Granby,
Call'd Hector in the Greek; he was
Assisted by Polydamas,
And bold Cebriones, a wight
Could drive a cart as well as fight.
The second, and a sturdy band,
The *guilty* Paris did command:
Alcathous lent this varlet help,
And bold Agenor join'd the whelp.

The third obey'd two sons of Priam,
Fellows almost as tall as I am ·
Deiphobus, a mighty Sir,
And Helenus, a conjurer ;
To whom was added Asius,
A fiery buck from Hyrtacus ;
His geldings were a yellow dun,
But better cart-tits never run.
Antenor's sons the fourth obey'd,
Join'd with that Presbyterian blade
Pious Eneas, who, they say,
Could stoutly box as well as pray ;
Which none will wonder at, that hears
He serv'd Old Noll in all his wars,
Whose rogues, unlike our modern dull dogs,
Could pray like saints, and fight like bull-dogs.
The last tough band was drove with speed on
By a bold fellow call'd Sarpedon,
A Lycian country 'squire, whose hounds
Had almost eaten up his grounds ;
Which made him venture in this fray,
Like some of our militia,
To box for honour and for pay.
Glaucus did help to guide this crew,
And bold Asteropæus too—
Two bucks as bold as bold could be—
But he was boldest of the three.
Each hardy Trojan as he goes
Holds up his potlid o'er his nose,
For fear he might in this tough bout
Get one or both his eyes knock'd out.
Thus they proceed thro' mud and mire,
Spurr'd onward with a keen desire
To set the Grecian boats on fire ;
Certain their hopes will now be crown'd
To see the scoundrels burnt or drown'd.
Whilst thus the Trojans, sans delay,

Their leader's good advice obey,
The huff-bluff Asius kept his dray,
And drove his tits along the plain,
But never brought 'em back again.
No more this giddy headstrong boy
Je-up'd his yellow duns to Troy;
But, when he reach'd the other side,
Idomeneus drubb'd his hide.
Now to the left he smok'd along,
Amidst a motley Grecian throng
Of rogues, that made confounded skips
To reach their rotten boats and ships:
None look behind to help their mates,
But dart like lightning through the gates.
As rabbits pop into their holes
When dogs disturb them, so in shoals
The Greeks forsook each brake and thicket,
And popp'd their noddles through the wicket:
When they were there, the better half
Could hardly think they yet were safe.
Thither this hair-brain'd hero flew
With his mad, roaring, ranting crew,
In wondrous hopes the Greeks to souse,
Hopes that turn'd out not worth a louse.
Two bloods sprang up to guard the gates,
With brawny backs, and bomb-proof pates.
Since to relate their names it meet is,
I'll do't: The first was Polypœtes;
Pirithous us'd to *spark* his mother,
And * * * ; but who * * * the other
I can't assert, or when or where:
That he was got is pretty clear,
And christen'd too, because his dad
Call'd him Leontius when a lad:
Both from the Lapith race did spring,
Bold rogues as ever stretch'd a string.
Like two thick posts of oak or fir,

That neither carts nor drays can stir
(Though drunken draymen drive their dray
Against them forty times a day),
So firmly stood before the gates
This pair of bloods with wooden pates,
Nor car'd a straw what Asius' crew
Of roaring, noisy whelps could do;
Tho' in his front Orestes was
Join'd with a buck call'd Acamas;
And Onomaus did appear,
With serjeant Th * * in the rear;
But all the airs that they could put on
Did hardly signify a button.
They made a dreadful hubble bubble,
But got their labour for their trouble.
The besom-shafts that hit the gates,
And those that hit these fellows' pates,
Bounced with the very self-same sound,
From gates and pates upon the ground;
Which proves that both were sure enough
Made of the self-same kind of stuff.
But still these Lapiths fight and bawl,
And on the Grecian blackguards call:
Yet tho' they saw the rascals run,
As English guards by chance have done,
They ventur'd by themselves to stay,
Nor would they stir an inch, not they.
Like Amadis de Gaul, these elves
Fac'd a whole army by themselves.
Thus have I seen in bushy grounds
Two badgers fight a pack of hounds,
Bite to the bone each forward whelp,
And make the puppies run and yelp:
So these two bucks maintain the battle,
Tho' broomstaves made their noddles rattle.

Now whilst the Greeks possession keep
O' th' walls, they box it ancle deep

To save their rotten boats and lighters—
The devil never saw such fighters.
As when a keen north wind doth blow,
And brings along both sleet and snow,
You cannot see, so fast it snows,
Above a yard before your nose:
As thick as this, or very nigh,
Brickbats and stones and broomshafts fly,
Spring from their buff-skins with a bound,
And hollow pates and potlids found.
When Asius found his labour lost,
To make these hangdogs quit their post,
Nor stir an inch, do all he could,
He then began to damn his blood;
And in a furious passion cries,
Rot me but Jove himself tells lies!
Else we should long ago have sous'd 'em,
And either in the salt-sea dows'd 'em,
Or fir'd their boats and sing'd the dogs,
As city butchers singe their hogs.
But like a swarm of wasps hard prest,
That gather thick to guard their nest,
Like them, this spiteful Grecian fry
Kick, scratch, and bite, and sting, and die.
But what most frets my *heart* and gall,
Two thick-skull'd scoundrels stop us all;
'Tis easier far to break the gates
Than either of these rascals' pates.
  Whilst thus he fum'd as if he'd split,
Jove did not mind his noise a bit,
But sat consid'ring with great care,
How all the glory he could spare
Might fall to Honest Hector's share.
Like a poor taylor pinch'd for cloth
To make a suit, yet very loth
To give it up, and leave undone
A job he'd set his heart upon;

So Jove, who promis'd Troy he'd let 'em
Kick all the Greeks about, and sweat 'em,
Was rather puzzled how he might
Manage this hubble-bubble fight,
And not destroy the Grecians quite.
But yet he swears, though hard put to't
(Like Snip the taylor with his suit),
He'd find some way to piece it out.
  The Trojans tried the other gates,
And in return got broken pates;
Nor was that all, for show'rs of stones
The foremost hit, and brake their bones.
O Butler's spirit! help me out
To sing each deed and hero stout;
How Greece, like battle-royal cocks,
Both gave and took most bloody knocks,
Whilst all the gods, for whom these sinners
Had often cook'd up handsome dinners,
Durst neither wag a hand or foot
To help their crony Grecians out—
Not but they long'd to join the riot;
Jove made the rogues and jades be quiet.
But tho' the Grecian gods were civil,
Yet by th' assistance of the devil,
Or some old Scots or Lapland *fay*,
This doughty pair *their broomsticks play*,
In mighty wrath kept boxing on,
And knock'd the foremost Trojans down.
One Damasus, a bully rock,
A fellow that would nim a smock
From off a hedge if it was loose,
Or steal a barn-door fowl or goose,
From Polypœtes got a pat,
That knock'd his brains out thro' his hat;
Then Ormenus he tumbled down,
And crack'd poor Peter Pylon's crown.
An honest soul that kept a pot-house

A little way from Greening's hot-house.
Leonteus then began to stickle,
And laid Hippomachus in pickle—
He kept, before the Trojan war,
An oilman's shop near Temple-bar—
Next wav'd his quarter-staff, and soon
A buckle-maker of renown,
Antiphates, came rumbling down:
Just as he stepp'd from out the ranks
He reach'd his legs and broke his shanks.
Iamenus, a great hot-presser,
With Menon too, a leather-dresser;
He nick'd them as full butt they came on.
And in his passion laid a lame on,
By which the first got finely press'd,
And t'other had his skin well dress'd
Orestes last, a country *lout*,
Got such a knock *as put him out*,
It made him gape so wide, the swain
Could never shut his mouth again.
Now Hector and Polydamas
Were cuffing at another pass,
Back'd by a blust'ring Trojan crew
Of fellows pick'd, and all true blue,
Resolv'd to fire the Grecian fleet,
And Hector just stark mad to see't;
When, lo! i' th' midst of all the fight,
A most uncommon dreadful sight
Did all their high-flown courage cool,
And almost brought 'em *to their dool*:
A heron, going out to steal
Some fish for breakfast, caught an eel
Which he soon gobbled down to fill him.
But did not take much time to kill him;
On which the eel made such a rout
Within his gut, he let him out
Just at the very time he flew

Over this noisy, roaring crew.
But the poor heron scream'd so loud
To lose his breakfast, all the crowd
Whipp'd up their eyes to look, and soon
They saw the eel come wriggling down :
The dreadful sight amazed 'em so,
You might have fell'd 'em with a straw.
The wise Polydamas we find
Rumbled this matter in his mind,
But could not from his gizzard pluck
The eel, it in his stomach stuck ;
On which he with a sapient look
Thus to his brother Hector spoke :
  Brother, says he, you often swear
When you my faithful counsel hear ;
And tho' I speak but what I think,
You like a heathen damn and sink ;
But I'm a Trojan, and shan't cease
To speak my mind in war or peace ;
All Englishmen that do so now
The people call them Trojans true.
Then take my counsel, if you choose it ;
If not, you're welcome to refuse it :
'Tis for your credit what I say,
For you command, and I obey ;
This day depend you'll never do't
(Don't swear till you have heard me out) ;
The truth I never will conceal ;
This long-legg'd bird that *passed* the eel,
Jove sent just now to let us know
How matters with ourselves will go.
The bird had gobbled up his prey,
But could not carry it away.
Thus will it fare with us, depend on't :
I'm sure it will, so mark the end on't :
For though we tumble down the wall,
And fire their rotten boats and all,

I'll eat my hat, if Jove don't drop us,
Or play some queer rogue's trick to stop us.
This by my second-sight I know,
And Endor's witch will tell you so;
Or if she won't, by holy Paul,
I'll make her conjure up king Saul!
  Hector replies in sober sadness:
You'd make a man eat hay for madness;
Blast your long jaws, you conj'ring knave,
Is this the best advice you have?
You know much better things, I'm clear,
But dare not speak your mind for fear.
Did not Jove send down Madam Iris,
The rainbow wench, whose tail on fire is,
To tell us we their bones should thwack?
Then who the devil would turn back?
Did not his rusty bombshell roll
Till it half crack'd his mustard bowl?
And all the noise was to the right,
Only to egg us on to fight:
And think you I'll such orders slight,
Or let a slipp'ry eel, God wot,
Tell me if I shall fight or not?
I own I may a motion feel
To eat a slice of collar'd eel;
But eels can never, I've a notion,
Make Hector feel a running motion,
Unless they make his bowels loose,
Then make him run to th' little house.
A brave man waves his cudgel high,
Asking no witch the reason why,
But for his country's cause ding-dong
Lets fly his broomstick right or wrong.
For thy part, I am pretty sure,
Let who will fall thou'lt sleep secure;
When all thy friends by scores are dropping,
Thou'lt find some dirty hole to pop in;

And, in the steps of Paris treading,
Secure a hole to put your head in.
But if a single Trojan follows
Such rogue's examples, by Apollo's
Red fiery whiskers I shall soon
Be up with you and crack your crown!
I'll keep this broomstick ready for you,
So mind your hits, look sharp and stir you.
At this he ran, and made a halloo
For all his ragged rogues to follow.
These trusty Trojans one and all
Obey their roaring leader's call;
Like him they run and roar and shout,
And make their broomsticks fly about.
Then Jove from Ida sent a gust,
And blinded all the Greeks with dust—
A stratagem he just then thought on
Would greatly help this Trojan Broughton.
Thus back'd by Jove, these roysters batter
The walls and gates with dreadful clatter,
Pull up the stakes that fence the wall,
And down the dirt and pebbles fall.
But still the half-blind Grecians yet
Battled as high as they could get,
And sent a nimble-footed swain
To beg the tanners in Long-lane
Would lend them all their hides in hair,
And tann'd ones too that they could spare,
With horns and hoofs; all which they laid
To stop the gaps that Hector made;
Then close, and box it tooth and nail,
Whilst horns and broomsticks fly like hail.
The two Ajaces stirr'd their stumps,
And, whilst they deal most bitter thumps
Amongst the Trojans, were not slack
To clap their comrades on the back,
The brave recover'd soon their fright,

But rogues they kick'd to make 'em fight;
Whilst one employ'd both foot and hand
In drubbing rogues that durst not stand,
The other spoke these words, or near it—
And no bad speech—but you shall hear it:
  Ye Grecians, who at country fairs
Have shewn yourselves good cudgel-players,
By which you've got both hats and fame—
And ye who hope to do the same—
Tho' ev'ry man can't box his two,
Yet something ev'ry man may do;
The strong good sturdy thumps may deal
To make you scoundrel Trojans feel,
And roar as loud as they, and louder;
The weak will make good food for powder.
A day is come when great and small
Must look out sharp, there's work for all,
And ev'ry buck that is but bold
May gain new fame, or splice the old,
Hearten the valiant on, and stop
The sneaking rogues that give it up.
Then tune your rusty windpipes all,
And roar as loud as you can bawl;
For tho' we yield Troy in *adoring*,
We sure can match the dogs in roaring:
Thus, if Jove pleases, we once more
May drub 'em as we've done before.
  This speech reviv'd their courage so,
That showers of broken pots they throw.
Have you not seen a sodomite
Advanc'd a very proper height
Upon a rare machine, which we,
The vulgar, call a pillory?
So fast and thick the crowd below
Their rotten eggs and dung bestow,
You see in less than half an hour
The rogue and pillory cover'd o'er:

So fast did broken pots and stones
Fly down to break the Trojans' bones.
Now Hector and his bucks did strive
The gates from off the hooks to drive;
But did not gain of ground one inch,
Nor would the purblind Grecians flinch.
Jove quickly saw some help they'd need on,
So sent his bastard, bold Sarpedon,
And blew his courage up so high,
He did not seem to walk, but fly;
A greasy leather coat he wore,
And high in air his potlid bore;
A mighty furious targe it was,
Made of a cow-skin tipp'd with brass.
He shook two broomstaves thick and strong,
And frowning lugg'd his knaves along.
Thus have I seen an ill-look'd thief,
By sailors call'd a press-gang chief,
Look fierce, tho' by a mob pursu'd,
And ston'd and hiss'd at by the crowd;
Yet, spite of all the distant war,
Seizes some helpless, friendless tar:
Just so this roaring blade Sarpedon
His Lycian shirtless rogues did lead on,
Darting such looks against the wall,
As if he'd eat it stones and all;
Then squinting at his trusty friend,
Who always did his steps attend,
Thus speaks: I'm sore afraid, friend Glaucus,
That all the neighbourhood will joke us.
What boots it then to have it said,
That we chief constables are made,
And therefore with churchwardens dine,
Where we drink beer, and punch, and wine
Free gratis,* whilst poor rascals gape,

*Free gratis.—The common people always put these two words together.

And as we pass 'em bow and scrape?
What signifies these honours, if
We don't exceed these raff and riff,
As much, or rather more, in fighting,
Than either reading well or writing,
Making the thick-skull'd varlets stare
To see us buy our posts so dear,
And own we've earn'd by toil and sweat
More pudding than we e'er shall get?
Then will each cry, Such folks may be
Chief constables, or lords, for me.
Could all our cares but save our breath,
Or ward a broken pate from death,
I would not ask my friend to fight,
More might be lost than gotten by't.
But since grim Death will, soon or late,
Lend us a swingeing knock o' th' pate,
Whether, when once the fray's begun,
We stay to box it out or run,
And Old Age with his grizzle locks,
Add gouty pains *and other knocks*,
The life that brandy, *dice*, and *raps*
Will help old Time to steal by scraps,
Let's boldly risque; that people may,
Whene'er our names are mention'd, say,
With one consent, both young and old,
These honest souls are hearts of gold.
  This speech was hardly clos'd, when this chief
Found his friend ready cock'd for mischief;
The Lycians shake their staves, and follow
Their leaders with a whoop and halloo.
As they mov'd forward, Peteus' son
Look'd sharp, and saw them coming on;
Which put him in so great a fright,
His long lank hair stood bolt upright,
And in his weem he felt a motion
As if he' ta'en a purging potion;

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On which he peep'd about to spy
If any trusty Greeks were nigh—
When to his joy he saw the places
Where Teucer stood with both th' Ajaces,
Fighting like devils on a row;
To whom he roars, Soho, Soho!
But might as well have sav'd his wind
To cool his pottage; for we find
The clatt'ring cudgels made such noise
As would have drown'd old Stentor's voice,
Full on the walls their broomstaves bump,
And on the gates their brickbats thump,
Making such fearful din and rout,
Jove's thunder seem'd but *nothing* to't.
When thus Menestheus speaks to Thoos;
Those Lycian rogues to hell will blow us,
If you don't run and tell th' Ajaces,
How lamentably bad our case is;
Urge them to scamper to our aid,
For, o' my soul, I'm sore afraid
Of that same roaring Lycian blade.
Say from yourself, Pray how *with knocks*,
Can he defend his sentry-box,
And all alone make good his quarters
'Gainst such a host of Lycian Tartars?
But if hard switch'd themselves they are,
Beg they will bully Ajax spare,
Along with serjeant Teucer, who
Can do good bus'ness with his bow.
Away he starts, and like a man
Through all the crowd the beadle ran;
He found the bullies on the plain
Boxing it till they smok'd again:
To whom he cries, Whilst here you fight
With riff raff rogues from morn to night,

Menestheus, in a sad condition,
Has sent me humbly to petition,
That some of you great heroes stout
Will come with me and help him out;
For two great Lycian bullies now
Threaten to thrash him black and blue:
But adds, if on this dang'rous pinch
You seem afraid these buffs will flinch,
He humbly hopes great Ajax, you Sir,
Will come along with serjeant Teucer.
At this great Ajax faced about
To go himself and help him out;
But tho' he was no friend to jawing,
And knew 'twas time he should be going,
He thought it proper now to say
Something before he march'd away:
Brave Lycomede, and you Oileus,
Says he, look sharp, and you shall see us
Go drub you *Trojan* rogues, and then
We'll in a twink be back again;
But take great care you both stand fast,
And battle *while* your broomsticks last;
For, if you let your courage fail ye,
Depend these Trojan whelps will nail ye!
Then call'd Pandion, Hark ye, you Sir,
Come here and take this bow for Teucer:
Since Hector gave him such a fell blow
Upon his stomach and his elbow,
The harmless lad can scarce with ease
Lug his own share of bread and cheese.
Then with long strides the thick-legg'd elf
Carried his potlid and himself.
Next Teucer after him did go,
And then Pandion with the bow.
Now on the wall the Lycians lower
Like a black heavy thunder shower;
The Greeks, tho' mighty weak i' the joints,

Receive 'em on their broomstick points,
Renew the fray with double force,
And roar till they're with roaring hoarse;

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Whilst thus they scuffle, Ajax soon
Came up, and fetch'd Epicles down.
A bottle friend of this Sarpedon,
And one that he had often need on;
Because like him no man, 'tis said,
Could ferret out *a maid afraid:*
By which you see he was an imp,
By honest people call'd a pimp;
But royal pimps despise disgrace,
Because they're sure to get a place,
Tho' their own sisters they should dish up,
And then stand pimp like scoundrel B———.
The clumsy Greek had pois'd his stick,
When he espy'd a double brick
Had tumbled from the wall: not two
Of our poor dogs could throw it now;
Nor even with both hands could raise
(They made large bricks in former days):
He swung it round, away it fled,
Ten yards above the Lycian's head,
Then fell upon the varlet's crown,
And with a rattle brought him down.
Have you not seen the yonkers make
A diving-match upon the lake?
Halfpence are to the bottom thrown,
Which he that fetches calls his own,
And that they may the deeper sink
Pop from the trees that shade the brink:

Thus did the luckless Lycian fall,
And nimbly div'd from off the wall;
But did not when he touch'd the plain
So nimbly find his legs again.
Glaucus was lugging at a stick,
When Teucer gave his arm a prick;
But as he knew his varlets would
All scamper, if they saw his blood,
He took good care to hide the gap,
And whipp'd it under his coat lap;
Then finding he must leave the fray,
Like an old fox he stole away.
Sarpedon saw, and angry grew
To lose his pimp and bully too;
But his great fury to engage,
Soon made him turn his grief to rage.
He seiz'd that time his staff to lay on
A harmless Grecian call'd Alcmaon,
A commissary's clerk, no fighter,
But an accountant and a writer:
Instant a bloody riv'let flows
From the unlucky varlet's nose,
And as upon the grass he tumbled
His inkhorn 'gainst his ruler rumbled.
Sudden the wall the conqu'ror shakes,
And pulls up all the hedging-stakes:
With such a force he shook, that soon
Rubbish by pecks came tumbling down,
And made a gap as large and wide
As Madam * * * 's *mouth*, if tried,
Admit in any kind of weather,
Two *apples* on a breast together.
At this bold Teucer twang'd his bow,
And Ajax let a broomshaft go;
The arrow stuck upon his belt,
The besom-shaft his potlid felt:
But tho' with rage the stick was cast hard,

Jove swore it should not hurt his bastard.
Howe'er his fury did not slack,
Altho' he drew a little back,
Not with design to run, but that
He might repay 'em tit for tat.
Loud as a bell in Stepney steeple
He thus encouraged all his people:
  Lycians, who feast on cake and ale,
Let not your noble courage fail,
Else Trojans will be apt to think
Soup meagre's been your meat and drink.
You see with many a bitter rap
I've made at last a handsome gap,
But I shall never gain the top,
Unless you help to shove me up;
Therefore let's join our jowls together,
And pelt 'em spite of wind and weather.
  The Lycians heard this speech, and slap
They ran like smoke to reach the gap.
The Greeks stood stiffly, and as soon
As they came up they knock'd 'em down;
Nor did the Lycians, tho' so stout,
Force in, or yet be quite kept out.
Thus have I seen within a college
Two learned owls of little knowledge
Dispute for hours, and, when they'd done,
Leave off as wise as they begun;
Nor would they in the annual round
Obtain or lose one inch of ground;
For, you'll observe, a learned tup
Tho' wrong will never give it up.
Just such a stubborn bout this was
To gain or lose the dusty pass.
Many bold Trojans' ribs were smack'd,
And many a Grecian's noddle crack'd;
Whilst many a nose ran down with blood,
And soak'd these dusty walls of mud.

Under the Privy-Garden wall
Two cupboard-doors compose a stall;
Here you may see old Moggy Briggs
With caution weigh her *damag'd* figs;
No cast o' th' scale she gives the boys,
But sells her ware on equal poise:
Thus neither Greece nor Troy prevails,
But stand like Moggy's rusty scales,
Till Bully Hector thund'ring came,
And threw his weight upon the beam;
Mad as a bull he scales the walls,
And for his trusty Trojans calls;
Come here, and bring each man a match,
And we'll the lucky moment catch,
And then depend on't in a twinkum,
We'll either burn their boats or sink 'em.
His voice once heard, these Trojan fighters
Bring out their linkboys and lamplighters;
Not one of all the ragged pack
But lugg'd a ladder on his back,
Which they against the hedgestakes prop,
And in a moment reach the top.
Straight on the walls, the Greeks to fright,
Appear'd to their astonish'd sight
A fearful and amazing light:
Their small remains of courage sinks
To see such shoals of lamps and links.
Then Hector snatch'd up such a stone
As Brandy Nanny stands upon
In Paul's church-yard; it weigh'd I guess
'Bout half a ton, or more or less;
Ten porters, strong as can be found,
Would hardly lift it from the ground
(In these our days of sloth and ease,
When porters work just as they please):
Yet this as easily he flung
As I could do a dried neat's tongue.

But Jove himself, you'll understand,
Lent him a sort of helping hand:
And in these days great Jove could do
As much as Popish saints can now.
Thus arm'd, he ran t' attack the gates,
Tho' rivetted with iron plates:
Nestor, who when the common weal
Requir'd his help, could gravely steal
(A trade that soldiers quickly learn),
Had stole 'em from a farmer's barn,
Then drove 'em thick with heads of nails,
Such as you see in country jails,
Where nails are driven all about
To hinder thieves from stealing out:
These gates, though stronger gates could not
At such a time of need be got,
Were quite unable to resist
This weighty stone and mutton fist:
With wondrous force he drove it through
The plank, and broke the bars in two;
In twenty thousand splinters shatter'd,
The farmer's rotten gates lay scatter'd.
But what completed all the jumble,
One gate from off the hinge did tumble.
Then Hector roar'd, Have at your pates!
And darted headlong through the gates:
In either hand he shook a stick,
And look'd as if he'd eat 'em quick:
For strength of fists and breadth of back,
He beat the giant-killer Jack;
And, moving with resistless force,
Seem'd an o'ermatch for man and horse.
The Trojans with a dismal yell
Follow'd their thund'ring chief pell-mell,
Whilst the poor Grecians all *did* fly—
They had to run or else to die.

THE END.



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These gates (though stronger gates could not
At such a time of need be got)
Were quite unable to resist
This weighty stone and mutton fist.



